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CYNTHIA:

WITH THE

Tragical Account

OF THE

UNFORTUNATE LOVES

OF

Almerin and *Deſdemona.*

Being A

NOVEL.

ILLUSTRATED

With Variety of the Chances of Fortune, Moralized with many uſeful Obſervations drawn from thence, whereby the Reader may reap both Pleaſure and Profit.

Done by an Engliſh Hand.

London, Printed by *R. Holt*, for *T. Paſſinger*, at the three Bibles on *London-Bridge*, and *R. Fenner* Book-ſeller in *Canterbury*. 1687.

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TO THE READER.

READER,

IF *Study be the Soul of Underſtanding, who wou'd not be Studious? ſince Knowledge only is the School-Miſtriſs of ſublime and illuſtrious Spirits, and makes them tranſcend the Vulgar, as far as the Sun excels the Moon in brightneſs; (for what difference is between a Man, preſuming to be a Man, not being Learned and a Beaſt?)* Mar. Aur. *What certain Joy, true Honour, or great Profit can a Man challenge unto himſelf, and not look for ſudden Viciſſitudes, to alter them into a worſe State than they were before, through the Inconſtancy of our Humane Condition? Where then ſhall we ſeek for thoſe great and rare Properties, to find that, which of it ſelf, will be unto us both profi-*

table and pleaſant altogether, and that not for a moment, but for ever? Truly in Knowledge, which firſt is able to mollifie Mans Nature, being before Savage and Wild, and to make it capable of Reaſon. Secondly, frameth and ſetleth his Judgment, that he may paſs the Courſe of his Life in all Tranquillity of Mind, to the Profit of many. Laſtly, cauſes him to die in Honour, with certain aſſurance of certain Life and Happineſs. Contrariwiſe, ſaith the Philoſopher, Idleneſs is a thing like a cankering Ruſtineſs to the Body, and to the Soul; and as an eating Conſumption, it waſteth and bringeth to nought both Vertue and Strength; it is the Grave of living Men; it is a thing wherein Life dyeth, and thereby the Soul of Man is twice buried in him, once in his Body, and next in his Sloath.

Anacharſis.

I examined and diſcerned the difference to be vaſt betwixt Vice and Vertue, between Learning and Ignorance, betwixt Sloath and Activeneſs, between a wiſe Man and a Fool; and then I approved of that wiſe Saying of the famous Ariſtippus, (better it is to be a Beggar, than a Rich Man without Learning.) *I conſidered the*

Ariſtippus.

the whole Life of Man, that he continues but a ſmall time here, and the Moity of this Moment, he lets paſs in ſottiſh Sleep, which is Deaths Couſin German, ſo that he dies living, and when Death takes him hence, his Memory dies with him, and goes into Oblivion. I contemplated the Miſery of Worldly Men, that like Ants, toil and labour for Wealth, and in the midſt of their Hopes, go down to the Grave, and go to give an Account for the gathering and uſing of the ſame, and that perhaps, to their perpetual Damnation; whiles, in the mean time, other Companions in the World, do live merrily and pleaſantly upon that he hath gotten, little remembring, or leſs caring for him, that perhaps lies burning in unquenchable Fire, for thoſe Riches unrighteouſly heaped, and left unto them. Nor was the Laſcivious Man forgotten in my Memory, who leaves no Stratagem unattempted, no crafty Deſign unacted, nor no Wickneſs, let it be never ſo horrid, undone, to accompliſh his Luſt, which alas vaniſhes in a moment, and leaves an after Repentance. With what impetuouſneſs ſuch Men purſue their own Shadows, embraceing Vice, while Vertue walks along unregarded.

Antiſthenes. *This cauſed* Antiſthenes, *being asked of a Man what was beſt to learn, he returned him this Anſwer*, To unlearn the Evil thou haſt learned; *that is to return back from the High-way to Hell, to the School of Vertue; that Man travels a long way from Home, that never looks back, and he is in a loſt Condition, that never thinks of amending.*

Theſe Conſiderations agreeing with my vacant Hours, gave Being to this ſucceeding Hiſtory; in the Study of which, I found the Treaſures of a Soul indued with Reaſon, which is a Happineſs wherein all Humane Felicity conſiſteth, and which never breeds Vexation of Spirit: What ſhall I ſay? In the continuance of which, I found a pleaſing ſolitary Companion for the tedious Winter Nights. Was I in Love, here I found a Miſtriſs to Court, with a clearer Satisfaction and Delight than thoſe Paſſions that vaniſh in the fruition. Was I in Adverſity, here I found a Comforter. Was I in Proſperity, the knowledge of what I was, made my Joys ſolid, and ſo kept me from being arrogant. Was I fortunate, then I conſidered the Viciſſitudes of Fortune; and when I ſeemed o'rewhelm-

o'rewhelmed in the Gulph of Deſpair, I cou'd ride ſecurely by the Anchor of Hope, and expect a Calm. Thus, from the Off-ſpring of my idle Hours, I purchaſed to my ſelf, both Pleaſure and Profit, and that not for a moment, but to Perpetuity; I ſpeak not this in Oſtentation, that I exceed the meaneſt, but the happy Change the imitation of Vertue has produced, of which, I hope the Reader will participate with me.

The Story it ſelf is Romantick Poetry, the iſſue of my own Genius; the Diſcourſe is Love, a Paſſion, of all other moſt lovely, and agreeable to the Fancy; ſo inviting, and ſweetly charming, that Reaſon it ſelf cannot ſtand in competition againſt it; yet ſo neceſſary, that a wiſe Man once ſaid, To ſee Love baniſhed our Streets, is as to ſee the Horizon without a Son, or the Year without a Spring. *This Labyrinth, wherein wiſe Men loſe themſelves, and Fools recover their Wits; where Wiſdom runs a Wool-gathering, and Paſſion guides the Helm, I preſent unto you as a Mirrour, that will demonſtrate the difference betwixt Love and Luſt; wherein Vertue is illuſtrated, in the Perſons of* Cynthia *and* Orſamus, *and Vice figured to the Life, in the Perſon of* Al-

merin; or [*ſtill worſe and worſe*] *This is a more full Story, where the Walks are the gloomy Shades of Death, the Diſcourſe is diſmal, the Narration lamentable, the Adventures tragical, and the Examples woful. Wherein are preſented the Snares of Love, the Credulity of Innocency, the Heat of Affection, the Fire of Luſt, the Fruits of Raſhneſs, and the Reward of Perjury; and may this, you ſhall hear related, beget Profit as well as pleaſure, that by others Harms, we may learn to avoid our own, wiſely to ſhelter our ſelves from the threatning Storm, and ſo grow cautious to ſhun thoſe Rocks, where others have ſuffered Shipwrack. Let beauteous Maidens here learn to prize their Honour, and ſet a high Eſteem on their* Chaſtity, *by the woful Example of fair* Deſdemona; *and let all Fathers avoid Anger and Paſſion, by the Example of* Artemidorus, *who occaſioned, by his Folly, the Sanguine Part of this mournful Story. Let all Virgins beware how to beſtow their Love, by the Example of poor* Artemeſia; *and let all Parents here behold the Miſeries of inforced Marriage, in the Example of* Almerin. *The whole Hiſtory being a ſweet Summary of bitter Calamities,*

lamities, proceeding only from the ſame Cauſe. Thus we may read with delight, the Diſaſters of others, making their Misfortunes our Advantage, for there is a kind of Voluptuouſneſs in the Rehearſal of paſt Miſeries, a Pleaſure even in Miſery it ſelf, Experience doth daily teach us. When we conſider how the Sea of our Misfortunes doth ebb and flow with the various Shapes of Hope and Deſpair, how impetuous the Storms, and how wonderful are the Viciſſitudes and Changes of this Nature, from thence proceeding; Thus, from this Relation, may be ſucked ſome Honey as well as Poyſon; for, if from the greateſt Venom, may be extracted an Antidote to expel the Operation and Force of the ſtrongeſt Poyſon, then from this Bulk of Misfortunes, judiciouſly and ſeriouſly conſidered, the ingenious Reader may gather Good and no Harm, by the reading of this lamentable Story.

Tully *tells us, that in time of old,* Tully.
People were Dull and Barbarous, Rude and Froward, Unſenſible and Uncapable of any ſerious Study; to this end and purpoſe many of our Antients have written curious Stories, many of which, are yet extant, to reclaim the mind of the Multitude,

which

which are apt and prone enough to hear Folly; witneſs Diogenes *the Cynick, who when he had any grave Matter to relate, he wou'd call the People to hear him; which when they regarded not, he wou'd ſing merrily; to which, when many reſorted, he wou'd ſay,* To hear Fooliſhneſs, ye run apace, but to hear any weighty Matter, ye ſcarce put forth your Foot. *From this Cauſe only, Fables and Romances took their firſt Original; wiſe Men endeavouring to make the Vulgar grow wiſe by their own Folly, drawing them with that Bait they moſt dearly affected; for what is a Fable, but a ſilent Repreſentation of a more weighty Matter? And what is Hiſtory, but a lively Eſſence, deſcribing the pleaſing Tranſports of the Soul? By this craft they made Vice to aſſiſt Vertue, and* Sathan *to be foiled in his own Weapons. Thus, by preſenting the Shadow, they cauſed them to embrace the Subſtance; ſo have I ſeen a careful Mother, firſt nurſe her Child with the Teat, then with a Spoon, and after with ſtronger Meat: Did not the beſt of Men ſpeak in Parables? and what is a Parable, but a thing Sympathizing and agreeing with a Matter of greater Value, helping to explain it more lively to*

the

To the Reader.

the Capacity of the Auditors, to whom it is related? Indeed, what are the Heavens and the Earth, drawn and presented unto the Eye by Art, but a secret History or Similitude, declaring the Majesty and Power of our great Creator? Like as when we see a small Beam of the Sun, we apprehend in reason, it has its Original from a greater; such indeed has been, and shou'd be still the Intentions of all those that write Parables, Fables, or Romantick History, to season them with Morals and Observations, so applying them to a vertuous end, that as little Rivolets, they may waft the Reader e're he be aware, unto the River of Vertue, and Ocean of all Felicity.

Such I did intend this succeeding History, in which there is no eminent Example, but is illustrated and stored with fruitful Observations, for the Profit and Behoof of the Reader, striking the Iron whilst it is hot; so making use of the Advantage whilst the Example is fresh in Memory: For I believe nothing can demonstrate or represent any thing so lively, as when we have the speaking Example evident before our Eyes. Here is History curiously woven, and intermixed with things Moral and Divine, the

Pleasure

To the Reader.

Pleaſure and the Profit is bound up in one intire Noſegay, and it ſeems impoſſible to ſever the one, without the ruine of the other; ſo have I ſeen a careful Phyſician mix the bitter Potion with Honey, for the better Digeſtion of his Patient. Zeno. *being demanded how a Man might become happy, anſwered,* If he drew near unto, and haunted the Dead; *meaning thereby, if he read Hiſtories, and endeavoured to learn their good Inſtructions; and here thou haſt no ſmall variety of Preſidents out of modern Authors, gather'd by my Induſtry, and replanted, as I found opportunity to place them.*

The total Sum, or Moral of the whole Hiſtory, is ſoon caſt up, by examining it with that Saying of the Wiſe Man: That a juſt Man falls ſeven times and riſeth again, but the Wicked fall into Miſchief; *That is, the Upright Man is ſubject to many Dangers, but God delivereth him out of his Diſtreſs, making his very Misfortunnes an addition to his Joys. Oh, what Heavenly Comfort, (ſays an antient Father) do they inwardly feel, who are delighted with the Remembrance of Sufferings paſt, with the fruition of Joys preſent, and with*

Prov. 24. 16.

the

the expectation of Felicities to come! this Happiness is represented in the History of Cynthia *and* Orsamus. *Wicked Men are figured in the Person of* Almerin, *for evil Men and Deceivers shall wax worse and worse, their Portion shall be cursed in the Earth; and as a fall on a Pavement is very sudden, so shall the Fall of the Wicked come hastily; because God strikes not presently, the Wicked are set to do Evil; but although Heaven be slow in Punishment, yet when they strike, they stike sure, for God spares the Wicked not in Mercy, but in Justice. Oh, how suddenly do they consume, perish, and come to a fearful end! yea, even like a Dream, when one awaketh, so shall their Memory vanish. Compare times past, with your daily Experience, and prove them both by this History, and you will find it no new thing, that the Vertuous Man is made shotfree against the strongest Batteries of Fortune, by the Assistance he receives from above, while the Vitious Person falls from bad to worse; Heaven above pursues him as an Enemy, and Hell below is ready to receive him, so that he is miserable here, and wretched to eternity in the*

2 Timothy 3. Verse 13.
Job 24. 18.
Psalm 73. ver. 18, 19.

the World to come. Examine the whole Hiſtory by this Touchſtone, and you cannot miſcarry; let this Moral be the North-pole you would ſail by, and you cannot receive a wreck; ſeaſon it with ſuch Salt, and you may read, and not receive a Surfeit; for Hiſtory thus uſed, is Water turn'd into Wine. If theſe Conſiderations on the Lives of juſt and wicked Men, do but perſwade and oblige thee to examine thy own, I have the Fruition of my Wiſhes, and Recompence of my Time.

Cynthia. Cynthia, (*the Title of the Book*) *a Name of* Diana, *or the Moon, taken from* Cynthus, *a Hill in* Delos, *where Fancies of Poets ſay ſhe was born; a Planet, as Mathematicians affirm, that takes her Circuit in the loweſt Orb; that receives what Light ſhe enjoys from a greater; that in her greateſt Splendor, is not without Spots. This may ſerve for a ſilent Emblem, to excuſe the Errata's of the whole Hiſtory, which in the Eyes of many may ſeem fair; but when an Artiſt comes to ſurvey it, it will not be found without Faults, (ſince Nature perfected it, and not Art;) many Faults are in the Orthography, many Errors o'repaſſed in the ingroſs-*

To the Reader.

ingroſſing; therefore I accuſe my ſelf, to ſave the curious Critick a labour, who finds Faults in others, yet amends not his own: yet to the judicious and partial Man, I ſubmit my ſelf, who knows how to ſcan and paſs by infant Faults. What I have writ, was for my Diverſion, not timorouſneſs: for to write to fear, is to be ſick only to be well again, and that I never had intention to be.

It is Hiſtoried of Alexander *the Great, when he laid Siege to any great City, he ſet up a Light in the midſt of his Army, to ſignifie unto the Beſieged, if they ſubmitted themſelves before that Light was burnt out, they ſhould receive Mercy; but that being once out, there was nothing to be expected but Fire and Sword. This may be alluded to the Day-light of this Life, which God hath given us to repent in, the Date of which being once at an end, and Death taking hold upon us, there is nothing to be expected, but a certain looking for of Judgment. Let this invite thee, thou that readeſt this Book, to live vertuouſly, that thou may'ſt be happy for ever. Thou I ſay, that art now Luſty and Frolick, Jovial and Merry,* Alexander.

in-

To the Reader.

inriched with Wealth, compaſſed with Friends; oh conſider how ſoon thy laſt Minutes may ſeize upon thee, and the Night approach, wherein no man can work! To come to a Period. Be good betimes, ſhine like a Diamond amongſt a world of Rubbiſh; there was a good Joſeph *in* Ægypt, *a good* Lot *in* Sodom, *a good* Job *in the Land of* Uz; *Vertue ſhines moſt reſplendent, when Vices are moſt abundant. To the Almighty I leave thee, to thy Guardian Angel I commit thee, wiſhing you may be happy in all things but Unhappineſs, that you may be Poor in the World, but Rich in Heaven; that you may not live long, but well, ſo guiding our Lives here, that we may never be afraid of Death, but embrace him, as being one that tranſports us from this Vail of Woe, to the Heaven of eternal Bliſs; unto which happy Place, bring us all, Lord Jeſus.* Amen.

Cynthia.

CYNTHIA.

FRom forth a deſart and unfrequented Wood, in the Eaſt Parts of *Albion*, abutting to the Sea, iſſued out a Woman, and ſeated her ſelf upon a Carpet of ſweet Flowers, embroider'd there by the Hand of Nature: She reſembled *Diana*, the beautiful Huntreſs of the Woods; or more fair, if poſſible: One would have taken her for a Celeſtial Deity, if the ſucceeding Viciſſitudes of Fortune had not ſtrongly perſuaded, ſhe was a Mortal Beauty. Indeed, the Purity of her Complexion ſeem'd to excel the new fall'n Snow, but Sorrow had gather'd the Carnations of her Cheeks. All the Features of her Face had ſo near a Kindred, and form'd to ſo rare a Proportion, that ſhe ſeem'd Nature's Maſter-piece; or rather, ſympathiz'd ſomething of that Divinity, whoſe Name ſhe bore. From her Eyes darted a Luſtre, mingled with a Vivacity ſo penetrating, and therewith ſo charming, that it was impoſſible for the moſt confident Soul to make a Reſiſtance. This prodigious Creature, after ſhe had ſearch'd

every vacant place with her Eye, fearing to be over-heard; with a troubled, and low Voice, ſhe began as followeth:

O my dear, though abſent, Orſamus! *to whoſe Merits, I never yet gave any Reward; whoſe Complaints, I could never be induc'd to Pity! When* Neptune *ſhipwrack'd thee upon this Shore, I little thought thy Preſence wou'd beget me ſuch Diſquiet, or that thy Abſence ſhou'd produce ſuch Remorſe. O Duty! O Love! To what Extreams do you hurry me? And what Enemies are you to my Reſt? The Birds that live in theſe unfrequented Woods, on the wild Benefit of Nature, live happier than I: For they may chuſe their Mates, and carol their ſweet Pleaſures to the Spring; but by the cruel Commands of a Father, I am forc'd to neglect the Perſon I love; and diſeſteem the Services of one with Diſdain, whoſe Welfare I prize above my Life; who once loſt, I wou'd not bid a Welcome to the deareſt Good the World can afford me. But, alas! The Time draws near, that will make a perpetual Divorce. Unfortunate,* Orſamus, *by thy Abſence! Miſerable,* Cynthia, *by thy Folly.*

Scarce had theſe Words took a Farewel from her Mouth, when from an adjacent Part of the Wood, iſſu'd out a Man, richly apparell'd, and bent his Steps directly to the place where ſhe ſate. Her Eyes had no ſooner found him out, but with Exceſs of Grief, ſhe utter'd theſe Complaints, *O cruel Heavens! Do you take a Pleaſure in tormenting ſubmitting Innocence, that you conduct this Monſter, the Enemy of my Con-*

tent,

tent, and fatal Diſturber of my Quiet, ſo fortunately to the place of my Concealment! Now farewell, my poor Orſamus; *I ſhall only ſtay here, amongſt the Living, to conſecrate the Relicks of a languiſhing Life to thy dear Memory.*

By this time, the unknown Perſon had leſſen'd the diſtance that parted 'em, courting her with many Complements; and ſeating himſelf by her Side, he accoſted her with this Diſcourſe: *Madam,* ſaid he, *your Father expects you with Ardency, and is in fearful Apprehenſions of the Certainty of your Safety. Why, Madam,* continued he, *at ſuch a Time as this, do you ſeek out Solitude, and ſo carefully ſhun the Perſon that adores you? Why theſe Clouds, my dear Princeſs, on a joyful Day? Wherefore theſe Tears, too too precious to be thus laviſhly caſt away? Why are my promiſing Joys o'er-caſt with ſuch fearful Omens, and my ſweeteſt Hopes vaniſh'd? Tell me; Oh, tell me! Joy of my Bliſs, what may occaſion your Diſquiet; that with the Peril of my Life, I may procure a Remedy.*

This fair Unknown was preparing for a Reply, when they were diſturbed with a Noiſe from the neighbouring Thicket; and caſting their Eyes about, to underſtand the Cauſe of that Surprizal; when behold, there ruſhed out a Man, whoſe unexpected Appearance was quickly become their Aſtoniſhment: His Viſage was pale, and clouded over with Grief; in all the Regards and Lineaments of his Face, appear'd a natural Fierceneſs; his whole Com-

poſure ſhew'd the Evidence of ſomething ſo great and noble, that ſpake him to command others, born to diſeſteem the whole World, and think it held none fit to be his Rival; his Stature was tall, his Geſture noble, every Action becoming, and all Majeſtick.

He ſet his Face, and directed his haſty Steps to the place where they ſate; but his Preſence put them both into a Confuſion. He no ſooner preſented himſelf to their Sight, but fixing his Eyes wholly on this fair Unknown, as the Load-ſtone of his Will, and Centre of all his Happineſs; with a Rapture of Joy, he ſuddenly caſt himſelf at her Feet, embracing her Knees, with a ſtrange Emotion of Spirit: *O my divine Princeſs*, ſaid he; *Beautiful Cauſe of all my Misfortunes, and cruel Original of all my Miſeries! How careful has Fortune been to make me happy, when I intended to ſacrifice the Fragments of this wretched Life to your Severity? I have yet this Comfort left me in Death, to complain to you of your Injuſtice.*

All this time, a wavering Colour often went and came in her Cheeks, that ſhe became ſtiffned with Aſtoniſhment, as if ſhe had been Planet-ſtruck; but at laſt, calling back that Aſſurance, her ſudden Surprizal had ſequeſter'd: *Gods!* ſaid ſhe, *Is this* Orſamus *himſelf, I ſee before me? Yes*, replyed he, *it is* Orſamus, *if you have not caſt the Memory of ſo poor a Wretch into Oblivion, that is come to offer up the laſt Remains of a miſerable Life at your Feet.* This ſaid, he diſ-

diſ-embrac'd himſelf from her Knees, and with a Look full of Terrour, he drew his Sword, to pierce his Breaſt with that fatal Weapon. But *Cynthia* no ſooner ſaw that glittering Miniſter of Death unſheath'd, but giving a grievous Shriek, ſhe fell into a deadly Swoun. When ſuddenly caſting his Eyes about, he ſaw this firſt Gallant, ſitting like one metamorphos'd, or a Statue without Life; and ſuddenly calling him to remembrance: *Oh!* (cry'd he) *Have I found you, the only Oppoſer of my Bliſs? Can you think to go ſafely away with that Prize, is only due to my Services? If you know how to own a Good, maintain the Intereſt you wou'd challenge in this divine Creature, with your Sword.* Saying this, he preſented his Sword againſt his Breaſt; but he never mov'd from the place where he ſate, neither did he endeavour to make any Motion of Defence.

In this Interim of Time, the Friends and Attendants of this Gallant, whoſe Name was *Cordello*, who had been in queſt of him in the moſt ſecret parts of the Wood, hearing a Diſturbance, came up unto him; and ſeeing *Cordello* in danger, at that Moment they made in, and reſcu'd him out of his Hands, when, no doubt, he had acted the laſt Cataſtrophe and Scene of his Life. They all aſſaulted him at once; but he, without ſpending a Thought upon the Number, coaped with all; ruſhed upon 'em like Lightning, with a Swiftneſs and Look ſo terrible and dreadful, that he made the for-

wardeſt to repent their Raſhneſs, and them that were further off, to become more cautious. Six lay ſlain by his Hand; and they had encompaſs'd him about, ſo that it ſeem'd impoſſible he cou'd make any long Reſiſtance againſt ſuch Numbers as ſurrounded him.

When loe, Fortune provided a Remedy for this Diſaſter; yet one that ſeem'd worſe than the Diſeaſe. Behold, from an adjoyning Creek of the Sea, ſhaded by a little Hill, iſſu'd out about ſixteen Pirates, led on by their Captain: They came not to aſſiſt either Side, but to make their utmoſt Advantage of both. No ſooner had the Aſſailants of this brave Cavalier beheld them coming, but they all ran away; only he alone ſet himſelf in a poſture of Defence, to preſerve the Lady, which as yet lay ſenſeleſs in a Trance. Raſhneſs and Deſpair made him reſolute to ſuſtain their utmoſt Charge; and he oppos'd them with ſo much Bravery, that the Relation wou'd almoſt ſeem incredible: But, in fine, over-power'd by their Numbers, they forc'd him to ſubmit unto their Wills; yet not before he had receiv'd four deſperate Wounds in the Body; in Revenge of which, he had ſlain four of their beſt Men belonging to their Veſſel. They convey'd *Cynthia*, with *Orſamus*, on board the Boat, intending to ſatisfie the Death of their Companions, with the Author that had occaſion'd it. They put off from Shoar, and began to prepare for his intended Execution: Mean while, the fair *Cynthia*, whoſe Spirits were

were newly return'd, to execute their proper Function, ſate almoſt diſſolv'd in Tears; beholding theſe Preparations for *Orſamus* Death, fearfully apprehending what ſhe cou'd not as yet know the Cauſe of, Love and Pity embolden'd her to know the worſt, that ſhe might ſo be freed from the preſent Fear that oppreſt her. So that going unto him that ſeem'd Commander of the reſt, ſhe demanded of him, to what uſe thoſe Weapons and Preparations of Death were made. He return'd Anſwer, 'For that 'Cavalier, that in her Defence, had ſlain four 'of the beſt Men belonging unto his Ship. *Sir*, (replyed *Cynthia*) *that young Man is my Brother; and you cannot well blame him, for what he did in the Defence of a dear Siſter: And ſure, the Courſe you won'd take is indirect; ſince if you fulfil your Reſolutions, you can gain nothing by his Death; but by preſerving his Life, you may receive a great Ranſom.*

The ſweet Thought of Gain, deliver'd from ſo lovely a Creature, ſet both his Love and Covetouſneſs on the Rack. In fine, the Hope of Gain turn'd the Current of their Revenge; in Execution of which, their Choler abated, and they reſted ſatisfied. But it was not ſo with their Commander; for the Eyes of his fair Priſoner had open'd themſelves a Paſſage, and darted their reſplendent Rays into the Soul of this fierce Pirate. He found ſuch Charms, as it ſeem'd impoſſible, and meer folly, to ſtand in Oppoſition againſt them. Here was a Me-

tamorphoſe wrought by the Force of Love and Beauty, a Barbarian civiliz'd to a milder Temper: For accoſting his fair Prey, he compos'd all that was fierce and rude in his Looks, to Reſpect and Duty. *Madam* (replyed he) *'Tis enough, that you deſire your Brother ſhou'd live: Reſt ſatisfy'd, he ſhall live only for your ſake; not ſo much for our Intereſt, as for your Content: For we cou'd well have diſpenc'd with our Gain, to give our Revenge Precedency: But your Deſires have put a Period to our Reſentments. Thus you reign triumphant, whilſt you eſteem your ſelf a Captive. O Madam,* continued he, *Ceaſe theſe Showers; clear up thoſe bright Stars: Have you any Deſires? Give 'em a Name, for I find it irreſiſtable to give you a Denial. Retire to yonder Cabbin, which ſhall be wholly at your Diſpoſal. Your Menial Servants ſhall not be more officious, than theſe my Men, that ſeem ſo barbarous, ſhall be dutiful at your Commands. For my ſelf, I'll pay my Reſpects with as chaſte a Zeal, as we pay our Devotions to the offended Deities; at ſuch Times only, when my Viſits will not incommode you: For I am not ſo much Pirate, but I know what Civilities ought to be paid to Ladies of your Quality; which, as you ſeem to me, is not mean. Reſt firm in the Aſſurance of my Promiſe, whilſt I take care for the ſpeedy dreſſing of your Brother's Wounds, and for his Accommodation in the Ship.* Saying this, he left her with a profound Reſpect.

Orſamus, whio was an Auditor, and Spectator of the Diſcourſe, that paſs'd betwixt the

the Pirate and *Cynthia*, was tranſported with Raviſhment, when he underſtood, that ſhe was his Preſerver. *Nay*, ſaid he, *ſince my Life is not indifferent to my fair Divinity, I'll live to free her from this Captivity, or periſh in the Attempt. Since ſhe ſeems to have an Eſteem for my Life, I'll endeavour to preſerve it; for I cannot but prize what ſhe eſteems.* Theſe Words overbold, and dangerous to his Life, were overheard by thoſe that guarded him; but being ſpoken in the *Britiſh* Tongue, were not underſtood. By their Captain's Command, he was carefully conducted into the Hold; where he had a Lodging aſſign'd him, and Surgeons ſent him, that ſearch'd his Wounds; which they found dangerous, but not mortal: They carefully dreſt 'em, and left him unto his Reſt.

This rude Rabble, that violated all Laws, both Divine and Humane; yet obey'd their Superior, with a dutious Reſpect: His Commands were a Law, not to be examin'd or diſputed by 'em, whether juſt or unjuſt; but fulfill'd with all Obedience, and ſubmitted unto without Repugnancy. So that it became a Law amongſt 'em (*He himſelf ſpake it:*) So there remain'd nothing behind, but to put it in ſpeedy Execution.

While things were thus ſtated, they wou'd have tack'd about again for the Shoar, to have receiv'd their expected Ranſom for *Orſamus*; but there aroſe a cruel Tempeſt, which convoy'd them many Leagues from thence, into the main Ocean.

Ocean. The Pyrate alſo doubting that there might be ſome Veſſel ſent in purſuit of him, drew a ſmall Compaſs forth his Pocket; and according to the Directions of that Compaſs, commanded his Men to ſteer a contrary Courſe. The Captain not ſo ſorry for diſappointing his Men of their Hopes, becauſe he had an Opportunity to oblige *Cynthia*, with the Stayance of her ſuppoſed Brother; as alſo, to benefit himſelf, in making him the Sollicitor of his Love.

Three days had paſs'd, ſince this laſt Diſaſter befel *Cynthia*: Mean time, *Orſamus* was carefully dreſt, and officiouſly attended, and *Cynthia* ſerv'd with much Caution, the Pirate never viſiting her without Permiſſion. On the fourth Day, he invited her to take a Walk upon the Deck of the Ship. It was about the time that *Sol* left watery *Neptune*'s Bed, and newly darted his Rays upon the Face of the Waters. *Neptune* walk'd proudly along with his ſweet Burthen, and *Zephyrus* gently courted their Sails, while the pretty Fiſhes made pleaſant Paſtime, ſporting themſelves in the Ocean.

Cynthia accorded with his Deſire; and kindly preſenting him her Hand, they went both forth the Cabbin. But Oh, what a Mine of Beauties did the tell-tale Light preſent to his Sight, which Grief, and that diſmal Place had detain'd from his Eye: For the Pain and Fear ſhe ſuffer'd for *Orſamus*, by the Aſſurance of his Safety, was partly vaniſh'd away; ſo that the Beauty they had put to flight, was almoſt

return'd

return'd back again to its uſual Luſtre; which this Pirate took ſome time to contemplate and admire. The Increaſe of her Beauty augmented his Paſſion; and thoſe Sparks of Love and Pity, that lay hid before, began to blaze into a Flame, as by the Sequel will appear: For after ſhe had ſweetly complain'd unto him, of the detaining of her Freedom, and that, according to his Promiſe, he had not put her Brother to his Ranſom; taking a Hint from theſe Words, he began as followeth.

Madam (ſaid he) *wou'd I ſet your Freedom to Sale, a Kingdom were too little to pay the Ranſom. If your Brother's Liberty have been deferr'd, perhaps your Intereſt was the chief Occaſion; when in ſome ſort, to oblige you, I have neglected ſo great a Gain. For ſhou'd I accord with you in this one thing, touching your Freedom, poſſibly I ſhou'd devorce my Eyes from their deareſt Object for ever. Madam, I love you, becauſe 'tis impoſſible to ſee you, and be inſenſible. I have a Paſſion for you, that nothing can extinguiſh but Death: But 'tis legitimate, and may be owned by you without a Scruple, were your Condition equal to the Degree of a Princeſs. My Birth is not ignoble, although the Diſaſters of my Life have been uncommon; nor becauſe I ſeem ruſtick, is my Condition ſo mean; ſince the King of* Norway, *a few days ſince, proffer'd me his Niece to Wife: Which, upon my Return to* Norway, *I did intend to accompliſh; and had certainly effected it, had not your prodigious Beauty diſappointed my Deſigns. And for your Liberty, How*

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can you account it a Reſtraint, when your Jaylor is become your Slave, and your Guardians, your officious Servants? Abate but our Separation, and your Deſires cannot name another thing, ſhou'd meet my Refuſal. If once I be ſo happy, to attain the Shoar of Norway, *whither I intend, in a few days, to go, I'll ſpend the Reſidue of this wretched Life at your Feet, and never paſs the Dangers of this uncertain Element any longer.* Here he continued ſilent, leaving *Cynthia* in a Maze at the Diſcovery of his Paſſion; yet being oblig'd to reply, ſhe return'd this Anſwer. *Sir, your reſpective Uſage cou'd not give me more Satisfaction, than your unpleaſant Diſcourſe gives me Diſcontent, ſince you take away the Hopes of my Liberty, in denying my Ranſom. Never think, by Conſtraint, to gain my Affection; nor by detaining my Liberty, to make me become kind. Wou'd I accord to your Will, yet I am at my Brother's Diſpoſal; whom you diſable, in denying him his Freedom. But never think, by ſuch rude Ways, to force Love; for your Hopes will all fail you: For my Soul is free, although my Body be your Priſoner; and you ſhall find, I can dye, when I cannot love.* Saying this, ſhe left him, and retir'd to her Cabbin.

Mean while, the Pirate ſtood like one tranſform'd with her Anſwer. Yet, not minding to deſpair for the firſt Repulſe, when he had the Perſon in his Power: So that, recollecting his Spirits, he went immediately to give *Orſamus* a Viſit; whoſe Wounds, by this time, were reaſonable well recover'd. After Salutations paſt,

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he began almoſt in the ſame Form, to reveal his Love, as he had done before to *Cynthia*; deſiring him to be his Aſſiſtant to his Siſter, who proteſted, never to diſpoſe of her ſelf, without his Conſent; promiſing him, in Recompence, to give him his Freedom; or if he wou'd accompany him to *Norway*, ample Revenues, wherewithal to ſubſiſt during Life. Theſe Offers in Civility muſt be ſuited with an agreeable Anſwer, although his Intentions roved far from the Matter. He promis'd him, if he wou'd allow him the Freedom to viſit his Siſter, he wou'd perform the utmoſt of his Endeavours, to procure his Content: That if his Felicity depended upon his Diſpoſal, he wou'd be no Obſtruction to defer it: That ſeeing he had put him to his Choice, he had rather go to *Norway* with his Siſter, than to return without her into his own Country. Thus he was forced to delude him with Hopes, ſo to detain him within the Bounds of Reaſon; ſince he did but intreat for that, which by force, he might take at pleaſure.

The Pirate was ſatisfy'd at the Freedom of his Diſcourſe, giving the Phyſicians Order, when his Wounds wou'd permit him, to let him have free Acceſs to his Siſters Chamber, and Liberty of Converſation, at ſuch times as he beſt pleas'd.

This paſt, he left him unto his Reſt; but his Tranſport was too great, to let him mind that neceſſary Miniſter of his Health: That which

Cynthia

Cynthia had done for him, in preſerving his Life, by adopting him with that happy Title of Brother; and laſtly, not to diſpoſe of her ſelf without his Conſent, was a fit Subject to exerciſe his Thoughts upon. Now her former Rigours were all vaniſh'd to his Memory, and he conſider'd her only as his Benefactor, and Original of his Felicity. *Oh!* (quoth he, in a Rapture, to which this charming fair One had reduc'd him) *If ſo rich a Myne of Treaſure be left to my Diſpoſal, I ſhall grow too great a Miſer, and become too covetous, ever to allow a Partner, or admit a Rival to my Happineſs. O happy* Orſamus, *in the midſt of thy Misfortunes! Oh, welcome Diſaſters, that have engag'd my deareſt* Cynthia *to pity me! O unkind Wounds, that detain me from paying my Adorations to ſo ſweet an Object!*

He paſt away his time in ſuch pleaſing Tranſports, ever fancying the Idea of his faireſt *Cynthia* before his Eyes, that all other Thoughts were huſh'd in Silence, and his Contentment ſeem'd perfect in the heighth of his Satisfaction. Whether his Wounds receiv'd Addition from the Temperature and Quietneſs of his Mind, I cannot tell; but in two days time, he found himſelf in a Capacity to viſit his deareſt Phyſician. Which being made known unto the Pirate, the more to oblige *Cynthia*, he intended to preſent him unto her himſelf.

'Twas about the time that *Phœbus* had climb'd unto his Mid-day heighth, and began to drive his Chariot to the Weſtern Seas, when *Orſamus* accom-

accompany'd him to *Cynthia*'s Cabbin. They found her ſitting in the moſt diſmal part of the Room, very diſconſolate, accompany'd only with a mournful Silence. At their firſt Entrance, the Pirate ſaluted her in this manner: *Madam* (ſaid he) *Since the diſconcealing of my Love has begotten your Diſquiet, I have courted all Opportunities to diſſipate your Reſentments: Yet I fear, you will not welcome Happineſs, becauſe I bring it. Rouze your ſelf from this melancholy Solitude, and let me once more behold the Horizon of my deareſt Object clear from Clouds. See here, Madam, your Brother, by my careful Endeavours, in a Capacity to walk abroad, and give you a Viſit. If this ſmall Obligation can beget the leaſt Eſteem, to plead in my behalf, I am fully ſatisfy'd. But leſt I ſhou'd diſturb your firſt Gratulations with my unſeaſonable Preſence, I'll retire a while, and leave you alone.* This ſaid, with great Reſpect, he departed out of the Cabbin.

Scarce had he given an Exit by his Abſence, ſhutting the Door after him, but *Orſamus*, in a Tranſport, caſt himſelf at *Cynthia*'s Feet ſo haſtily as ſhe had neither time nor power to prevent him. But ſhe, unwilling to let him remain in that Condition, preſented him her Hand. *Riſe* Orſamus (ſaid ſhe) *this proſtrate Action can ſcarce obtain its Pardon: Your Preſence at this time, is not unwelcome, ſince it has quitted me of ſome Fears, that pre-poſſeſs'd me in your Abſence, concerning your Welfare, and the Wounds you receiv'd lately in my Defence.*

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Them Wounds (reply'd *Orſamus*) *have been leſs cruel, than thoſe I receive from your fair Eyes: They wou'd admit of a Cure, but theſe daily augment, without hope of Remedy. O my deareſt Princeſs! I dye daily, and every Moment begets a new Death. If your Anger has prepar'd me a Condemnation, I will receive the fatal Doom from your Mouth, with a perfect and entire Obedience. Believe it,* Orſamus (reply'd ſhe) *you will not obtain that ſo eaſily, as your Imagination flatters you; neither, perhaps, has my Severity proceeded from the ſame Cauſe, as your Opinion has taken it. No, no; I have not been inſenſible of your Love, nor regardleſs of your Merits; but have priz'd them both at their true value, in my Breaſt: And, bating the Intereſt and Obedience, a Father may claim of a Child, there is none, perhaps, amongſt the Stock of Mankind, I cou'd have prefer'd before* Orſamus. *Make haſte to be well then, as ſoon as poſſible; and think not of dying, but remember, I bid you live. Vanquiſh your Malady, diſperſe thoſe effeminate Paſſions, until a time more ſuitable: For if Heaven be ſo kind, to free us from the hands of this Pirate, I have ſome Hope ſtill left unſtrangl'd, that tells me, Heaven will not always let you be unhappy. More Satisfaction I cannot give you: Nor let not my Condition perſuade you to preſume to covet greater Advantages, leſt you loſe them you have already gain'd in my Eſteem.*

Orſamus bowing his Head at this Diſcourſe, with a profound Reſpect: *Then, Madam,* (reply'd he) *I am not utterly loſt, as my Fear conſtru'd*

ſtru'd it: For if my Princeſs vote me happy, I'll bid Defiance to Fortune's Malice; ſince ſhe cannot, in all her Stock of Misfortunes, find one Obſtruction to make me miſerable. But, Madam, What ſhall this happy Wretch do, whoſe Life you have preſerv'd with ſuch Exceſs of Generoſity? What Price ſhall he pay for the leaſt of theſe divine Bounties? By a Fidelity (reply'd Cynthia) which I value above my Father's Crown; and by which, till Death, you may preſerve that Affection, whereon you eſtabliſh your Happineſs. If that be the Means (reply'd Orſamus) I will be happy to my Tomb, and all the humane Conſiderations ſhall not make me waver one Moment in my inviolable Loyalty; Honour, or what elſe we eſteem moſt dear, or precious, ſhall all ſubmit, as Trophies to my Love: Neither wou'd I welcome a Happineſs, that comes not from you, or for you. But, Madam (continu'd he, after a ſmall Pauſe,) If I may have Licence to ask it, How ſhall we diſpoſe of our Affairs in this Condition, whereinto Fortune hath blindly brought us? The happy Title of Brother, you have conferr'd on me, hath preſerv'd my Life; and by your Bounty, I begin to prize it at its true Value; ſo that I can dare the worſt Effects of Fate. But for you, my dear Princeſs, that you ſhould be brought to theſe Extreams, is that which galls my Heart with unexpreſſible Grief. My Misfortunes are become my chief Felicity, but I am too miſerable in yours: You have rais'd me to the heighth of humane Happineſs; then Gratitude calls, that I ſhou'd purchaſe your Content. Fortune, ſpite of her ſelf, ſhall ſhortly give you eaſe, or put a Pe-

riod to the Cauſe; ſince to expect her to be kind, is to involve our ſelves into greater Dangers. Deſperate Wounds muſt have deſperate Cures: Extreams muſt be thus ſerv'd. When Bliſs and Happineſs be in danger of a Wrack; boldly to dare, is bravely to preſerve it. Thou wretched Rival, Obſtructer of my Bliſs (continued he, with a Tone ſomewhat elevated) *I'll give an Exit to thy Love and Life, though guarded with a thouſand Swords; nothing ſhall ſecure thee from my Arm: If I fail in the Attempt, I ſhall part with this* Satisfaction; *I did endeavour your Quiet, though I cou'd not effect it.*

O Sir! (quoth *Cynthia*, with a timorous Agitation of Spirit) *do not, with ſuch a raſh Reſolution, caſt away your Life; but conſider, that Stroke that ends your Days, gives a Period to mine. Oh, think, in the Cuſtody of what Villains I ſhall be left; acquainted with nothing, but what is ill! Then Death may fly me; and that may be forc'd from me, I eſteem far above my Life. I ſhall have none then to participate in my Sorrows, or revenge my Quarrel, when you are gone. Death, when all Hope is paſt, will not fail to relieve us: Why ſhou'd we tempt our Ruin? Fortune is full of Viciſſitudes; and being unkind ſo long a time, muſt at laſt be juſt: That Valour is unconquerable, to which Diſcretion is joyn'd, when Wiſdom directs it for the moſt Advantage. This Caution will be pardonable, when you remember, I interceed for* Cynthia's *Safety, in the Welfare of* Orſamus. *As yet, Reſpect ſeems to have the upper Hand in his Thoughts; let*

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us not abuſe it, to our own Deſtruction: In the mean time, ſeek to attempt nothing, but upon good mature Conſideration in each other's Life. We may continue ſafe, and be good Companions in Adverſity. Let your Carriage be circumſpect, that he may not ſuſpect you for other than what you ſeem; ſo you may remain ſecure, whilſt I reſt firm guarded with my Innocency. Becauſe he has made you the Agent of his Love, you may feed him with Hope; for 'twill be dangerous to loſe thoſe Advantages, he hopes from you. My Carriage unto him ſhall be follow'd by your Advice; and you may tell him, what your Wiſdom and Reaſon accords to, is convenient; always reſerving my Honour entire. And ſeeing, Orſamus, *I repoſe my Honour in your Truſt, look, you do not fail my Confidence. O, Madam!* (replyed *Orſamus*) *That Life, which you ſet ſo high a Price on, is not worth the Care you take to preſerve it; but it were no Life, were it not wholly at your Devotion; and being only yours, I ſhall be careful, not to caſt that Life uſeleſs away, which is reſerv'd wholly and entire for your Intereſt. Your Commands ſhall lead me by the Hand; which I will execute, as far as weary Life will go. For your Honour; He that's intruſted with ſuch a Treaſure, and ſafeguards it not, let him live wretched, and deteſted dye.* 'Twere a Sin (replyed *Cynthia*) *to doubt your Fidelity* (taking more Kindneſs into her Eyes, than they expreſt before) *and the Continuance may not go unrewarded. 'Tis not he that runs ſwifteſt, and then faints; but he that continues to the End of the Race, that wins the Prize.*

But let us leave this Diſcourſe, for a Time more agreeable, and conſider how to treat the Pirate at his Return, which will not be long. I'll ſhew my ſelf ſomewhat kinder, that he may conceive, you have prevail'd ſomething in his Behalf: And this Kindneſs, if my Expectations fail me not, ſhall purchaſe a Relation of his Life; which will, for a ſmall time, free me from his Importunities, and in ſome ſort, diſſipate my Misfortunes, by the Hiſtory of his Diſaſters; ſince we naturally find a Pleaſure, in the Rehearſal of paſt Miſeries. His Reſpect and Behaviour towards us, ſhews him to be more than what he ſeems; yet this odious Courſe makes him ſeem leſs than what he is: His Life, in my Apprehenſion, muſt be monſtrous, that walks in a Way ſo uncommon.

In ſuch Diſcourſe they paſs'd away the ſmall Time of the Pirate's Abſence; but Fortune ſoon took Care, they ſhould not ſurfeit of their Joys, by haſtning his Return to the Cabbin. And having ſaluted *Cynthia* with much Reſpect, as his Miſtreſs; and careſs'd *Orſamus*, as her Brother; he ſeated himſelf, to participate of their Diſcourſe; which he apprehended, did tend to his Advantage.

He was opening his Mouth to ſpeak, when the fair Princeſs prevented him: And taking the Word, with an Air repleat; with a Grace and Behaviour, only peculiar to her ſelf, ſhe began her Diſcourſe thus. *Sir, your Kindneſs us'd to my Brother, is no ſmall Obligation that I owe you; nor have you fail'd in your Purpoſe, when*

you

you made him your Sollicitor; ſince none can more perſwade my Inclinations, or more freely diſpoſe of me, than he: Yet he, I think, will not agree to force my Will to what is repugnant. If I muſt love, I wou'd have a Subject worth my Affection: (Such may you be) if your Life have been regulated, and guided by that Rule formerly, as in this Time, ſince we have been your Priſoners. But the faireſt Fruit is not always pleaſant to the Taſte; nor will a wiſe Merchant purchaſe Commodities, without a Trial. We may paint the Sun; but not his warm Influence; and the Fire, but not its Heat. With a ſmall Trouble, you may eaſe me of this Doubt, in relating your Extraction and Birth, and the forepaſt Adventures of your Life. In according to my Requeſt, may tend to your Advantage: To deny me ſo ſmall an Obligation, will not profit you; ſince before I'll inforce my Affections, againſt my Inclinations for one I know not, I'll ſend my Soul to enjoy her Liberty, in yon upper Horizon.

This bold Language of *Cynthia* put the Pirate to his Dumps; knowing the Relation of his Life wou'd diminiſh the Eſteem, they had already conceiv'd for him: And ſhou'd he give her a Denial, he began to fear her firſt Reſolution: So that, for a ſmall time, his Thoughts were upon the Rack, and he ſate poſſeſs'd with a deep Silence; but at laſt, recollecting himſelf, he made this Reply.

Madam, ceaſe theſe horrible Reſolutions, for I find it impoſſible to diſobey you: You ſhall be ſatisfy'd with a true Narration of the Diſaſters of a

miſerable Wretch, injur'd by Fortune, and purſu'd by Fate; the Relation of which, will ſet my Wounds bleeding afreſh; yet, Madam, you ſhall be obey'd. Then prepare your ſelves with Attention, to receive the Satisfaction you deſire, whilſt I entertain you with the Tragick Story of my Life; which, if it cannot beget Love, it may produce Pity.

When *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* had ſeated themſelves with regard, in Expectation of his Diſcourſe; after he had ſatisfy'd himſelf in ſome particular Niceties, and Scruples of his Diſcourſe, with Sadneſs in his Looks and Actions, he began as followeth.

The Tragical Hiſtory of Almerin *and* Deſdemona.

IN the *Mediterranean* Sea, is ſituate an Iſland, call'd *Sicilia*; renown'd over the World, for the ſweet Wholſomneſs of the Air, and Fertility of the Soil; extoll'd highly by Fame, by that wonderful Mountain *Ætna*, there fix'd; which being always, on the out-ſide, cover'd with Snow, yet, by a Sulphurous, or Brimſtone-matter, doth continually burn within. Oftentimes the Flame mounting upwards, is ſo ſtrong, it brings up with it burnt and ſcorching Stones, and pieces of hard Subſtances, which ſeems to be rent out of ſome Rock; to the great Terrour, and Danger of the Beholder. Report has not been idle, in

in proclaiming the known Rareties of this Isle; but above all, that so much fam'd City of *Syracuse*, twenty two Miles in Compass, wall'd about with three strong Walls, for their Strength and Security; water'd with many sweet Springs, and Crystal Rivolets; adorn'd with many brave Gardens, and pleasant Arbors: the noble Buildings added to its Gallantry, whose lofty Towers and Turrets seem'd to support the Skies; retaining a Majesty, and yielding a glorious Shew to the Eyes of the Beholders. It was the Mart-Town of the Island, from whence Ships go out, and resort thither, to and from all Parts of the World; which mightily enriches the Inhabitants.

'Twas this City that gave me Being, although my Father had his Original out of *Norway*, a Kingdom far hence distant, towards the frozen North-Pole; his Inclinations being more to travel strange Countries, than to live a quiet Life in his own; when the one begets nothing but Effeminateness and Sloth, and the other produces Experience and Valour. So that, with his Father's Consent, he took his Journey; having well stor'd himself with Jewels and Money, Necessaries very needful for such a Voyage, in a few Years he ranged over the greatest part of *Africa* and *Asia*; where he saw the famous Cities of *Gran Cayro* in *Egypt*, the City of *Jerusalem* in *Palestina*; where he did behold many rare Monuments, with the lofty Pyramids. Having pass'd through many large Do-

minions, at laſt, he arriv'd at
* *Bizantium.* *Conſtantinople, the Imperial City of the *Grecian* Empire. Here he ſpent ſome time; and at laſt, took Shipping there, to viſit the Iſles of the *Mediterranean* Sea; ſo that he came at laſt, to the famous Iſland of *Sicilia*; where the Pleaſantneſs both invited, and inticed his longer Stay and Abode.

Where by ſtrange Fortunes, and unheard of Chances, he was made known unto King *Sancredus*, who at that time, had his Reſidence in *Syracuſe*; in whoſe Affection, in a ſmall time, he gain'd ſo great Eſteem, as he gave him his own Kinſwoman in Marriage, enrich'd him with ſeveral Lordſhips, made him one of his Council, and Governor of the famous City of *Syracuſe*.

I was his only Son, and in this City I received both Life and Education. I liv'd with my Father in a Garb befitting a Prince, rather than a Governor's Son: All their Hope and Comfort they ſeem'd to treaſure up in me; no Coſt ſeem'd dear to 'em, and their beſt Performances came ſhort of their Wills. Thus I continu'd, until I arriv'd to the Age of ſixteen Years, and became capable to receive the Impreſſion of Love.

Small Time had paſs'd away afterwards, before Fortune preſented me an Object, to beget Love; and a Subject, wherewithal to continue it. For Fate had ſo decreed, that in a pleaſant Garden belonging to the City, garniſh'd with many private Walks, and adorn'd with many

ſhady

ſhady Arbors; among which, I had choſen out one for Privacy, to retire my ſelf from the ſcorching Heat of the Sun, which began to climb to his Mid-day heighth. Here it was, I went to ſeek Reſt, and found Eternal Diſquiet: For by the Bank of a little Rivolet, which had a Thorough-fare, and many Turnings in the Garden, ſate a moſt beautiful Damoſel, who had ſeated her ſelf, as it were, to obſerve the decent gliding of the murmuring Stream. The Place where I had retir'd my ſelf was ſo order'd by Nature, that I cou'd ſee, yet remain unſeen. I neglected no Time, but took a ſerious Obſervation of this fair Unknown: Her Years might be about Fourteen; her Stature, not very tall, but comely; her Face, the perfect Map of Beauty, freſh and blooming; where the Lilies, and the Roſes, did ſeem to ſurpaſs in Glory what Dame Nature had ever fram'd, or Art had ever perfected: her Eyes like two reſplendent Diamonds, caſt a Luſtre, able to inſlave the moſt reſolute Beholder. Each part was ſo amiable, and agreeable, that the moſt critical and curious Surveyer cou'd not find an Error in her whole Compoſure; each part ſympathizing in a ſweet Harmony; over which, Nature had plac'd a Charm, which the moſt ſenſeleſs and obdurate Hearts cou'd not reſiſt, but of neceſſity, muſt ſubmit.

'Thus, Madam (ſaid he, turning to *Cynthia*) 'and more fair you may imagin her to be, or 'think her like your ſelf, which ſeem to be the 'Maſter-piece of the Gods. And I vow to you,

'beſides

'beſides the faireſt *Deſdemona* (for ſo I learn'd 'afterwards, ſhe was call'd) I never yet ſaw any 'Beauty, I might parallel, or compare with 'yours. I beheld her with Amazement; for never before did my Eyes behold any thing ſo lovely: Yet that Amazement was accompany'd with a Tranſport, in beholding ſo rare a Creature, which brought forth a delicious Raviſhment; and a Rapture of unuſual Joys began to poſſeſs my Senſes. So that then, and only then, I began to be wretched; and greedily began to devour that Poyſon, I ſhou'd have expell'd. This fatal Minute was a Prologue to the Cataſtrophe of my Tragical Misfortunes. I fix'd my Eyes on her Face, with a timorous Diſturbance of my Spirit; when, raiſing her Voice, with a bewitching Harmony, and a ſweet charming Melody, ſhe chanted this Song.

O happy Time, when Nature only ſway'd,
And all did live in Innocency free:
When all did ſeem to rule, yet all obey'd,
And every one enjoy'd his Liberty:
When ſimple Truth was thought the higheſt Skill;
And to deceive a Friend, the greateſt Ill.

But all things paſs, as they had never been;
And Nature brings forth Monſters, that rebel.
Deceit is termed Wit, and not a Sin:
What once did Heaven ſeem, is now a Hell.
Truth ſtands neglected, ſcofft at with Diſgrace;
And being diſ-eſteemed, hides her Face.

Beauty

Beauty is no Divinity, I ſee;
As Falſhood wou'd make ſilly Souls believe:
Truth ſays, it is a Map of Miſery,
That will the Owner ſuddenly deceive.
And what, a Goddeſs, ſeems to us to day,
Sickneſs, or Death, to morrow ſweeps away.

He which admireth Beauty, will confeſs,
That 'tis attended with a fatal Charm;
Which, if not waited on with good Succeſs,
'Twill do the Owner, that enjoys it, harm.
Riches and Beauty oft are made a Prize,
And robb'd by ſuch as call 'em Deities.

Thus undeſcry'd, and unperceiv'd, I was conquer'd by this unknown Beauty; and at that fatal Hour, without Reſiſtance, I became her Slave; and with an unwilling Willingneſs, reſolv'd to wear her Chains.

Thus I embrac'd a Paſſion, which ſince, hath prov'd fatal to my Quiet. Thus, like young Novices in War, that through Raſhneſs, become reſolute; and without Conſideration, ſeem to out-face the greateſt Dangers; not thinking on the Peril, their Indiſcretion may purchaſe 'em: I embark'd thus, in ſtrange Seas, without a Pilot; and began to travel the moſt intricate and unknown Ways, without a Guide. I never knew what Love was, till now; therefore the Proceedings were Myſteries to me: Yet Nature was ſo kind, to ſuggeſt to me, that

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in the Affairs of Love, it was a Rule; Where firſt we receive a Wound, there to endeavour a Remedy: And as Heat extinguiſnes Heat, and gives preſent Remedy to the Pain; ſo a Return of Love gives ſudden Eaſe to the Torment, and a perfect Cure to the Malady. Yet how to make my Addreſſes unto one, that till then, I never ſaw, or to talk of Love to her, both ſeem'd groſs: The firſt ſeem'd too full of Confidence, and the other ſeem'd to ſavour much of Impudence.

But here Fortune ſupply'd this Want, and at firſt, ſeem'd to court me, but 'twas only to drill me into greater Miſeries; for I no ſooner ſaw her ariſe from the place where ſhe ſate, but I made towards her, from the Place and Covert, where I lay conceal'd; when, behold, this charming Beauty was ſurpriz'd by an unknown Stranger; who, with Expreſſions of Joy, utter'd theſe Words: *Fortune, I deſie thy further Malice; and dare my Fate, to make a ſecond Relapſe in my Deſires.* So that, by Force, in ſpight of her Reſiſtance, taking her delicate Body rudely in his Arms, he began, with a more than ordinary pace, to convey her to a neighbouring Thicket. My Eyes had never left her, but were wholly employ'd, and fix'd on this inſolent Action, perform'd on ſo lovely a Creature. I needed no Sollicitors, but her Cries and Innocency, to prepare me for a Revenge: And 'twas but a few Moments betwixt the Reſolution, and the Execution; for with

my

my utmoſt Diligence, I purſu'd him, by the ſame Track, I ſaw him paſs. Such Expedition I made, that my Haſte out-went his Speed; and my Fury overtook him, before I had Time to conſult with Reaſon: So that, without demanding any Queſtions, I ran him through the Body; and he, not having disburthen'd himſelf of his fair Prey, fell down, claſping her in his deadly Embraces. The firſt thing I did, was to free her from his Arms; which, with ſome Trouble, I perform'd. After I had ſet her at liberty from that Danger, and her frightned Spirits return'd to her again, ſhe fell down at my Feet; and embracing my Knee, *Sir* (ſaid ſhe) *this ſudden and unexpected Aſſiſtance perſuades me to eſteem of you, as the Genius of my better Fortune, ſince you have, by a timely Redemption, preſerv'd what is more precious to me, than that which we prize moſt dear. Seeing there's no Poſſibility of making Satisfaction, equal to the Obligation, take my Life in liew for a ſmall Recompence; but continue ſtill to preſerve my Honour, which you have ſo bravely defended.*

Her Tears, and ſweet charming Speeches, transform'd me from my uſual Temper; and I cou'd not behold her in that mournful Poſture, and diſtreſſed Condition, without participating in her Sorrows. So that, taking her up in my Arms, kiſſing her lovely Cheek, as it was bedew'd with pearly Tears; returning her this Anſwer: *Madam, I rejoyce, that the Deſtinies [illegible] made me ſo fortunate, in making me the happy*

Cauſe

Cauſe of preſerving you. If I have oblig'd you in this Action, I have a Satisfaction, above what I cou'd hope; and Fortune has been kind, above my Wiſhes; ſince few Minutes have paſs'd, when I was to ſeek for ſuch an Opportunity, to manifeſt my Affection. O Madam! Blame me not, when I reveal, I love you: And prove not cruel to one, that adores you. If you think, I have oblig'd you, Oh! pay it in Love, and I ſhall ſoon become the Debtor: And talk not of Death, when the Gods deteſt the Propoſition; but think, lovely Creature, if ſo much Beauty can be without Pity, and yield no Redreſs to my Love! See, beauteous Lady, Death will be kinder than you, and yield a Remedy, when you deny it. This ſaid (with an Action, wholly paſſionate) I ſet my Sword againſt my Breaſt; ſaying, *Here, Madam, is that, will yield Relief in Neceſſity; and ſeeing I cannot live without your Love, I'll endeavour, in Death, to gain your Pity: And if my Love be become an Offence, this very Sword ſhall make Satisfaction, and deſtroy that Life that gave it Birth.* She no ſooner did behold this deſperate Offer at my Life, but caſting an Eye of Pity on my Raſhneſs, *Oh, hold* (ſaid ſhe) *that fatal Weapon, the cruel Diſturber of my Quiet! And think, who ere you be, what an Error I muſt commit, in yielding to love one, that till this Moment, I never ſaw; and how I ſhall forget Paternal Duty, to give my ſelf away, without their Knowledge. Conſider what an Obligation will lie on you, when I relie upon your Promiſe of Fidelity, to preſerve my Honour entire; and how*

the Gods will punish you, if you prove perjur'd. Once more meditate, on what Conditions I must love; and endeavour to recollect your wandring Thoughts, and you will soon perceive, what Folly it is, for any one to enter into Bonds, that may continue free, and at liberty.

Vertuous Lady (replyed I) *you wrong my Love, to think it base; and my Integrity, to imagine I may prove unconstant. No, no, Madam; your Charms are too strong, to be rivall'd by any o her Object; and my Affection too entire, to be deceiv'd by any other Beauty, since I have beheld yours. Because you shall not be oblig'd to love one, you know not; and to esteem of one, that till this Minute, you never saw; to disperse these Doubts, Know, my Name is* Almerin, *the only Son of* Artemidorus, *Governor of this famous City of* Syracuse: *Never before unfortunate, if you prove pitiless, nor never before this time happy, if you become kind. If you relie on my Fidelity, nothing but Death shall make me unconstant; but my Affection shall always flourish: Nay, should Death it self endeavour to extinguish it, he might well divert it, but not destroy it; when the Remainders of those Sparks of Love, shall keep warm my Ashes in the Grave. If I ever endeavour to violate your Honour, or think to commit so great a Sacrilege on your Vertues, let all the Gods rain down Vengeance on my Head, for my Disloyalty. Let the Heavens be Witnesses to what I promise; and with them, this innocent Grove shall witness, and give Evidence, that when I prove false to you, I may not prosper in what I esteem most dear;*

that

that my Pleaſures may become Torments, and my chiefeſt Delights, Vexations. Evidence what I have ſaid, O ye Powers Divine! By all this, and by your fair ſelf, I ſwear, a Divinity, too precious to be prophan'd.

Oh, hold! (quoth ſhe) *Swear not by that: Cankers may eat that Flower on the Stalk; the Scratch of a Pin may ſoon deface it; Sickneſs and Miſchance may ſoon ruin it; Age and Time are great Devourers of it: And when in theſe Cheeks and Lips, which you extol ſo high, ſhall not be left Red enough, to bluſh at Perjury, when you ſhall make it; What will become of me then?*

O Madam! (replyed I) *Ceaſe theſe Doubts, and diſſipate ſuch needleſs Fears: The Sun ſhall as ſoon falter in his Career; the Stars drop from their Places, where they have of old been fix'd; the Earth ſhall remove, Nature ſhall alter her Courſe, and all Impoſſibilities ſhall be perform'd; when I prove diſloyal, and falſe in my Love.*

Theſe Proteſtations did give her ſome Satisfaction; and prevail'd ſo far with her, that ſhe ſuffer'd me to enjoy the Privilege, to accompany her to her Parents Houſe, which was within the City. When we came thither, ſhe gave her Friends to underſtand the timely Aſſiſtance, I gave her; as alſo, my Birth and Quality, and Authority in the City. They no ſooner received this Relation from their Daughter, but they bade me Welcome, and careſs'd me with the greateſt Endearments. My Entertainment was extraordinary; but the Kindneſſes beſtow'd on me,

me, was not after the lofty Court-mode, but moſt familiarly, as if I had been a near Relation unto them; and gave me Thanks, in the moſt obliging Terms, for the Kindneſs conferr'd on their Daughter; which I cou'd not receive, without a Bluſh. Here it was, I learn'd, his Name was *Philaſter*, an aged Knight, that had liv'd there many Years; that his fair Daughter was his only Child, whoſe Name was *Deſdemona*; in whom, the old Knight, and his Lady, did repoſe all their Comfort and Joy.

In ſeveral Diſcourſes, we paſs'd away the Time, while Supper laſted; where the chiefeſt Delicates, I fed on, was *Deſdemona*'s Beauty: And indeed, 'twas ſhe alone, made all things ſeem pleaſant, where ſhe came; and ſet a Luſtre on the greateſt Enormities.

Supper being ended, and the Evening far ſpent, I began to prepare for my Departure. After I had bade a Farewel unto the old Knight, and his Lady, with many Acknowledgments for the Civilities, I had receiv'd, I began to order my ſelf, to take my Leave of the faireſt *Deſdemona*.

We ſee by Experience, that the Fire that flames higheſt, trembles moſt: So is it in Love; He that loves much, fears moſt. In this manner did I approach her, with an inward Joy; yet that Joy was diſturb'd, by a timorous Fear. I accoſted her in this manner: *Faireſt* Deſdemona, *let not Abſence beget a Neglect in my Love, but think of the Torments, I endure: And though*

Neceſſity inforces me to leave you; yet think, how all Places will ſeem a Hell, when you are abſent; and that you bring a Heaven of Felicities, whenever your fair ſelf doth appear. O Deſdemona! *I muſt leave you: Yet, ſhall I tell you; The poor Priſoner never went to Execution with more Reluctancy, than this cruel Parting ſeems to me; ſince I muſt leave all my Happineſs with you, and go away, accompany'd only with my Torments and Miſeries!* I had proceeded further, but I ſaw ſome attentive to underſtand what I ſaid.

Deſdemona return'd me no Anſwer, but a Bluſh. And after I had, with an Ecſtaſie, ſeal'd a Kiſs on her fair Hand, I took my Leave; yet not before the old Knight, and his Lady, deſired me, that I wou'd honour them ſo much, as to further oblige them, with my Viſits. This Complement over, I was conducted, and accompany'd by them all to the Door; where ſtood a Charoch, richly adorn'd, to convoy me to my Father's Houſe. Here it was, I parted from them, and bade the firſt Farewel to my ſelf. I was no ſooner arriv'd at my Father's Houſe, but I was welcom'd with the greateſt Kindneſſes that might be; my Preſence diverting the Fears of any Dangers, that might befal me. They began to enquire, how I paſt away the Evening ſo late; but I had a Story ready, that gave them Satisfaction; yet did I keep my Adventure ſecret to my ſelf. After a while, I gave them the Good-night, and betook my ſelf to my Reſt.

But

But ſmall Reſt, Heaven knows, it was, I cou'd take: My Fancy form'd the Idea of fair *Deſdemona*; and 'twas only them Thoughts, that did give a ſmall Ceſſation to my Torments. If *Morpheus* had intic'd me to a Slumber, immediately, her fair Figure wou'd appear. Here it was, I did, with an Ecſtaſie of Joy, go to embrace this fair Idea of my Misfortunes; when, behold, I claſp'd the brittle Air: And with my Sleep, wou'd the fair Phantaſm vaniſh. Oh, how willing have I been, to be deceiv'd! And fearing I have dream'd, how fearful have I been to wake, leſt Senſe ſhou'd rob me of ſo delightful a Viſion, and take away the Felicity, I ſeem'd then to enjoy! Oh, how often did I wiſh, I might expire in ſuch pleaſing Falſhoods! Yet the Gods deem'd me not ſo happy a Lot.

In this ſort, I paſt away the Time, thinking the Night exceeded its uſual Length; exclaiming againſt *Phœbus*, for his ſluggiſh Approach; and yet, when he did appear, how often have I wiſh'd his Abſence! So that Night ſeem'd a Vexation, and Day a Torment. Some two Days paſs'd, and what for want of taking Suſtenance in the Day, and for want of Reſt in the Night, my Spirits began to decay, and my Body became ſore weaken'd; my Colour faded away, and my youthful Vigour abated: So that, in a few Hours, I became only a Shadow of what I was, and an Emblem of what I had been. My careful Parents wonder'd at this ſudden Alteration, and Change: The Phyſicians

were sent for, but their Conjectures came far short of the Disease: Every one gave his Judgment, as Fancy and Opinion gave them Birth; but all came short of the Symptoms of my Disease. My careful Parents never forsook my Pillow; seeking to search out the Cause of this Distemper, that so they might provide a Remedy.

Perhaps you wonder, I did not reveal my Love to them at such a time, when there was a Possibility of having my Desires granted.

Fairest Lady (said he, looking upon *Cynthia*) you will not marvel, nor have Occasion to blame me, when you understand, that about six Weeks before, I was betroth'd, by my Parents Consent, to a fair Damosel, nam'd *Artemesia*, second Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*. Indeed, I think, she was more noble than fair; yet her Beauty was not so mean, but it might have satisfy'd my Nicety, had I never beheld the bewitching Charms of fair *Desdemona*. 'Twas to this fatal Marriage, I was destinated a Victim to my Parents Wills, not my Desires. I knew my Father to be a Man too passionate, and rash; firm in his Resolves, and not to be alter'd by Persuasions, in his Proceedings. Besides, this Marriage seem'd to augment, and agree with his Ambition; and his being ally'd to so great a Lord, no mean Honour. He was obstinate in his Humours, nor cou'd Reason make him reverse what he had decree'd; but

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eſpecially thoſe, he imagin'd, did tend to further and advance his aſpiring Ambition. Theſe were ſuch infallible Truths, as I well knew, by his Conſent, wou'd never be revok'd. Theſe were the unhappy Cauſes, that I did not reveal to them, the Affection I had for fair *Deſdemona*.

As from one Extream, doth iſſue a ſecond, more dreadful than the firſt; ſo from this Fuel of Love, did proceed a burning Fever, more fearful and violent than the former. This was viſible to the Eye of Nature; ſo that the Phyſicians, by their Skill and Induſtry, remov'd the Cauſe, before it cou'd take any deep Effect; and perform'd the Cure, before ever the Diſeaſe had taken Root.

As nothing continues always in one State and Condition, ſo my Diſtemper began to abate, and my weakned Body began to recover a little Strength; yet in my Mind I receiv'd no Comfort, ſince my deareſt Phyſician was abſent. *Phœbus* had ſcarce ran his Career thrice in this upper World, and lodg'd himſelf in the Weſtern Ocean, but I left my Bed; and although I was extream feeble, yet I did endeavour to walk: And the firſt ſmall Journey I made, was ſecretly, and unſeen, to the Habitation of my divine *Deſdemona*. I had no ſooner ſet my Face towards that part of the City, but mark the wonderful Effects of Love; although my Body was weak, yet, me-thought, in every Step I went towards her, I receiv'd new Strength;

and went that in a few Minutes, might well have requir'd a longer Time: So much did the pleaſing Imagination, of ſeeing *Deſdemona*, diſſipate and divert all other Difficulties.

When I was arriv'd, and enter'd the Houſe, which did contain my ador'd Nymph, my Body became, as if it had been inſpir'd with a new Soul: and well it might, ſince it was there alone, the Felicity and Content, which was the Ecſtaſie and Rapture of my Soul, did reſide. Which Imagination did beget a ſweet Raviſhment of Pleaſures: So that the Want of what I had ſo long deſir'd, had ſet the greater Value on what I then enjoy'd.

Such unthought of Alteration had my ſmall Time of Sickneſs begotten on me, that none in the Houſe cou'd hardly gueſs, or diſcern, what I might be; but them Thoughts were ſilenc'd, when I reveal'd my ſelf: So that they ſeem'd to be poſſeſs'd with Amazement, rather than with Unbelief. In a few Moments, all their Suſpicions were vaniſh'd; ſo that I was entertain'd with their accuſtom'd Kindneſſes. In a few Moments, fair *Deſdemona* did appear: and although ſhe was fore-warn'd by ſome in the Houſe, of this ſudden Change in me, yet, in her firſt Approach, ſhe cou'd not contain from Wonder. She bade me welcome, as a Deliverer, and not as a Lover; yet did her Eyes ſpeak Pity to my Diſaſters; and them kind Looks ſeem'd a ſoveraign Balſam, to expel the worſt of Miſeries. What ſhall I ſay? 'Twas here,

my

my Sickneſs took its Birth; and 'twas here, I had the only Remedy to expel it.

After Dinner, the old Knight and his Lady, with fair *Deſdemona*, that did attend 'em, invited me to take a Walk into a fair Garden, adjoyning to their Houſe, beautify'd with many ſhady Arbors; where Nature was holpen by Art, to make the Work more exquiſite: It was adorn'd with many pleaſant Walks, intricate, and turning Labyrinthwiſe.

But in the midſt of the Garden, was a Houſe of Pleaſure ſituated, the faireſt, for Workmanſhip, that ever I did behold: So that Nature grew envious, that Art ſhou'd excel her; endeavouring, with fine ſhady Trees, and what ſweet Summers Livery wears, to conceal it from the Eye of the Spectator; when the pretty Birds, that harbour in thoſe Boughs, ſeem to croſs her Intents, with their melodious Notes; inviting the Eyes of the Beholder, not to paſs by, and leave ſo rare a Work unſeen, and unregarded.

Into this Garden, the Maſterpiece of Art and Nature, I accompany'd them in their Walks. We had ſome Diſcourſe, on different Subjects; which I think impertinent, and nothing relating to the Story of my Life. Thus having paſs'd away ſome ſmall time, *Philaſter* and his Lady retir'd themſelves into the Houſe of Pleaſure, before related, and left *Deſdemona* only, to entertain me. This Opportunity, Fortune did now offer me, fell out above my Thoughts;

and being unwilling to loſe ſo fair a Time, as we walk'd along in the Alleys, I began this Diſcourſe.

Faireſt Deſdemona, *I cannot tell, whether I ſhou'd ſay, you are more kind, than cruel; or whether you are more fair, than I am miſerable. See, my divine Lady; behold, I die alive: And what is more cruel, than a living Death? Cannot you pity one, that dies for your Love? Oh, pierce my Heart! It is the nobler way; and let me not live in ſuch Torments, as do exceed the worſt of Deaths.*

Sir (ſaid ſhe) *I am not inſenſible to your Love, nor do I take any pleaſure in your Torments: I wou'd I cou'd perform the one, as willingly as I can the other; you ſhou'd not languiſh for a Remedy, if a Return of Love and Compaſſion can give you Eaſe. I can pity: If that be too low, I can grieve: If this will not do, think, Sir, in what Bands you are bound, not to violate my Honour. Oh! Seek not to ruin that, and command all things beſides, I am able to perform.*

O Madam! (replyed I) *Heaven ſend all thoſe Puniſhments on my Head, I ſo lately did invocate, if I intend Diſhonour to your Perſon. No, Madam; 'tis lawful Marriage, I deſire: And what is more honourable? This way you may ſecurely give a Ceſſation to my Torments, and not injure your Chaſtity. Oh! think, if you can pity, as you give me to underſtand, you can; be not cruel, to let me pine away with Sorrow, when you are the only Phyſician, can give a Remedy.*

I had

I had ſcarce finiſh'd theſe laſt Words, but old *Philaſter*, with his Lady, left the place, where they had remain'd this ſmall Time of our Diſcourſe; and their too ſudden Approach, robb'd me of *Deſdemona*'s Anſwer. So that we made towards them; and joyning our Company and Diſcourſe with theirs, we paſs'd away the Reſidue of that Time we ſtay'd afterwards in the Garden; Fortune not offering me, that Day, another Opportunity, where I might, with Secrecy, renew our foreſaid Diſcourſe. After a while, we left our Diverſion; *Philaſter* forſook the Garden, and we attended him in; where we ſpent the Remainder of that Day, which, my Imaginations told me, did ſteal too ſwiftly away, ſince I forſook my deareſt Happineſs, and muſt be forc'd to part from my faireſt *Deſdemona*. Time, which in her Abſence, did ſeem to have Leaden Feet, did now fly too ſwiftly away: So that the long-fear'd, unwiſh'd for Hour of parting approach'd, when I muſt take my leave, and be walking to my own Home. After Salutations paſt with the old Lady, I went and took my leave of my faireſt *Deſdemona*: And although my Deſires were fruſtrated, and my Intentions prevented, of ſpeaking unto her, by reaſon of her Parents being preſent; yet my Eyes and Countenance ſilently and ſecretly ſpoke the Language of my Heart; and, as far as I cou'd conceive, I did not find, ſhe had any Averſion for my Love; neither cou'd I perceive in her Countenance and Looks,

Looks, or in any of her Actions, she did bewray any Dislike to my Proceedings: But I found her, not like your lofty Dames, scornful and disdainful; but contrary, her Actions were not imperious, but compos'd wholly of Mildness, yet therewithal wholly charming; sweeter than the blooming Rose, when the Morning Air swells its tender Bud: Innocent in her Carriage, as the harmless Dove, yet with a winning Majesty: So that she did privately undermine, as well as outwardly conquer the Hearts and Eyes of the Beholders.

With this Hope of my good Fortune, I gave *Philaster* the Good-night, and return'd secretly home to my Father's; where they all wonder'd at my long Absence, yet glad to see me recover'd so well; wondring from whence the Causes of so sudden a Sickness shou'd arise, as also, at so unordinary a Recovery; both occasion'd by two different Times of Absence: But leaving them to surmize on Conjectures, to learn out that which, as yet, they did not know, I went to my Chamber; where I past away the Night in a different manner, from what I had formerly done, my Hopes having now overcome my Despairs, and comply'd with all things that might jump with my Desires. In such pleasing Thoughts, the Hours past away; yet not so swift, but I cou'd number them, and think them slow in going.

Titan, by her Absence, gave warning of her Brother's Approach, and *Phœbus* had scarce saluted

ted the Eaſtern Parts of the World, with his deſir'd Preſence, but I aroſe, and attir'd my ſelf with a more than ordinary Curioſity; building many Hopes, in Expectation of what the following Day might bring forth, which now began to grow a little aged, and the Hour approach'd, wherein Viſits are accuſtom'd to be given; ſo that I took my way to *Philaſter*'s Houſe. As my Viſits became more common, I was eſteemed a leſs Stranger, and my Entertainment was more familiar and friendly: So that after ſome Diſcourſe of Uſe had paſt by Courſe, and the Sun, with his warm Beams, began to climb to his Meridian heighth, I requeſted the Favour of *Philaſter*, that I might take the Privilege to paſs ſome ſmall Time away in his fair Garden. Which Requeſt was no ſooner deſir'd, but it was as kindly granted; himſelf intending to accompany me; when, behold, juſt as we were entring the Garden, he was ſent for by a Meſſenger, that inform'd him, that his Brother (who was an ancient Gentleman, whoſe Dwelling was about two Leagues from the City) did attend him, deſiring ſome Conference with him, about earneſt Occaſions, that wou'd not admit of Delay. After he had pleaded Neceſſity, as his Excuſe, for his untimely Parting, craving my Pardon for his Incivility in leaving me alone, promiſing a ſpeedy Return, he left me.

Half an Hour had not paſt, ſince I enter'd the Garden, but I ſaw fair *Deſdemona*; who,

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as I ſince have underſtood, was ſent by her Father, to entertain me in his Abſence, his Buſineſs falling out beyond his Expectations; and his Stayance being longer than he intended, was the Reaſon he ſent *Deſdæmona* to accompany me. I made towards her with much Reſpect, and ſhe accoſted me with as kind a Reception, with ſuch Innocency, as might ſeem to bring in compaſs the extravagant Thoughts of any but my ſelf; for they yielded Fuel to my unbounded Deſires, and every Action of hers became as Oyl to augment it, till it began to blaze into a Flame; which not extenuated, muſt needs conſume in it ſelf. After I had ſaluted her, we paſs'd away ſome Time walking in the Alleys, and exchang'd ſome Diſcourſe, wherein I was ſo happy, to gain her Conſent to be my Wife, ſo I cou'd get her Parents Conſent to ſeal it.

Here it was, we betroth'd our ſelves each to other, and regiſter'd our Vows in Heaven, before the divine Deities. Here it was, I cou'd not bound my Joys, and conſequently, my Paſſion; ſo that I cou'd not refrain from folding her delicate and tender Body in my Arms, giving and receiving many a ſweet Kiſs on her Ruby Lips. In this Rapture of Raviſhment we ſpent the Time, till *Sol*, with his ſcorching Beams, forc'd us to retire into that pretty Houſe of Pleaſure (before-mention'd.) This prov'd a Defence againſt the Heat, and a Covert to act our Loves more ſecurely. Here we did double our Kiſſes and Embraces, while the

pretty

pretty Birds did ſeem to participate in my Happineſs. Theſe were innocent Paſs-times; yet theſe intic'd me to the guilty Poſſeſſion of greater.

'Like a poor decay'd Man, who wou'd 'think himſelf happy in the Poſſeſſion of a ſmall 'Eſtate; which when he obtains, he reſts not 'there, but is ſtill aſpiring to whatever is above 'him; and at laſt climbs to ſo great a heighth, 'that to continue is dangerous, and to fail is a 'moſt certain Ruin. This was a lively Similitude of my Condition, wherein I did then remain: Them Favours, ſhe then conferr'd on me, cou'd not yield Content and Satisfaction to my Deſires, but ſerv'd only to beget a Confidence to preſume to purchaſe greater, and aſpire to higher Felicities. So that from this familiar Converſation, I began to requeſt the Fruition of that Love I then enjoy'd; and following my Requeſt with ſuch Intreaties and Importunities, with a Promiſe of a never failing Fidelity, urged by ſuch ſtrong Perſwaſions, and reſiſted with ſuch faint Denials, that I came to the yielding up of that Fort, which the greateſt Kings might envy me the Conqueſt of, and enjoy'd a Privilege, which the mightieſt of Men wou'd have eſteem'd a Happineſs: In the Enjoyment of which, Imperial Monarchs wou'd have accounted it the higheſt Felicity: All which was wholly proſtrated to my raging Paſſion, and luſtful Deſires. The Kiſſes, Embraces and Endearments, were almoſt numberleſs, we there exchang'd;

exchang'd; our Diſcourſe much, yet treating wholly of our Loves, and fervent Affections of the Day of Marriage; when every Day thou'd be ſuch a Feaſt as this, and every Night beget a freſh Rivalry of Delights, that ſhou'd never decay, but continue as immortal as our Souls that gave it Birth. Thus we ſpent our Time, in a Paradiſe of Pleaſures; paſſing them few Minutes we ſtay'd there, in ſuch Felicity, as might well be term'd, the chiefeſt Happineſs of a Lover's Bliſs.

'But the ſweet blooming Roſe is not pluck'd 'without a Thorn, nor the deareſt Pleaſure 'reap'd without a Diſcontent: They are Ho-'ney in the Mouth, but Gall in the Belly; 'ſweet in the Taſte, but bitter in the Digeſtion. Such was the Fruition and Enjoyment of my deareſt *Deſdemona* to me; a Moment of Happineſs, attended by an Age of Sorrow: So that my Pleaſure ſerves only to make my Calamity more mournful and direful, and the Felicity I have loſt, to make me, the Loſer, more miſerable and wretched.

'*Hannibal*, the brave *African* Conqueror, is 'prais'd, in that he knew how to gain Victo-'ries; but diſcommended, becauſe he cou'd not 'ſecure them: Loſing by Indiſcretion, what by 'Diſcretion he had ſo bravely gain'd. Such was my Misfortune: I knew how to purchaſe Happineſs, but not to continue it. 'Such is 'the Folly of poor Mortals: One runs after 'Riches, and with great Care and Pains, ob-

'tains

'tains the Felicity of his Deſires; which is ſoon 'forgotten in the Poſſeſſion. Another follows 'Honour, as the Elixir of his Hopes, which 'ſoon fades in the Enjoyment. A third hunts 'after Beauty, as the *Eliſian* of his Content; 'which vaniſhes in the Fruition. Thus we play with Happineſs, till it is loſt unto us; and feed ſo greedily on our Pleaſures, till being over-cloy'd, we loſe our Hopes, and Senſe of the Felicity we enjoy; and then too late we repent of our Ignorance and Folly, and prize the worth of that which is loſt unto us, above the Eſteem we had, when we did enjoy it.

'O fatal Emblem of my Misfortunes, and 'unfortunate Similitude of my Miſeries! To 'prize too late the Jewel of my Soul, which I 'have loſt by Forgetfulneſs and Neglect! Re-'pentance comes too late; or if it did not, I 'cou'd not expect a Pardon. O my deareſt '*Deſdemona!* which ſeemeſt lovely in the Grave! 'Whoſe Remembrance muſt be ſweet unto me, 'though thou lieſt forgotten in the Duſt.

Here the Senſe of Grief put a Stop to his Diſcourſe, while he fix'd his Eyes careleſly on the Ground. *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* beheld each other with Amazement in their Looks, in Expectation of the Iſſue of his Diſcourſe, which he uſher'd in with ſo ſad a Prologue, and ſo mournful an Action and Geſture.

By this time, *Almerin* had recollected his Thoughts; and raiſing his Eyes from the Ground, where, the time of his Ecſtaſie, they had

had continu'd unmov'd, and fixing them on *Cynthia*: *Madam* (ſaid he) *can you pardon this abrupt Failing in my Diſcourſe, occaſion'd by a Tranſport of Grief, in the Remembrance of my former Felicities in the Relation I have already given you, compar'd with what I muſt now relate unto you?*

'As Hunger makes the meaneſt Fare ſweet and 'delicious to the Taſte, ſo the Senſe of Sorrow 'produces Felicity more lovely, and makes us 'prize every petty Happineſs at its true 'Worth. Grief is like the Sun at its going 'down, which yields our Shadows in the Eve-'ning more great and monſtrous than they are, 'which, when Day was in its Glory, did ſcarce 'appear. Like a Proſpective-glaſs, which afar 'off yields the Object at an unuſual bigneſs, 'which being remov'd to a nearer diſtance, we 'can hardly diſcern. *Such (Madam) will be the reſidue of my Diſcourſe; which will only ſerve as a Mirrour, to make my Loſs ſeem more lonely, and the Griefs I now poſſeſs, more fearful and dreadful.*

But to defer your Expectations no longer, I'll go forward in my Diſcourſe, and give you to underſtand, that after I had requited old *Philaſter*'s Hoſpitality and Kindneſs, with the Theft of his Daughter's Honour; and againſt the Vows I had made, by Inticements and Deceipt, I had gotten the faireſt Jewel in *Deſdemona*'s Ward-robe, we ſaw him and his Lady enter the Garden. With all Expedition we forſook our Delights, and deſcended down a private

private pair of Stairs, unſeen of them, being ſhaded by the friendly Trees, which, the time of our Delights, ſeem'd to ſtand as Watch-men to defend us; and now, as a Skreen to ſecure us. This Way we paſs'd, leſt they might ſuſpect what indeed was true, and ſo prepar'd to meet 'em; and having paſs'd ſome ſecret Alleys, we met 'em, as accidentally. Here we joyn'd Company and Diſcourſe with 'em, and paſs'd away the reſidue of Time, till Dinner was brought in: Upon which, notice given, we left the Garden, and ſpent the Remainder of that Day all together, in ſeveral ſorts of Diverſion, till Night began to approach, and require my Abſence; ſo that Neceſſity urg'd my Departure; and returning them many Thanks for their Civilities and Kindneſſes, wherein I did ſtand oblig'd unto 'em, I took my Leave of *Philaſter* and his Lady; and having ſaluted *Deſdemona*, with a Promiſe of a ſudden Return, to require her in Marriage of her Parents, according to my Vows in the Garden, I left her, and with her all my Joys.

In my Way homeward, my Spirits began to grow dull and heavy, my Mind became ſad and melancholy, I found my ſelf fearful, yet knew no Cauſe I had to fear: On the ſudden, three Drops of Blood deſtill'd from my Noſe, a Hare thwarted my Way, and a Night-Raven came croaking, and with her diſmal Note, hover'd over my Head. This confirm'd me in my Augury, that ſomething ominous and fatal did at-

tend me, yet I knew not from whence it cou'd proceed. 'I had forgot to look up to Heaven, 'and conſider I ſtood a Criminal there; but be-'gan to conſider what might proceed from 'meaner and lower Cauſes; not conſidering, 'that Heaven makes all things, in this Ball of 'Clay, the Earth, ſerve as Puniſhments to the 'Wicked: Sometimes ſo ſtrange and intricate 'his divine Working is, that the Puniſhment is 'bound up with the Pleaſure; as it happen'd 'now with me.

For I no ſooner arriv'd at my Father's Houſe, but I found him inquiſitive, above his uſual manner, to know where I had paſt away my Time theſe three Days paſt; my Abſence having begotten a Suſpicion in him, of what indeed was true; and my ſudden Sickneſs, ſeconded with as quick a Recovery, did confirm him: So that ſeeing me well recover'd, and almoſt in as good a State of Health, as when I firſt fell ſick, he began his Diſcourſe to me in this manner.

Son (ſaid he) *your ſudden Health cannot give me more Joy, than the extraordinary Cauſes give me Suſpicion, leſt in your Carriage, which hath been ſo reſerv'd and ſhy to me, you ſhou'd act any thing which ſhou'd fall contrary to my Intentions and Deſires. You know the Time will draw ſhortly near, when you muſt marry your contracted Bride, fair* Artemeſia; *one which is as fortunate as fair, and as wiſe as fortunate: One, my Son, that will raiſe thee to a high Eſteem of high Honours, which is the Miſtreſs, young Gallants court. And by the Alliance*

Alliance of ſo great a Lord, we ſhall be made ſhot-free againſt the ſtrongeſt Batteries of Fortune.

This Diſcourſe, ſo contrary to my Expectations and Deſires, and ſo fatal to my Love, aſſur'd me of the doleful Preſages of ſo unhappy a Beginning: So that theſe Fore-runners of my Misfortunes did portend and fore-tell ſome cruel Alteration, and ſudden Change in my preſent Eſtate of Happineſs. Reaſon cou'd now tell me, though too late, that in all the Viciſſitudes and Changes of Fortune, having once arriv'd at the chief Felicity we fix on, as our only Object, we fairly deſcend by thoſe Steps, by which firſt we did aſcend: Nay, Fortune is ſometimes ſo cruel, as not to allow 'em that Leiſure; but envying them the Felicity they have purchas'd, throws 'em down headlong from their Happineſs, and cruelly breaks the Neck of their Hope. This taught me to know; nay more, to miſtruſt and fear, That from the Fruition of *Deſdemona*'s Beauty and Love, I ſhou'd reap but a poor Harveſt; and that my Promiſes wou'd exceed my Incomes; not that I cou'd think my ſelf unfortunate in the Enjoyment of my *Deſdemona*'s Love, but contrary, I thought my ſelf wretched in the many Stops, Dangers, Caſualties, Fears and Accidents, which began to ſhew themſelves, as Obſtructions, to hinder me from the Continuance of ſo ſweet a Felicity. Theſe things I travers'd in my Thoughts; ſo that at laſt, I began to dare his utmoſt Anger, and reſolv'd to ſtand the Charge

of it, rather than conceal my Love; well knowing, if it were once reveal'd, I shou'd be rid of the Fear that did always wait on the secret concealing of it.

Having fix'd on Thoughts as my last Resolves, putting my self in a Posture and Action, that might rather perswade his Pity than his Anger; *Sir* (said I) *your Suspicions are not grounded amiss, if you suspect, I love; and if I be a Criminal in making it a Secret unto you, forgive and pardon me when I shall make you a real Confession. Yes, Sir, I do love; and with that Ardour and Affection, with that Constancy and Fidelity, as Death cannot divert my Inclinations: And shou'd you make a Separation, or imagine an Alteration; Know, Sir, my Vows are registe'd in Heaven, with the divine Deities; which if you once endeavour to violate, expect the Punishments may attend your Endeavours. You may command my Life, since you gave it me; but not my Soul, it is a Gift of the Gods. Neither is my Love fix'd on so mean an Object, but it may satisfie any Mind that is not ambitious.*

This Discourse, utter'd with as much Boldness as Confidence, began to raise a Storm in my Father's Countenance; for the Form of his Visage began to over-cast with Frowns, and all his Actions became clouded over with Anger: So that, casting a frowning Look on me, enough to daunt me, had not my Love made me Proof against his Fury, and confident to sustain his utmost Charge.

Villain

Villain (replyed he) *and Shame to my Blood! Dare you juſtifie and vindicate that which is contrary to my Intentions? Or can your Diſobedience own what I have an Averſion againſt? Shall my Hopes be thwarted by your extravagant Youth, and my Purpoſes fruſtrated by your ill-plac'd Love? Curſe on your wilful Obſtinacy, which puts me into this unuſual Paſſion; and your Boldneſs, that durſt give me this Relation. Ungovern'd young Man! Can you think that giddy-headed Youth, ſubject to all Paſſions, and pliable to all Impreſſions, ſhou'd better know how to govern his Paſſions, and direct his Actions, than his aged Sire? Can he better chuſe for his Good, than one that hath ſo often been acquainted and concern'd with the Viciſſitudes and Changes of this Nature? No, no, young Man; You yet want Experience, which is always the beſt School-maſter, and the Miſtreſs of Underſtanding. Your Youth is unruly, and like a head-ſtrong Horſe, that will run himſelf on any Dangers, without he be ſurely curb'd and reſtrain'd: So you grow bold and impudent; daring any Precipice, ſo you may poſſeſs your unbounded Deſires. But know, I'll curb you in from theſe Extravagancies, and reſtrain you from theſe wild wandring Thoughts: And if I have been too indulgent, for the future, you ſhall find me as ſevere. And ſo avoid my Sight, that by the Want of Duty, art become a Grief to my Eyes, and a Vexation to my Soul; and ſee that, at our next Meeting, you ſhew not the leaſt Averſion againſt your Marriage with* Artemeſia; *but that you bound your Love and Deſires in the Compaſs of my Will,*

and that you tread no ſtrange Path, but that you reform and recollect your ſelf firſt, by taking your Rules from me; and not reſolutely to run your ſelf headlong to Ruin, and me to Diſhonour: But if you have any extravagant Love, deſtroy it whilſt it is young in the Bud; and learn to forget it, before you come to the Knowledge of what it is. Return no Anſwer, to juſtifie what I muſt condemn, but regulate your Ways and Life by my Directions; and having ſo ſure a Guide, you cannot err, or go aſtray. But if you continue ſtill obſtinate and audacious in your Proceedings, you ſhall find, I'll diſ-inherit you both of my Love and Eſtate, and make Account of you but as a Stranger, and a Rebel to my Blood.

Having ſaid this, he left me, and departed. But, alas! How can I deſcribe to you the Grief that did ſeize on me at that time when *Deſdemona* came to my Remembrance, and my Father's Cruelty was freſh in my Memory! Oh, how was I torn between Love and Duty! Now it was, that Love led me in a Maze, ſo difficult and intricate, that my beſt Endeavours cou'd not keep me from a Ruin. To go forward was dangerous, but to return backwards did ſhew more perillous.

'Like a poor Traveller in a deſart Wilder-
'derneſs, purſu'd by a fearful, hungry, lean-
'jaw'd Beaſt, who, in moſt fearful manner, al-
'ways follows him, to devour him: The poor
'Man thinks, by his ſtrong Travel, to avoid
'the evil Beaſt, that ſtill follows him; but be-
'ing quite beaten out by long Travel and Fear,

'he

'he ſtands in a Maze; to go out of his Way is 'grievous, and to return back is preſent Death. 'Affrighted with his Danger, he endeavours by 'Craft (as his laſt Remedy) to deceive the 'Beaſt in his Purſuit. By Chance he eſpies a 'deep Pit by the Way-ſide, and a little below 'the Pits Brim grows a Twig; which the poor 'Man ſeeing, goes and takes hold of the Twig, 'thinking thereby to avoid the Beaſt: But then 'caſting his Eyes down to the Bottom of the 'Pit, he ſees a number of Serpents, Dragons, 'and other venomous Beaſts, waiting for his 'Fall, to devour him; then caſting his Eyes up, 'he ſees the hungry lean-jaw'd Beaſt knawing 'aſunder the Twig that he holds by; whereby 'he is bereft of all Hope and Help, and left to 'his devouring Enemies.

Such, Madam, was my deſperate Condition: My ſweeteſt Hopes began to leave me, Horrour and Deſpair began to poſſeſs me, and Fear raſed out the Expectation of a more happy Change. This confirm'd me in the ominous Preſages that did befal me, in my Return homeward from my deareſt *Deſdemona*.

How uncertain is Felicity, that is rais'd on an uncertain Foundation! It is as ſoon ras'd as rais'd, as ſoon deſtroy'd as founded. Such was mine; who not two Hours before, did imagine, the Deſtinies cou'd not work a Change in my Happineſs, found now by Experience, the Mutability and Alteration of Earthly Felicities, in finding my ſelf miſerable, that in ſo ſmall a

Time before, eſteem'd my ſelf happy above the Reach of Fortune.

After I had well weigh'd and conſider'd all the Difficulties on either ſide, that might befal me, I reſolv'd at laſt, that my Love ſhou'd reign ſupream, and remain entire to fair *Deſdemona*; but yet withal, that I wou'd ſhew a yielding Conſent to my Father's Will, in my Marriage with *Artemeſia*; and like to Water-men, that row one Way, and look another, yet bring the Boat to the deſir'd Place; ſo I did endeavour by this Policy, ſeemingly to accord with my Father's Deſires, when my Inclinations roved a contrary Courſe; and whilſt openly I did comply with him, inwardly I might procure my own Content; flattering my ſelf, that as Fortune had made ſo ſudden a Change in my Happineſs, in ſome ſmall Time ſhe might beget as great an Alteration in my Misfortunes, and at laſt bring me to the Period of my Deſires: Of which, though I had ſmall Cauſe to hope, yet I did not wholly deſpair, ſince I did daily behold as great Mutations and Chances happen.

I did further reſolve, not to acquaint *Deſdemona* with my Father's Reſolutions leſt it might beget her Diſcontent; which wou'd more diſturb my own Quiet. My Intentions now were quite alter'd, and I began to repent my fooliſh Raſhneſs, in revealing what I ſhou'd have kept ſecret. But now I did intend to conceal my Paſſion for the future, ſince I had only

only given Manifeſtation of my Love, and not of the Perſon belov'd; which I did expound, as one happy Preſage of my more fortunate Proceedings. This Way I had fix'd on, ſince I had no other wherein I might walk with more Security. Nor did my Hopes altogether fail me; for by my crafty Wiles, the next time I accoſted my Father, I had ſet ſo ſtrange a Face on my former Proceedings, ſhewing my ſelf ſo dutiful and pliant to all his Intents and Purpoſes, as begat Wonder in him when he did behold it. He queſtion'd of me, who this Object might be, to whom I did ſhew ſo great, and ſeem to have ſo firm an Affection not long ſince, which now I did ſeem to ſlight, and coldly to neglect?

I underſtood very well the Subtileneſs and Craft he us'd, and how, like my ſelf, his Actions were working one Way, and his Deſires another; but both agreeing to intrap me in my deareſt Secrets. But *Old Birds are not caught with Chaff*; for he cou'd not ſo cloſely work his Myne to deceive me, but I as privately made my Counter-myne to blow him up: Which I perform'd in this manner.

Sir (replyed I) *you were too paſſionate in your laſt Diſcourſe; and what I propos'd only to try your Inclinations, how you wou'd have allow'd of a Change, if I cou'd have admitted of an Alteration; this you took to be a Verity, and too ſeverely rebuk'd me for what was only a Fiction; not allowing me one Moment of Time, wherein I might diſabuſe you*

in

in your Error, and ask you Pardon for my over-confident Preſumption, in raiſing ſo great a Tempeſt from ſo ſmall a Cauſe. Sir, let this ſatisfie you, that what I did then deliver unto you, was all Falſhood; and that I have not, nor never will fix my Affections, without your Approbation and Allowance.

This Compliance to his Will, ſo contrary to his Expectations, began to work Wonders in his Mind, when my Artifice had perſwaded him, that all my former Diſcourſes and Proteſtations were meer Deceit: So that inſtead of continuing ſo fierce in his Proceedings, he became more mild; his Choler abated, he left accuſing me, and began to excuſe himſelf. I took hold of this Opportunity, aggravating his Miſtake, yet by all Ways wherein any likelihood did appear, exempting my ſelf from Blame. And ſo far did I inſinuate my ſelf into his Soul, of my Innocence in the Cauſe that he ſuſpected me, that my Deceit became approved Verities, and what I cou'd relate in my Defence, receiv'd as undoubted Truths: So that I think he never parted from me with a greater Shew of Love and Satisfaction, than at this time.

'By this you may gueſs at the over-credu-'lous Belief of Old Age, which is moſt ſub-'ject and prone to believe each ſenſeleſs Story, 'and Wonder at what is related, although the 'Senſe many times comes far ſhort of Truth, 'becauſe his Years have been Spectators of Al-'terations and Accidents as ſtrange; ſo that he

'believes

'believes what he doth not ſee, and perhaps 'ne'er was done, by the Example of ſome 'things ſtrange and rare, which in former time 'he hath ſeen. So willing are they to believe 'impoſſibilities, wherein we ſee ſmall likeli-'hood of Truth. But if ſuch will ſo ſoon be 'traduc'd, and drawn to believe Falſhoods, 'how eaſily will they be brought to embrace a 'Fiction, adorn'd in the Robes of Truth; ſuch 'an one as may jump with their Deſires and 'Wiſhes! For we all find our ſelves apt and 'ready enough to be deceiv'd, and with Eager-'neſs hug the Deceipt, when it ſweetly holds 'Correſpondency with our Hopes; the Luſtre 'of which blinds us from ſeeing the Falſhood, 'or elſe, like a jealous Husband, we fear to diſ-'cover what we wou'd not know; when the 'Knowledge of that reveal'd, may deſtroy the 'Happineſs we enjoy, and conſequently, bring 'the Diſquiet and Diſpleaſure that we fear.

Whether this occaſion'd my Father's Enquiry to ceaſe, I cannot tell; but I well know, I deceiv'd him in his own Craft, and over-wrought him in his own Device. Neither did I in Words alone confirm him in his Belief, but manifeſted the ſame in my Carriage and Actions; ſo that a Week or ten Days paſs'd in this manner, before I did offer in the leaſt to abſent my ſelf from my Father's Houſe. After which time, I did ſecretly and privately many times viſit and converſe with my lovely *Deſdemona*, but I made my Viſits much ſhorter; which was

ſoon

ſoon perceiv'd and taken notice of by *Deſdemona*, who urg'd a Conſummation of our Marriage; fearing, as indeed afterwards it happned, that ſome unhappy Obſtruction might defer it. I comforted her amidſt theſe Fears; with my Promiſe of Loyalty, and with my beſt Endeavours to procure my Father's Conſent; which if I ſhou'd fail of, I firmly engag'd to perform all the Rites of Marriage at the End of one Months time, from thence next enſuing. With this Promiſe ſhe remain'd ſatisfy'd, and in her Satisfaction I reſted highly contented. We agreed, leſt my often Reſort ſhou'd beget Jealouſies of that which as yet her Parents had no Miſtruſt, that by a ſecret Way into the Garden I ſhou'd have Acceſs, at certain Times, when I might ſecurely enter: Which to perform, either we appointed a Time at our Parting, or elſe by a certain Token of a Handkerchief, that gave me Aſſurance I might ſecurely paſs.

By ſuch ſecret and unmiſtruſted Paths, I oftentimes viſited my deareſt Lady; who receiv'd me with as kind Endearments, and ſweet Embracements; where I oftentimes enjoy'd without Control, the happy Felicity and Fruition of her Love. 'But what Man is poſſeſs'd of a Myne 'of Wealth, which doth not bring with it 'Cares and Dangers? As the Bee carries Ho-'ney in her Mouth, but a Sting in her Tail; ſo 'unlawful Pleaſures ſeem Heaven in the Per-'formance, but Hell in the Continuance.

In

In these bitter Sweets, and stoll'n Pleasures, some three Months had pass'd since I first saw *Desdemona*, and almost one since I made her the last Promise of Wedlock. Now the Time began to draw near, to confirm by Marriage what I had already perform'd by Contract with *Artemesia*; and now, alas! my deareſt *Desdemona* found her self conceiv'd, and quick with Child. In neglecting the first, I was certain to procure my Father's Displeasure; but in the latter, before Gods and Men, I cou'd not quit my self of grievous Ingratitude. In the first, my Ignorance might excuse me; but to the latter, I cou'd plead no Excuse, since my Vows to *Desdemona* proceeded from my very Soul, and no doubt, had pierc'd the Gates of Heaven; when my Contract with *Artemesia* was perform'd only of Course, and in Satisfaction of my Father's Humour, and not for any Inclination or Love on my part. So I resolv'd to continue firm and constant to *Desdemona*, and procure my own Content, in hazarding my Father's Displeasure, rather than to satisfie his Ambition with my own Torment.

'Had I continu'd here, I had stood firm; 'but the Bias's of Fortune is too feeble for a 'Man to stand secure on, and too much mo- 'ving to continue constant; and the Mind of 'Man is as various, as Fortune is fickle and 'unconstant. As well may a Man build a spa- 'cious Castle on the Ocean, or a strong wall'd 'City in the Air, as seek to ground a Founda-

'tion,

'tion, or raiſe a Building on a weak Reſolu-
'tion.

This, Madam, you will ſee verify'd in me; for the Time approach'd in ſight, wherein I muſt be marry'd to *Artemeſia*, but not the leaſt Remembrance was given me by my Father, for a Preparation; ſo that I began to bury the Thoughts of it in Forgetfulneſs, thinking ſome Difference had lately happen'd between my Father and *Artemeſia*'s Parents: So that I began to account my ſelf ſecure as to that.

But a Change of Fortune ſoon put me out of that Mind; for one Morning, when I did leaſt ſuſpect ſuch Deceit, my Father deſir'd me to array my ſelf in my beſt Attire, and wait on him to the great Temple of the City. This I perform'd with great Willingneſs, not miſtruſting that any Deceit or Treachery had lay'n hid in his Requeſt: So that I ran headlong to my Ruin; and before I could ſound the Depth of his Plot, I found my ſelf Ship-wreck'd on a Rock. I was no ſooner ready, but I attended him to Church, only accompany'd with my Mother, who was of his Confederacy. We ſoon arriv'd at the Temple, yet with more Haſte than good Speed; for I was no ſooner enter'd, but to my Amazement, I ſaw the Earl of *Palermo*, with his Daughter *Artemeſia*, with all his and my Father's Friends attending him, richly attir'd, and nobly accompany'd; and the Prieſt ſtanding ready to joyn our Hands. They all came to receive and welcome me with much

much Reſpect, but my Amazement wou'd not let me receive their Kindneſſes with Endearments and Behaviour, as I ought to have done; for it was ſuch a ſtrange, unexpected and unacceptable Sight, that I cou'd not ſuddenly recover from my Aſtoniſhment; rather thinking it to be a Dream, or a Fiction, or any thing but what indeed it was.

My Father came and rouz'd me from this Trance: *Son* (ſaid he) *wonder not at what you ſee; but recollect your ſelf, and embrace your Fortune. Surprizes in Love make them of greater value: And this Buſineſs was manag'd by me, that a Bleſſing that falls on you unlook'd for, might be by you more priz'd and eſteem'd. Ceaſe your Marvel then, and accoſt thoſe Friends with Reſpect, that are ready to receive you.*

His Diſcourſe being ended, and all the Company having drawn themſelves together, to hear my Reply; *You bid me diſſipate my Amazement* (ſaid I) *but my Wonder grows greater. I muſt confeſs,* Artemeſia *is a Fortune above my Hopes, or Deſerts; yet ſuch an one as I cannot with Safety poſſeſs, nor welcome it with Content; leſt by enjoying ſuch a Happineſs, I ſhou'd inforce the Heavenly Deities to make her wretched and miſerable for my ſake. For to put you out of Doubt, know, I am betroth'd already to one that is as vertuous as fair; with whom I have ty'd ſuch an inviolable Knot, that 'tis paſt the Art of Man to unlooſe it, without provoking the Gods to a Revenge: There's no Promiſe, but I have made it; no Proteſtation,*

but

but I have perform'd it; no Ceremony, but I have ſign'd it; nor is their any Obligation or Vow, but I have ſeal'd it. Our Loves are entire; and Heaven is our Witneſs and Evidence, that there reſts nothing but this outward Ceremony, to make us One: Heaven hath joyn'd our Hearts; this can only joyn our Hands. In this, Reaſon will tell you, I have ſhewn no Diſobedience; ſince, as I lately told you, Heaven gave me a Soul, and 'tis only that I have diſpos'd of, with its Conſent: My Body is yet free, which you gave me; but it may as well ſurvive without a Soul, as revoke the Vows I have lately made. My Affection is ſo entire, that if all things admit of Change, it cannot be ſubject to Alteration: And ſhou'd Death it ſelf approach, I ſhou'd continue firm in the Grave.

I had continu'd my Diſcourſe, but my Father haſtily interrupting me, drew his Sword, and preſenting it againſt my Breaſt, *Die then, rebellious Villain* (ſaid he;) *and enjoy the Fruits of your Affection in the Duſt.* This Action was no ſooner taken notice of by *Artemeſia*, but ſhe freed her ſelf from her Father; and caſting her ſelf before my Father's Weapon, *Hold* (ſaid ſhe) *barbarous and unnatural Man, and pierce this Breaſt; 'twill ſhew leſs horrid and inhumane.* This unexpected Action, with his Friends Perſwaſions and Intreaties, made him ſheath his Sword, whilſt a Salamander did ſeem to live in his Eyes, which ſhot forth Fire, like a murthering Cannon, that lightens e'er it ſmoaks. *Wicked Wretch* (ſaid he) *I diſ-own thee from this Hour,*

Hour, from being my Son, and revoke all Ties and Privileges that Love or Nature have given thee: I diſ-inherit thee of all; and do not dare, from this Minute, to aſſume the Confidence to appear in my Preſence, as thou tender'ſt thy Life and Safety. Having ſaid this in a chafing Rage, he left me, taking his Walk into the Cloyſters of the Temple.

'Now, Madam (continu'd he) ſuffer me to 'dilate, and in ſome ſort to expreſs, how the 'Scope of my Misfortunes receiv'd their main 'Original. Hitherto I only brought Fuel, my Father ſet it on fire; and by his paſſionate 'Raſhneſs, occaſion'd the mournful Tragedy of 'this enſuing Story, which I fear, will force 'Tears from your fair Eyes. For as from one 'ſmall Spark a great and furious Flame will 'ariſe, ſo from Exceſs of Paſſion proceeds un-'common Cauſes, and ſtrange Effects: For if 'Nature derogate from its uſual Courſe, no wonder then if it degenerate, and bring forth 'Monſters. Unhappy is that Man, where Paſ-'ſion reigns ſupream; it is deſtructive to him-'ſelf and others. The Mind is ſubject to ma-'ny Paſſions, but this moſt hateful: 'Tis like 'the Fern-Seed, that Men ſay, buds, bloſſoms, 'ripens and ſhatters, all within an Hour; for 'what Anger invents, Paſſion puts into imme-'diate Execution. So *Alexander* ſlew his dear 'Friend, for whom afterwards he bitterly re-'pented: And ſo a Father had almoſt become 'the Murtherer of his own Son. Any thing in

'the Uſe, becomes a ſecond Nature; ſo doth 'Paſſion, where it gains Precedency; 'tis like 'the Sea raging beyond its Bounds, diſturb'd 'by the boyſterous Winds. How hard and 'intricate was the Way I had to go, and how 'difficult the Choice I had to make! both ſee-'med deadly, and therefore either of 'em fear-'ful. 'Tis a great Over-ſight in Parents, by 'their Authority, to procure their Children's 'Ruin; when to obey 'em, they'll inforce 'em 'to prove perjur'd to the Deities; and ſo by 'making 'em their Friends, make the Hoſt of 'Heaven their Enemies; and by giving 'em 'Content, become their own Diſturbers: But 'ſure, the Fault of diſobeying Parents in things 'of this nature, might have been excuſable; 'and there might not have been ſo much Diffi-'culty in the Choice, if I had priz'd Eternal 'Happineſs above a Moments Anger. But, alas, 'alas! Who can retreat, that is predeſtinated 'to Deſtruction?

'Age ſhou'd be a Pattern for Youth to walk 'by, Reaſon ſhou'd be its Guide; that Reaſon, 'being refin'd by Experience, ſhou'd be a Helm 'to direct wild wandring Youth; for Paſſion 'is peculiar to Youth, ſo ſhou'd Wiſdom and 'Gravity be to Age. Let all Men ſhun Anger 'and Paſſion, as they wou'd ſhun a Serpent that 'wou'd devour 'em: It never brings Content, 'but always begets new Aggravations of Fol-'ly; 'twill diſturb their whole Body and Frame, 'aſleep or awake: Indeed it will. To give

'you

'you a ſmall Deſcription of Paſſion, and what 'it repreſents: 'Tis like a dry pitchy Matter, 'which as ſoon as fir'd, grows into a Flame. 'Like a boyſterous Tempeſt to the Mariner, or 'like an Arrow let fly from the incens'd Ene-'my. He which entertains Paſſion, makes much 'of his own Deſtruction, when his Paſſions be-'come his Maſters; and what was only enter-'tain'd as a Gueſt, begins to take free Poſſeſ-'ſion: Then he becomes like an unskilful Con-'jurer, that having rais'd a Spirit, knows not 'how to lay it again without Danger; ſo paſ-'ſionate Men perform that in Fury and Raſh-'neſs, which they wiſh undone, when Reaſon 'takes place; repenting of what they have 'perform'd out of Paſſion, and cannot remedy 'or amend at leiſure.

But to leave off this Diſcourſe, in which I fear I have detain'd you too long, I'll go forward with my Story. Underſtand then, my Father was no ſooner parted, and gone away, but poor *Artemeſia* receiv'd a Check from her Parents and Kindred, for her too much Diligence and Care in preſerving me, who did ſlight and neglect her; and that it had rather pertain'd to my Friends, to have interceded, and diverted the Blow, than her ſelf.

My Mother, with all my Relations, came and importun'd me, not to continue ſo obſtinate, with Intreaties and Perſwaſions, urging the Danger I caſt my ſelf into, by bringing on my Head my Father's Diſpleaſure and Curſe.

Then to compleat and finiſh what they had begun, they bring the Prieſt; who begins me this Diſcourſe.

Son (ſaid he) *the* Romans *did puniſh Diſobedience in their Children with Death; ſo your Father had almoſt committed a Tragedy on you with his own Hands. Obſtinacy in a Child is like Rebellion in a Subject, which always ſounds horrid and notorious, let the Occaſion be never ſo juſt. I will not now debate the Juſtneſs of your Contract with the ſecond Lady, but in my Judgment, the firſt with* Artemeſia *ſhou'd have Precedency; being acknowledg'd by your ſelf, and allow'd by your Parents; and therefore muſt needs be of greater Force and Authority, than the latter. In ſaying this, I have given you my Opinion; but now I will give you my Counſel: I muſt agree with your Friends, to perſwade you, that you wou'd not continue ſo wilful in your Determination, but yield Obedience to your Father's Will: Whatſoever obſtructs it, is of no force, if it hinder a Compliance with your Duty. Conſider, when a Man is inrag'd, what he is liable to perform; as in this dreadful Example. Ceaſe then any further Provocations, and comply with your Father's Deſires; ſince that way you may walk ſecurely, when the other cannot be gone without Danger; and doubt not but I will pacifie all this Stir, and quell all this Diſturbance.* I wou'd have replyed, but ſo many did importune me, that I had not Time to anſwer, or repel their Temptings; but being vanquiſh'd by my Mother's Tears, and their Intreaties, I agreed to undo my ſelf, to humour them.

I was

I was hitherto miſerable, but I was more wretched in being belov'd by *Artemeſia*; for if her Love and Affection had not been ſo great, there might have been Hope, that my Coldneſs might have begot an Averſion in her towards me. 'But like a Merchant o'er-charg'd with 'Debt, when he begins to fall, all things agree 'to ruin him; ſo that he only knows then to 'be wretched; and them from whom he hopes 'and expects for Relief, moſt times conſpire 'and agree to his Ruin. And as the *Perſians* 'adore the Riſing Sun, and curſe it again e'er 'the Day be half ſpent; ſo Fortune ſeems to 'court the Man that flouriſhes in Proſperity, 'and ſcornfully neglects him when he falls into 'Adverſity.

This was the laſt Blow, and I utterly undone: For upon Notice given of my Conſent, my Father return'd, with *Artemeſia* and the Earl of *Palermo*, her Father; where in the midſt of a great Throng of People, which this Diſturbance had brought together, the Prieſt joyn'd our Hands, the uſual Ceremonies were perform'd with great State; which being once ended, I was attended by my Friends, with a very great Company, to my Father's Houſe; where with Revels, Muſick, Masking, Dancing and Feaſting, they paſs'd away the Reſidue of that Day; and the Night approach'd, when my Father, with the Earl of *Palermo*, conducted us to our Lodging; where they left us, as they imagin'd, to make a new Banquet of Pleaſures.

But they were no ſooner departed out of the Chamber, but taking her by the Hand, *Madam* (ſaid I) *this Body which you have ſo vertuouſly preſerv'd, is but a poor Recompence, in Conſideration of the Danger you under-went for my ſake; and I fear, you will ſoon grow weary of what lately you did ſeem to have an Eſteem for, ſince I am become a Burthen and Torment to my ſelf, and by Conſequence, in the Uſe, may prove ſo to you. O* Artemeſia! *Thou enjoyeſt this wretched and miſerable part of me, the Body, when my Soul is beſtow'd elſewhere: Thou haſt only the Shadow of what I am, when another enjoys the Subſtance: Thou haſt only Leaves, when another gathers the Fruit. How for your ſake only, cou'd I wiſh, Love were no Mathematick Point, but wou'd admit of Diviſion; that in ſome ſort, I might quit the Obligation that I owe you! O cruel Parents! You are too unkind, to procure my Diſcontent, and give no Medicine to diſſipate it.*

Poor *Artemeſia* ſtood diſſolv'd in Tears at my Diſcourſe; and although the Continuance of my Diſaſters made my Misfortunes become an Uſe, ſo to grow ſenſeleſs of my Sorrows, yet I cou'd not continue inſenſible of her Miſeries, nor refrain participating in them Griefs, which had their Original from me; and although I cou'd not love, yet I cou'd be pitiful: So that claſping her in my Arms, oftentimes kiſſing her, *Come to Bed, my Love* (ſaid I) *and let us ſee, if the Night can yield us as great Felicities, as the Day has begotten us Miſeries.*

Oh,

Oh, how was I wreck'd by my Conſcience that enſuing Night, which preſented my Ingratitude in lively Colours! The Day approach'd, but to no other End, but to renew my Miſeries, and make my Perfidiouſneſs ſeem the greater. *Artemeſia*, with her kind and ſweet Speeches, and lovely Behaviour, did endeavour to divert theſe melancholy Diſcontents: And this ſeem'd as another Dagger to pierce my Breaſt, ſince I cou'd make no Return for ſuch a Myne of Love. However, I carry'd my ſelf to the Eyes of all Beholders, contrary to my uſual Behaviour; yet to my Wife I wou'd give no Occaſion to deſpair, leſt ſhe might find the Calamities ſhe had fallen in too ſoon.

Two Days had paſs'd away ſince my Marriage with *Artemeſia*, and the third approach'd, wherein I had given my Faith to marry *Deſdemona*. The Remembrance wrought ſo ſtrongly on my Affections, that I intended to write and excuſe my ſelf; leſt ſhe might think, by my Neglect, I perform'd that willingly, that I was inforc'd to do by Neceſſity: So that taking Pen and Ink, I wrote as followeth.

Almerin *to* Deſdemona.

My deareſt Joy;

IF *Neceſſity might be permitted to plead my Excuſe, I might hope for Pardon; but I know my ſelf too great a Criminal, to plead,* Not guilty.

I am condemn'd already, before Sentence is pronounced by your fair ſelf; and I find my Faults too notorious, to hope a Reprieve: Yet ſhou'd you conſider my Cauſe judiciouſly, you wou'd pity where you wou'd not forgive. To hold you no longer in ſuſpence, I muſt relate what indeed you leaſt expect to hear; which, when known, you will wiſh it had ſtill been kept a Secret. My deareſt Love, I am married; and that Word will acquaint thee, I am wedded to my own Ruin. I will not go about to diminiſh or leſſen my Fault, though I might plead ſome Excuſe; but I will rather accuſe my ſelf, and aggravate my Crime; for of two Evils, the leaſt is to be choſen, and I have choſen the greateſt: I have wilfully ſought my own Deſtruction, when I might have ſhunn'd it: And who will pity a Spend-thrift, that willingly makes himſelf a Bankrupt? I ought to have been conſtant to thee, and fronted my Father's utmoſt Diſpleaſure; nor ſhou'd Anger, Loſs of Eſtate, or that which is more precious, Life it ſelf, have induc'd me to court my Ruin: But like an unskilful Gameſter, that has loſt his whole Eſtate at one Caſt, ſits down and repents of that which his Wiſdom might have prevented; ſo I repent of my own Folly, and lament what is irrecoverable. I have nothing now to do, but deſpair; for all Happineſs is vaniſh'd as to me, and my future Joys are fled away with my Hopes. There is not the deareſt Good on Earth, I wou'd entertain or welcome for a Happineſs, now I have loſt the Felicity of being yours, ſince all other Happineſſes are ſumm'd up in that one. My Folly has been my Torment, and my Chaſtiſement ſhall be

equal

equal to my Folly. But, my beſt Love, ſeeing my Ingratitude and Perfidiouſneſs is ſuch, that I cannot expect Forgiveneſs, yet let me carry this Comfort to my Grave, That you did not hate me, and I ſhall reſt quietly in the Duſt.

Almerin.

I ſent this Letter by one that did attend me, of whom I had had often Trial of his Secrecy and Fidelity. To him I reveal'd all the Particulars which had happen'd to *Deſdemona* and my ſelf, and of the Continuance of our Loves. It is ſome Comfort in our Miſeries, when we have a Partner in our Sorrows, one that will participate in our Griefs, and to whom with Confidence, we may reveal our cloſeſt Secrets. Such an one was this Man, whoſe Name ought not to be conceal'd in this Story: *Fidelio* was his Name, and it well ſuited with his Nature. I gave him Directions to the Garden-Gate, with a Charge to remain there, till he ſaw *Deſdemona* enter; with a Deſcription of her Perſon, and an Excuſe in his Mouth in my behalf. Away he went, to execute what I had commanded him, whilſt I, with an earneſt Expectation, waited his Return. The Day began to grow aged, and Night, with her ſable Mantle, began to appear, when like a careful Watchman, and true Sentinel, I expected to be relieved: Like a poor Offender, uncondemned, wiſhes

wiſhes earneſtly to know the worſt of his Condition; ſo with a Deſire like his, I carefully attended my Sentence from my faireſt *Deſdemona*. *Fidelio* long expected, at laſt carefully returned: I no ſooner ſaw him, but I endeavour'd to read my Deſtiny in his Looks; but I beheld there a ſad Omen to attend me. Yet with an earneſt Deſire, accompany'd with many timorous and ſuſpicious Apprehenſions, I thus beſpoke him. Fidelio, *doſt thou intend to make me linger away in Expectation and Silence with that, which being reveal'd, will kill as ſoon as known? What is* Deſdemona's *Sentence? Be it Happineſs or Miſery, Joy or Sorrow, Life or Death; nothing can be bitter or harſh that ſhe commands, but I ſhall be all Obedience. Like all Men, I am loth to ſuſpect where I love; yet it is not without Pain, I expect your Anſwer. I am earneſt you ſhou'd reveal what perhaps I wou'd not know; yet I wou'd fain know the worſt, that I might be freed from the Fear of worſe to come.*

He return'd me no Anſwer, but drawing a Letter forth his Boſom, *Sir* (ſaid he) *here is that will give you a better Account of your Fortune, than my ſelf; peruſe that: After which, I will give you a Relation of all the particular Paſſages have happen'd, and fallen out, in this ſmall time of Abſence.*

I had no Leiſure for a Reply, but kiſſing the Letter, I haſtily open'd it, and carefully read theſe Lines; which while I live, I ſhall retain, and keep in Memory.

Deſdemona

Desdemona to Almerin.

Perfidious Man!

IF I had priz'd my own Felicity before your Content, I had been as happy as I am now miserable. It grieves me more than my Misfortunes, to see one whom I did esteem as dear as my self, become spotted with that heinous and infamous Sin of Ingratitude, to triumph in the Ruins of a Maid, which did prize you above her Life. I shou'd not have believ'd it, but I see it confirm'd by your own Hand, that your Breast, where I repos'd my Life and Honour cou'd harbour any Deceit or Falshood. Barbarous and cruel Man! Won'd you make Necessity an Excuse for your Infidelity, and your Accusations of your self a Salve for my Misery? No such Medicine will cure my Disasters, neither will such Balsam repair the Wounds of my Honour: Both were violated by your self, but you have now made your self incapable of such a Restitution, as might perfect the Cure; the Remedy is become as dangerous as the Disease, and both are become hopeless of a Cure. I cou'd accuse you for betraying me. There may be Hopes of conquering and overcoming Difficulties, but there can be none in expecting Impossibilities. It is too late now to exclaim against you, because the Storm is already fallen; so that it is past your Skill, and above your Art to divert it. Your being become your own Accuser, hath quitted me of that Pain; and your Evidence you have given against your self, has

sav'd

ſav'd me the Labour of convicting you; but it will not quit me of complaining againſt you, and calling you pitileſs: Cruel to your ſelf, in the Misfortunes of this innocent Babe, the Burthen of my Womb; and pitileſs to me, the unfortunate Mother. O Almerin! *If you had ſtudied Fidelity and Conſtancy, as much as you have Deceit and Falſhood, I had not been thus miſerable, nor you ſo wretched as you wou'd make me believe you are. You ſue for Pardon; it is no hard matter to have it granted from one that cannot hate you, and in ſpight of her ſelf, muſt ſtill love you. I wiſh the Gods wou'd forget the Vows and Invocations you have regiſter'd with 'em, as willingly as I forgive you: But I fear ſome heavy Curſe and Summons is iſſued out againſt you, for your ſacrilegious Violation of their Deities; which I pray Heaven to divert. If my Blood wou'd make Satisfaction and Atonement for your Crimes, I ſhou'd willingly ſacrifice it for your Offences; that as in my Life, ſo in Death, I might continue yours more than my Own.*

Deſdemona.

Theſe Words, like Darts, wounded my very Soul; each Line agreeing to make me more miſerable and guilty, than before I cou'd imagine my ſelf to be. Her innocent Sweetneſs made my Infidelity appear more horrid and notorious. *Fidelio*, to make me more monſtrous, and to perfect the Grievouſneſs of my Crimes, at my Requeſt, related theſe few Particulars.

'Sir

'Sir *(ſaid he)* according to your Order 'and Directions, I ſtay'd at the Garden-Gate 'ſome time, but it was not long before I ſaw '*Deſdemona* enter, and with her Preſence, like 'another Sun, did enliven, and at one time dazle 'the Eyes of the Beholders: Her Attire was 'negligent and careleſs, her Countenance ſee-'med to be clouded with a ſweet melancholy 'Sadneſs, fitly ſuited to her Thoughts; and 'though all were ſhadow'd and over-caſt with 'a Veil of Grief, yet ſhe ſeem'd lovely charm-'ming, ſince it did only ſerve, that we might 'behold her Perfections at a nearer diſtance, and 'her Vertues more apparent and plain. So we 'may face the Sun when he is clouded, which 'in a fair Day we dare not approach with our 'Eyes. Such was her Grief, it wou'd make 'one in love with Sadneſs; and ſuch her Ge-'ſture, it wou'd make one welcome Sorrow.

'Raviſh'd with this Apparition, I knocked 'at the Gate; which I had ſcarce done, but like 'a Goddeſs, ſhe appear'd, and amazedly fix'd 'her Eyes on my Face, perhaps preſaging me 'to be ſome Harbenger of ill News; but quick-'ly recollecting her ſelf, *Sir* (ſaid ſhe) *are you 'not miſtaken? Have you any Buſineſs with any 'Perſon here? This is no common Way, and it 'gives me ſome Cauſe of Wonder, how you came 'here.*

'Charm'd with her Speeches, I return'd this 'Anſwer: *Madam, it was not a Miſtake that 'brought me hither, nor by Chance that I appear be-*

'*fore*

'fore you; *but expreſly, and on purpoſe. I was* 'ſent unto you by Almerin, *the Governor's Son of* 'Syracuſe, *with this Letter, with a Charge to de-* 'liver it into your own Hands. With the Words, 'I deliver'd her your Letter; which I had no 'ſooner done, but I perceiv'd ſhe was poſſeſs'd 'with an unuſual and ſtrange Agitation, and 'Emotion of Spirit; ſometimes the Roſes of 'her Cheeks were over-caſt with a lovely Red, 'and ſuddenly they vaniſh'd, and gave way to 'the Lilies to poſſeſs their places. She kiſs'd 'the Letter, and earneſtly enquir'd of your 'Health; to which when I had given her an 'Anſwer, ſhe intreated me to walk into the 'Garden; and ſo ſhutting the Door, ſhe reti- 'red her ſelf into a private Arbour; where 'opening the Letter, ſhe began to read it over, 'whilſt I ſeated my ſelf to behold her.

'When on a ſudden, all the former Signs of 'Joy vaniſh'd, and were diſpers'd; her Viſage 'was over-caſt with a fatal Diſturbance, her 'Breaſt began to pant, and a Shower of Tears 'began to fall from her fair Eyes, which hung 'on her Cheeks like Pearly Dew on a ſweet- 'ſmelling Roſe: Such were her Actions, that 'they wou'd have induc'd the wild Satyrs and 'fierce Beaſts to Pity: It is not often I weep, 'but I cou'd not refrain my ſelf from Tears 'then, nor can I quit the Remembrance now, 'but with a mortal Sadneſs. She ſhewed no- 'thing of Raſhneſs in her Carriage, as in ven- 'ting her Complaints or Moans; but mildly

'and

'and ſweetly cloſing up all in her own Breaſt, 'till that Cloſet began to grow too little, and 'the Veſſel too ſmall to contain her Griefs; ſo 'that either it muſt have vent, or burſt.

'I beheld this Alteration with a grievous 'Trouble of Spirit; when in a Moment ſhe be-'gan to be grievous pale; her Eyes, which did 'ſhine like two Stars, began to grow dull: In 'fine, her Spirits being over-charg'd with Sor-'row, and weary of ſo great a Burthen, for-'ſook her; ſo that letting your Letter fall out 'of her Hands, imperfectly pronouncing theſe 'Words, *Ah me!* ſhe fell into a deadly Trance, 'without any Motion, or Hopes of Life. I ran 'haſtily to catch her before ſhe fell, but I came 'too late; ſo that falling, ſhe had ſeated her 'ſelf on a Bed of Violets, which ſeem'd to cloſe, 'and hang down their Heads at this fatal Miſ-'fortune.

'Then it was I curſt you for your Perfidious-'neſs to ſo ſweet a Creature, and for your Em-'ployment in this fatal Meſſage. Heaven on-'ly knows the Extreams of Grief I then endu-'red: I cou'd not go out of the Garden, and 'leave her in that forlorn Condition; yet to 'ſtay, was perillous to my life: But in a ſmall 'Conſultation, my Pity overcame my Fear, and 'the Care of her Safety, the Thoughts of my 'own Security: So that running to a Fountain 'which was in the Garden, and taking ſome 'cold Water in my Hands, I ſprinkled it on her 'Face; and taking her lovely Body in my Arms,

'I ſoftly

'I ſoftly began to bow her: So that opening 'her fair Eyes, and ſending two or three Heart-'breathing Sighs, as a Token of her Soul's Re-'turn to her Body, which was loth, as it ſee-'med, to leave ſo fair a Habitation Tenantleſs. 'When her Senſes began to execute their pro-'per Function and Duty, caſting her Eyes on 'me, and taking notice that I had her as yet 'embrac'd in my Arms; *Sir* (ſaid ſhe) *I per-'ceive I have been a Trouble unto you, for which I 'ask your Pardon, and intreat you to aſſiſt me to 'yonder Houſe*; (ſhewing me a Place ſituate in 'the midſt of the Garden.) So that raiſing her 'up, I ſupported her by the Arm; (firſt taking 'up your Letter, which lay on the Ground:) 'I conducted her to the Houſe, where ſhe wrote 'the Letter that I now deliver'd unto you; and 'ſealing it, gave it me, with theſe Words: *Sir, 'deliver this to* Almerin; *tell him, I wiſh him much 'Happineſs and Felicity*; *for my ſelf, tell him, I 'ſhall hardly find any, but in the Grave.* So de-'ſcending the Stairs, I attended her to the Gate; 'and ſo taking my Leave, I left her with Tears 'in her Eyes, bewailing your Ingratitude.

Thus *Fidelio* ended his Diſcourſe, and conti-nued ſilent, making the Epilogue of his Diſ-courſe a melancholy Repreſentation of the Sto-ry he had related; by his Sighs, confirming what he had ſaid, to be nothing but Verity. I cou'd not refrain from participating with him, ſince if it cou'd produce ſo much Pity in a Stran-ger's Breaſt, that but a few Hours before had

but

but only ſeen her, without my Breaſt had been Marble, it muſt melt into Compaſſion at his Rehearſal, accompany'd with ſo many Actions of Remorſe, and Demonſtrations of Grief. I cou'd do no leſs than hate my ſelf, ſince ſhe continu'd ſtill to love me; making my Faults more odious, and my Crimes more notorious, for all my Perjury and Infidelity, betraying and abuſing ſo much Innocence. *Deſdemona* ſends me word, ſhe loves me ſtill, and ſhall do ſo in Death; ſhe forgives me too more than I can forgive my ſelf: Yet this was the ſame *Deſdemona*, whoſe Goodneſs and Kindneſs I ſo much abus'd. Her harmleſs Innocence began to ſet a higher Price on her Vertues in my Soul, than formerly I had for her Beauties: I began now to know the Worth of the Treaſure I had forgone, and found the Value to ſurmount all Eſteem.

Now all my Thoughts and Deſires became wholly engag'd, to make my Endeavours ſuitable to my Mind; which made it its whole Buſineſs, in ſome ſort, to tender an ample Satisfaction, in recompence of the Injuries I had occaſion'd her; but I found my Deſires were all fruitleſs, and that my beſt Performances wou'd be of no value, whilſt *Artemeſia* remain'd as an Obſtacle to obſtruct my Intentions. 'Twas here the Agents of Hell ſollicited and aſſiſted me in this Tragical Deſign, ſo that her Death was concluded in a Moment; nothing remain'd, but the Means how to effect it.

'When a Man is once made the Scope of the 'Miseries of Fortune, he only knows then, 'what it is to be unhappy: So when a Man be-'gins to be bad, he only knows then how to 'become more wicked. What at first seems 'horrid, by Custom becomes an Use, and Use 'doth metamorphose it into a second Nature. 'Else cou'd I have so soon consented to add 'Murther to my Perjury, as if one Sin wou'd 'expiate, and make Satisfaction for another 'Crime; not having patience to go by degrees, 'but I must run full speed to my Ruin. One 'Sin doth seldom go unaccompany'd alone, but 'is attended by a greater Evil. By Nature we 'are too prone, forward and eager to be wic-'ked, much more when we make it a Habit. 'I shou'd have wean'd my self from it in time, 'before it had procur'd my utter Destruction 'and Confusion; but I find too late I commise-'rate my own Folly, and complain of the Faults 'I might have prevented. So that all the Be-'nefit that proceeds from this lamentable Sto-'ry, will be a Caution and a Warning to the 'Ages to come, that by my Harms they may 'prevent their own Destiny; and carefully ta-'king warning by my Disasters, they may 'wisely shun the Rock, whereon I was ship-'wreck'd.

As formerly I was black with Perjury, now I began to plot how to be red with Murther, in taking away the innocent and guiltless Life of one that, not five Days before, had preserv'd mine:

mine: But Reaſon and Conſideration were baniſh'd then; no Thought remain'd, but how to accompliſh and finiſh what I had ſo barbarouſly begun. I had thought of many Ways, how to bring it about: Firſt, I thought to have ſtrangled her in her Bed, but that ſeem'd dangerous to perform. Poyſon at laſt I reſolv'd on, which kills ſecurely and ſecretly. I was loath to truſt any one with a Secret of ſo great a Conſequence, whereon my Life did depend: So that I went my ſelf to an Apothecary in the City, of whom, for ſome few Crowns, I purchaſed the fatal Potion; and injoyning him to Secrecy, I went to perform my fearful Reſolutions.

Being come to my Father's Houſe, I found poor *Artemeſia* indiſpos'd, in her Bed, and going to ſee and viſit her in her Chamber, I ſate down by the Bed-ſide; where caſting her Arms about my Neck, and beſtowing many a ſweet Kiſs on me, with Endearments ſo obliging, that if Hell had not conſpir'd my Ruin, ſure it wou'd have turn'd the Current of my barbarous Deſign. Much Diſcourſe paſs'd, until ſhe did deſire to take a little Reſt; ſo that kiſſing her, I left her to her Repoſe; but taking notice of a Poſſet or Cordial, that was preparing on the Fire, the Maid being buſie with her Miſtreſs, and none elſe being preſent, like a Fiend of Hell, I haſtily and unſeen, empty'd the Poyſon into it, and ſo departed away undeſcry'd. About half an Hour after, this invenom'd Drink was adminiſter'd unto her; which ſpreading it

ſelf by degrees into all parts of her vital Spirits, with its Force, ſoon made a Separation betwixt the Soul and Body, and left only her breathleſs Coarſe on the Bed.

This ſudden Rumour of her more ſudden Death begat an Admiration in them to whom it was related. Accompany'd with my Father and Mother, I went to ſee her lifeleſs Trunk, not without Tears in my Eyes; but I cannot ſafely ſay, whether it was in Deceit, the better to over-veil and put a Mask on my Villany; or the woful Object, which was preſented to my Eyes; but for one, or either, or both together, many Signs of Sorrow I did make. Mean while Meſſengers were ſent to my Father-in-Law, the Earl of *Palermo*, with the heavy Tidings of his Daughter's untimely Death: They arriv'd at the Houſe about the Evening, but the Lamentations and Moans they made over the untimely Hearſe of their dear Child were numberleſs. They were not without Doubts and Miſtruſts about the ſudden Occaſion of her Death; but having no Light whereon they might build or ground a Suſpicion, it vaniſh'd as ſoon as it receiv'd Birth. After Nature had paid her Tribute in Parential Tears, her Body was carefully coffin'd up, and about two Days after, the ſame Company that attended me in my Bridal Nuptials in State and Triumph, this Day accompany'd the Coarſe of poor *Artemeſia*; and her ſorrowful and diſconſolate Parents, all cloath'd in Black, as beſt ſuiting

ting and agreeing with the mournful Object, they attended. At laſt, we arriv'd at the Temple, where the Body was committed to the Earth, after the uſual Ceremonies of the Dead were celebrated. And here I cannot be ſilent, although I ſhall aggravate my own Crimes.

When I conſider and meditate on the Frailty of poor Mortals, and the Viciſſitudes and Alterations they are ſubject unto. Here was but a ſeven Days ſpace between a Marriage-Bed and a Grave, betwixt Joy and Sorrow, and a ſmaller time betwixt Life and Death; but in the ſpace of a few Hours, a Man becomes no Man. 'Man returns to the Duſt, from whence he 'came, his Remembrance is bury'd with him; 'and when two Generations have paſs'd, he is 'as if he had never been. He comes forth like 'a pleaſant Flower, and is ſoon pluck'd by the 'Hand of Death: If he continue, he ſoon be-'gins to wither of himſelf; and Age and Time, 'like a tedious Winter, ſoon nips away his 'Luſtre and Glory, and leaves him cover'd 'with a hoary Froſt. Oh, the Vanity of Hu-'mane Nature! There is no good thing that he 'enjoys, but it is paſt, preſent, or to come: If 'paſt, it is nothing; if to come, uncertain; 'and if preſent, they are not ſatisfactory to 'our Deſires. And thus we ſpend our little 'Time we continue here, in Hope and De-'ſpairs; and having with much Labour and Mi-'ſery, purchas'd a Good, we know not how to 'uſe it; ſo frail are our Lives, ſo uncertain are

'our Thoughts, ſo vain our Deſigns, ſo beguiled are our Hopes, and ſo betray'd are our Opinions. Thus we ſpend a few Years in Doubts, Fears, Deſpairs, Joys, Sorrows, Felicities, Miſeries, Plenty, Want, Adverſity, Proſperity; in Malice, Envy, Love, Hate, Jealouſies, Wrath, Anger, Mirth, Sadneſs, Eaſe, Pain; in Sickneſs and Gluttony, in Pride and Luſt; with Patience and Meekneſs, to overcome all theſe Difficulties in this miſerable Life: When Death on a ſudden, gives us a ſhort Summons, and ſo we play this laſt Act on the Theatre of the World, and in a few Moments we return to the Earth, and are no more ſeen; ſo that the very Thoughts are buried with us in Oblivion, and our Memory ſoon rots with our Bodies in the Duſt.

'It is Vertue alone will raiſe Pyramids to perpetuate our Memory, that when our Bodies are diſſolv'd, will bud and yield forth Bloſſoms in the Duſt; ſo that when we are dead, we only then begin to live. Always to be great in this World, is not always to be good; nor always to be mighty, is not always to be happy. If ſo, *Bajazet* might have been happy; one of the Race of the *Ottomans*, Lord of the *Turkiſh* Empire, and Maſter of the greater Part of the World; yet he intimates unto us, they are moſt wretched: For it is related, when he was in the heighth of his *Grecian* Conqueſts, *Tamerlain*, King of *Parthia*, with an Army of three hundred thou-

'ſand

'ſand Men, like a violent Whirl-wind, march'd 'againſt him; he put all his *Turkiſh* Priſoners 'to the Sword, and raſed his Cities to the 'Ground. Amongſt many that were us'd thus, 'the famous City of *Sebaſta* was one, highly 'priz'd by *Bajazet*. Which unpleaſant News 'coming unto him, he rais'd his Siege from be-'fore *Conſtantinople* with much Diſcontent, and 'with his Army ſet forwards to meet *Tamer-'lain*; when in the midſt of his March, by the 'ſide of a pleaſant Hill, ſate a poor Shepherd, 'keeping of his Flocks, and making delight-'ful Melody with his Pipe; which *Bajazet* hea-'ring, made a ſudden Stop, giving attentive 'Ear to his Rural Muſick. After a ſerious 'Contemplation, he utter'd theſe Words, be-'ginning the Prologue with a deep Sigh: *O 'happy Shepherd, that haſt no* Sebaſta *to loſe!* In-'timating his Grief for the Loſs of ſo gallant a 'City, and the Felicity of a contented Mind. 'And in the Concluſion, he became an Example 'of this Verity; for in that fatal Battle, he 'fought with *Tamerlain*, the greateſt Part of 'his Army being diſpers'd and ſlain, the reſt 'fled, and himſelf taken Priſoner, his Priſon 'being an Iron Cage; and his Pride was abaſed, 'being made *Tamerlain*'s Foot-ſtool. To put 'a Period to his Ignominy and Shame, and find-'ing no other way to perform it with Conve-'niency, he daſh'd his Brains out againſt the 'Iron Bars of the Cage, and ſo died a miſera-'ble Death.

'*Guillimer*, that valiant King of the *Vandals*, 'that had twice ſack'd *Rome*, being overcome 'by *Beliſarius*, was ſhewn in Triumph before 'the Emperor; to whom, with a grave, un-'daunted Countenance, he utter'd theſe Words: '*Vanity of Vanities! and all is Vanity.*

'*Beliſarius* himſelf, which had gain'd ſo ma-'ny famous Battles over the *Perſians*, *Goths* and '*Vandals*, and greatly enlarg'd the *Roman* Em-'pire by his Valour, through Malice of his E-'nemies, growing into Diſ-like with his Prince, 'had his Eyes bor'd out; by which Means, he 'was forc'd by Neceſſity, to beg by the High-'Way Side; *Date obolum* Beliſario: *For God's 'ſake, give one Half-penny to poor* Beliſarius.

'What ſhall I ſay? (continued *Almerin*) 'Are not Kings mortal, as well as meaner Men? 'Do they not become ſubject to the ſame Chan-'ges of Misfortune? Does not Death always 'attend 'em? Surely, yes. Elſe had not *Phi-'lip*, King of *Macedon*, fearing to be puffed 'up with his proſperity, and that he ſhou'd 'forget the Frailty of his Condition, comman-'ded his Page, every Morning to ſound this 'ſhrill Muſick in his Ear: *Remember*, Philip, '*thou art a mortal Man.* Which ſoon prov'd 'to be a Verity in him: For as he was ſolemni-'zing and celebrating the Nuptials and Coro-'nation of his Son *Alexander*, in the midſt of 'his Jollity, was ſtabb'd by one *Pauſianus*, to 'whom formerly he deny'd Juſtice.

'*Alexander*

'*Alexander Magnus*, Son of *Philip*, and Monarch of all the then known World, being saluted for a God, had Sacrifices and Adorations 'uſed unto him; yet being at the Siege of an '*Indian* City, was ſorely wounded with an Arrow; and feeling the Pain of his Wound, paſſionately utter'd theſe Speeches: *They call me 'Son of* Jupiter (ſaid he;) *but I find I am ſubject to Pain, Sickneſs and Wounds, like other 'Men.* Theſe Words ſoon took their Effect 'in himſelf, and Death found him out, in the 'heighth of his Victories, glorying in his triumphant Trophies, when he thought himſelf invincible, as he was encompaſs'd with his valiant Captains, environ'd with a numberleſs 'Army, in the heighth of his Pride, in the midſt 'of his Cups, ſurfeiting in the laſcivious inordinate Affections of his Concubines, in the 'Flower and Prime of his Youth, died of this 'riotous Exceſs: Or as other Writers affirm, 'was poyſon'd by *Caſſander*, one of his own 'Captains. They all agree, he died ſuddenly, 'that all his Attendants forſook him, his Com'manders fled, his Army ſever'd, and that for 'many Days, his Body lay unbury'd, on the 'Earth, wanting what meaner People enjoy (a 'Grave) to interr the offenſive Stench of his 'noyſome Carkaſe. So ſmall a Time there was 'between an *Alexander* and Nothing.

'Oh, the Frailty and Vanity of poor Mor'tals, which are made the Tennis-balls of For'tune! So that ſhe will on purpoſe raiſe us to

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'the higheſt Felicities, that our Fall may be 'the greater. How ſhou'd we walk then, to 'ſhun and avoid theſe Precipices, but wiſely to 'uſe this World, as if we did not uſe it! Like 'a Traveller going on Pilgrimage to the famous 'City of *Jeruſalem*; by the Way, viſited ma-'ny goodly Cities, and brave magnificent Buil-'dings; wou'd but behold 'em, and ſo depart, 'oftentimes ſaying theſe Words; *This is not* Je-'ruſalem. So muſt we do in the heighth of our 'Felicities; only viſit, but not continue; live in 'the World, but not the World in us; ſo enjoy-'ing it, as of a thing that's lent, that muſt be 'reſtor'd, and taken away at the Owner's Plea-'ſure: So that we muſt often remember this 'Saying; *All things are ſubject to Viciſſitudes and Changes: Theſe Pleaſures are not permanent.*

Madam (ſaid *Almerin*, proceeding forward in his Diſcourſe, and fixing his Eyes on *Cynthia*) no doubt, but you wonder to ſee me interlace in this my mournful Story, ſo many various Accidents of Chance and Fortune, of the Frailty of Life, and uncertain Certainty of Death. But theſe are the only Balſams that ſweeten my Misfortunes, and the Antidotes that expel the Venom. For thus in comparing Time preſent, with the Time that is paſt, I find there is nothing done now, but hath been done before us: So that it is ſome Comfort to have ſo many illuſtrious Perſonages, Fellows in our Misfortunes. Like a Man that hath many dangerous Wounds; the Greater diſſipates the

Pain

Pain of the Leſſer, and the Torments of the one makes the Pains of the other become familiar. This, Madam, is my Deſign, to make you acquainted with Death himſelf, that the latter part of my Story may ſeem leſs horrid unto you, and in ſome ſort, to ſweeten your Reſentments, if you ſhou'd conceive any to my Diſadvantage, by the Relation of this Story.

But to keep you no longer in Suſpence, I ſhall proceed. After *Artemeſia* was interr'd in her Grave, and the Mourners return'd to their Houſes, the Earl of *Palermo*, with his Lady, came home to my Father's Houſe; where they remain'd, bewailing the Death of their dear Child, about three Days time: After that was expir'd, they prepar'd their Journey for their own Home. With a feign'd and Hypocritical Sorrow, I offer'd my Service to wait and attend 'em: But it ſeems, being unwilling to be oblig'd to one that they did ſuſpect (as afterwards they ſaid) of their Daughter's Death, with much Thankfulneſs and Civility, diſmiſſed and bade me Farewel.

Four Days had paſs'd ſince the Burial of *Artemeſia*, and two ſince the Departure of her Parents, when to paſs away the Summers Evening, and to refreſh my drooping Spirits with the ſweet Air, and pleaſant Shades, I retir'd my ſelf, only accompany'd with *Fidelio*, into the ſame Garden, wherein I firſt was ſurpriz'd with my fair *Deſdemona*.

Phœbus

Phœbus now haſtned to bathe his ſweltry Steeds in the foaming Ocean, and his Siſter *Luna* began to appear, ſo to expel the uſurping Shades of Night, when being comforted by the refreſhing Sweetneſs of her cold Influences, ſo that the Pleaſures I then enjoy'd, accompany'd with the Thoughts of enjoying *Deſdemona*, made the Time ſeem ſhort in the Contemplation, and the Hours, Minutes in the Imagination: So that the unexpected Hour of Ten arriv'd. *Fidelio*'s Intreaties, with the Lateneſs of the Evening, cou'd not perſwade my Return as yet; my Mind being employ'd on other Thoughts, more agreeable. After the Clock had ſtrook Eleven, I intended to leave the Garden; but firſt reſolving to viſit the happy Place, where I firſt reſcu'd my deareſt *Deſdemona*. It was almoſt upon the Stroak of Twelve, ere I arriv'd there: The Night continu'd fair and clear, and this was the moſt private Retiring of any in the Garden; where I was no ſooner arriv'd, but to my Amazement, Behold, by the glimmering and feeble Light of the Moon, I ſaw a beautiful Woman; her Countenance was pale and wan, dropping pearly Tears from her fair Eyes; which ſhe wiped off with a Handkerchief. She ſate on the Ground, leaning her pretty Head on her fair Hand. She ſeem'd wholly a Map of Sorrow; and gave Demonſtrations, by her ſuited Actions, that her Geſture cou'd not expreſs the leaſt Torment of her Mind. My Curioſity and Pity perſwaded

me

me to leave the Place, to learn the Reaſon of ſuch uncommon Sorrows. I had no ſooner approach'd before her, being near enough to have ſpoken unto her, but as one ſurpriz d unawares, ſhe haſtily takes away her Left Hand, that ſupported her Head; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but behold, from her Breaſt iſſu'd a Stream of Crimſon Goar. My Amazement was greater, when in her Face I beheld the Viſage and Features of *Deſdemona*, though over-ſhadow'd with a Veil of Sorrow. Her Countenance ſeem'd to contend with Grief and Pity, rather than with Wrath and Anger; with Sorrow, rather than with Rage.

Frightned with the Horrour of this Sight, I ſtood metamorphos'd, like an Image of Stone; not being able to go forwards, or retire backwards; when this woful Object came nearer unto me, fixing her Eyes ſtedfaſtly on my Face: After a while, raiſing her Right Hand, laid it on her Wound, which ſeem'd all this while, to run in a Purple Flood, down her Breaſt, ſprinkling the Graſs where ſhe ſtood with a Scarlet-Dye. My Amazement was augmented, when unfixing her Eyes from my Face, ſhe lifted 'em up towards Heaven with ſo pale and moanful a Poſture, as wou'd have produc'd Pity in the moſt ſenſeleſs Breaſts. This ſudden Surprizal, accompany'd with my Fears, did cowardize all my Spirits; ſo that I had not the Confidence nor Courage to open my Mouth, to ſpeak to this pitiful Apparition; which once more lift-

ing

ing up her Hand to her Wound, giving me a grievous parting Look, she suddenly vanish'd out of my Sight. I was in amaze after its Departure, and jealous whether I shou'd believe my Eyes, or no; or whether this were a real Apparition, or a Fiction brought forth by Fancy, and begotten by Imagination, that had left such fresh Impressions in my Soul, and figur'd such dismal Idea's in my Mind. But these Doubts were soon expell'd and banish'd by Reason, and the proceeding Accidents soon confirmed the Effects to be no Illusions; for before I cou'd recollect and rally together my frightned Spirits,

Behold, from the Thicket hard by me, issued dismal Screeches, horrible and fearful Moans, accompany'd with uncommon and confus'd Voices: The Heavens on a sudden cover'd themselves with a sable Colour, and the Moon hid her Face under an Eclipse. The Noises became yet more loud and terrible, and the resounding Echo of the horrid Clamour drew nearer and nearer, and so became more fearful and dreadful. The Horizon was cloath'd with thick dark Clouds, from whence proceeded a stormy Shower of Hail and Rain; the Wind grew tempestuous and boisterous; fearful Flashes of Lightning proceeded, as if the Woods had been on fire; after which, follow'd and ensued loud and fearful Claps of Thunder. The Storm increas'd, and became more horrible, when from the neighbouring Thicket rush'd out a Woman,

Woman; who approaching me, I ſoon knew to be the dead *Artemeſia*. I wou'd have fled from her Sight, but I cou'd not fly my Deſtiny; when coming yet nearer unto me, with a a weak, feeble and low Voice, ſhe utter'd theſe Words.

Wretched Man! Now the Reward of thy Wickedneſs draws near, and thy Puniſhment is at hand. Heaven is ready to leave thee, and the Earth is prepar'd to ſwallow thee. Sentence is pronounc'd againſt thee, and Meſſengers prepar'd to execute it. My innocent Death will not go unreveng'd, nor your Perjury unpuniſh'd. Go, miſerable and wretched Man! deſpair: Think of nothing but Horrours, Shrieks, Pains, Torments, Judgments, and everlaſting Miſeries: Let thy Conſcience be a perpetual Hell, and let thy Thoughts have no Object but thy Crimes: Let Content and Felicity henceforth become Strangers unto thee, and let thy Misfortunes become ever worſe and worſe: Let thy Sleep be ſhort, and diſturb'd with fearful Viſions and Dreams; that when you awake, you may find it a Verity. The Remainder of your Life ſhall be a living Death: You ſhall ſeek for Death, but you ſhall not find it; and when you deſire to live, you ſhall cruelly be cut off, at a Time when you leaſt expect it. This is the Commiſſion I had to unfold to thee, from the higher Powers; which having reveal'd, I leave thee to thy Fate.

This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd from my Eyes, like Lightning; ſo ſoon ſhe diſappear'd to my Sight, but not to my Thoughts; for the Remembrance was green in my Memory, and the Thoughts ſo

fixed

fixed in my Soul, that I think the feign'd Phantaſm wou'd hardly yield Precedency to the real. My Eyes were yet firmly bent towards that part of the Thicket I ſaw *Artemeſia* take, and my Body continu'd as unmoveable as my Eyes, when the Storm began to abate. And *Fidelio*, which the time of this Tempeſt, had conceal'd and ſhelter'd himſelf in a Thicket near at hand, after his Deſires and Intreaties became fruitleſs, in requeſting me to retire with him; when he came unto me, he found me not remov'd from the ſame place where he firſt left me Wondring at this Change, he took me by the Arm: *Sir* (ſaid he) *What occaſions theſe ghaſtly Looks, and fearful timorous Apprehenſions? You ſeem as if you had met your Sins, or been accoſted with your Grandfather's Ghoſt. What cauſes you thus to bend your Eyes on Vacancy, and fix your Thoughts on Shadows? Where do you let your Imaginations ramble, your Spirits roam, and your Fancy run at random? Sir, conſider where you are, what time of Night it is: Recollect your ſelf out of theſe Dumps, and let us repair away from this fatal Place, that has brought you this Diſturbance.*

His earneſt Importunities brought me to my ſelf; and ſeeing him expect a Reply, *Yes*, Fidelio (ſaid I) *my Sins have met me full blown, and Ghoſts more terrible and fearful than my Grandfather's. By Heaven*, Fidelio! *Shadows haunt me. Saw you not my deareſt* Deſdemona *here, and deceas'd* Artemeſia, *who juſt now pronounc'd the Sentence of Horrour and Damnation againſt me?*

I am

I am impatient of delay, ſatisfie me with ſpeed, for I conſume with Expectation.

Sir, (reply'd he) *Theſe Chimeraes be nothing but the deluſions of a diſturbed Brain, proceeding from the ſtrength of Imagination, which forms to it ſelf wonders, which the Spectators cannot behold; ſuch, no doubt, was yours; for I proteſt and vow to you, I heard no Voice, nor did I apprehend any ſuch Similitudes as you now queſtion me about:* Artemeſia *lies quiet in her Grave, and I doubt not but* Deſdemona *is ſweetly aſleep in her Bed; Reſt will ſoon divert theſe Illuſions, and cure this Diſquiet. Come Sir, let us walk home, the Night grows aged, the late Storm is paſt, both call on us to be parting, leſt we ſhou'd be prevented by a ſecond Diſaſter; your Parents expect you, and your Neceſſity requires that you change your ſelf of theſe wet Cloths, which your abſence from your own Houſe will not permit you to perform.*

His Reaſons follow'd by his Intreaties, made me accord to leave the Garden, and without returning any Anſwer, I ſtraightways accompany'd him. We ſoon came to my Fathers, where they all ſat up expecting my Return; but they no ſooner beheld me in that condition and gaſtly Diſtemper, but they ſtood like People charm'd, with amazement in their Looks. I ſpake not to them, but fearfully caſting my Eyes on all Objects, piercing every vacant place with terror. I was had to my Chamber by *Fidelio* and ſome other Servants, where my wet Cloths were taken off, and I betook my ſelf to my Bed;

but oh! the Horrors that accompanied me the latter part of this fearful Night, were numberleſs; if aſleep, *Deſdemona* preſented her ſelf to the Eyes of my Soul, though my bodily Eyes were ſhut, yet ſuddenly ſtarting from my Trance, methought I ſaw that Object really, which Fancy formed in my Dreams, ſo that fearfully calling out to *Fidelio*, which attended me; *Oh* Fidelio! *Doſt thou not ſee my deareſt* Deſdemona, *the Blood ſtreaming from her fair Breaſt, now ſtanding by my Bed ſide? behold, now ſhe is going away out of the Door. Oh ſtay abus'd Innocence! and tell me the reaſon thou doſt viſit me in that diſmal Poſture!* look Fidelio, *ſhe is gone, run and call her back again; deſire her from me to return; by all the Affection that is between us, conjure her not to deny my Requeſt.*

Here *Fidelio*, to divert theſe thoughts, made me this Diſcourſe. *Sir*, (ſaid he) *When Melancholy reigns predominant over a mans Spirits, it cauſes a diſturbance in his Brain, which gives birth to thouſands of phantaſtical and fearful Apprehenſions, formed from what his Fear and Fancy moſt ruminates and contemplates moſt upon, which once conceiv'd, his Reaſon is ſo ſtupify'd, that it cannot pry into the Cauſes, ſo that the Cauſe remaining unremov'd, the Effects continue firm. Many times in ſuch Extreams, Men imagine they meet with Ghoſts; others, that be amorous Perſons, that they court their Miſtreſſes, injoy all the delicious Reception they cou'd wiſh, and the moſt obliging Diſcourſe and ſweereſt Entertainment paſs between them, that they hold them-*

themſelves the only happy men, yet when they go to embrace the pleaſing Apparition, they claſp nothing but the brittle Air; the Spirit is in continual motion, and many times takes a pleaſure to deceive the Senſes, to play with the Felicity and hope of Man, either to divert or augment them; as for example, one imagines his deareſt Friend is dead, that dulls his Happineſs; another, that is very poor, dreams he poſſeſſes a Mine of Gold, this revives his Spirits; as before, a diſconſolate Lover, fancies he enjoys the lovely Object of his Deſires, this compleats his Felicity; while another, that is rich, thinks he is undone by ſome Caſualty, that makes him miſerable; but as the Miſt doth vaniſh before the Sun in a Summers Morning, ſo do theſe Phantaſms, when a man comes to conſult with Reaſon; it rather increaſes their Miſery, and adds to their Felicity; the one being a bitter Potion to make the Happineſs taſt the ſweeter, and the other a deceitful Sweet, that makes their Miſeries reliſh more bitter; this Sir, I hope, in good time, will be manifeſted in you, ſince we that inhabit this Iſle, always take ſuch Illuſions and Dreams in their Contraries, and apply them accordingly, when a better Conſideration takes place; which not to do, were abſurd, as the Story that is related of a poor Fiſher man of this Iſland, who drying his Nets on a ſteep Rock, fell aſleep, and in his Sleep, dream'd he was a King; overjoy'd with ſo great a Felicity, he riſes, and in this Ecſtacy of Spirit fell a dancing; but long he had not danc'd, ere Fortune ſo ordain'd it, coming near the ſide of the Rock, he falls down, and ſo ends his preſent Joys and future, in a moment; it

is good to take warning by others Harms, and not to let the Suggeſtion of a feign'd Apparition, ruine the Hopes and Expectations of a Real; Deſdemona *remains intirely Yours, and you may bind her ſo for ever, by tying that inviolable Knot of Matrimony, which you have already faſtned by ſo many Vows, ſince* Artemeſia *being dead, there is no Obſtruction can hinder you from giving her that Satisfaction, and your ſelf the Content of being wholly hers.*

Here *Fidelio* ended his Diſcourſe, when I ſtraightly embrac'd him in my Arms, ſaying, *Oh my Friend! I am willing to believe whatever thou haſt related unto me, cou'd it contain leſs of Truth; for the only Happineſs wretched men receive, is, when pleaſantly they deceive themſelves, with the Expectation of what ardently they deſire; I ſhou'd wiſh no greater Happineſs, were* Deſdemona *ſtill amongſt the Living; nor no greater Felicity, were I reconcil'd unto her in the Bands of Wedlock: I wou'd ceaſe to expect and aſpire to any greater Hope, if I cou'd once more embrace her in my Arms, and repoſe this weary and diſturbed Head in her Boſom, it would prove a Corroſive to the greateſt of my Diſaſters, and a Balſam to my moſt cruel Torments. To morrow, my* Fidelio, *I will put thee to the trouble once more, to deliver me a Letter to* Deſdemona, *in the mean time I will endeavour, together with thee, to take a little Reſt.*

Night had no ſooner fled away at Days approach, and the Sun had given notice of his riſing to adorn the Day, but I left my weary Bed, to conſider how to write ſomething where-

wherein I might oblige *Deſdemona* to be leſs offended with my Infidelity, ſo that taking Pen, Ink and Paper, I writ to this effect.

Almerin *to* Deſdemona.

My Deareſt Heart,

TO put thee out of doubt of the Conſtancy of my Affections, although neceſſity compell'd me to an inforc'd Marriage, yet I knew not how to repair the Fault, nor give thee a real Manifeſtation of my Love, but by deſtroying the Cauſe that gave us this Diſturbance, know then my Dear, that to enjoy thy Love, and to give thee an Example of the Integrity of my Heart, I have given my Wife Artemeſia, *a Potion that hath carried her to her long Home, and what reſts there now, but that I do thee Right and Equity, according to my Vows ſo often proteſted unto thee, if you dare permit me to that Privilege and Felicity, and give new Life to one that daily dies for you. Send my Pardon ſign'd from your fair Mouth, by this Meſſenger; in the Expectation of which, I ſhall look to remain miſerable or happy. If you burn this Letter, the thought of any future Danger is paſt, for I wou'd not commit the Secret of my Life to any one but* Deſdemona, *ſince it is only ſhe alone can diſpoſe of the Life of*

Almerin.

I had no ſooner ended my Letter, and fairly ſeal'd it up, with an Intention to deliver it to *Fidelio*, but I cannot tell what horrid Fate prompted me to the contrary, to go my ſelf in Perſon, alledging that my Preſence wou'd procure more in *Deſdemona*'s Breaſt, than my Letter cou'd in my Abſence; that my Fearfulneſs of appearing before her, wou'd make me ſeem more Guilty; many more offer'd themſelves to my thoughts, but we never want for Reaſons to perſwade what we deſire and are forward to perform: In fine, theſe Thoughts vanquiſh'd my former Reſolutions. I had ſcarce ended this Conteſt in my Spirit, but I heard my Father and Mother coming up to viſit me, and inquire of my health; they no ſooner knock'd at my Chamber Door, but haſtily taking up my Letter, I put it up in my Pocket, calling to *Fidelio* to open the Door, which he had no ſooner perform'd, but they gave me the Good-morrow, intimating how much ſatisfied theſe were, to ſee me in ſo different a Temper and Condition, from what I was the laſt Night; they ſate down, where we had much Diſcourſe, too long here to relate; amongſt the reſt, they deſir'd to know where I had ſpent ſo large a part of the laſt Night; to all which I had an Anſwer provided. That day they din'd with me in my Chamber, and after many uſual Kindneſſes, ſuch as Parents confer on their dear Children, were beſtow'd on me, they bad me Farewel, and ſo left me; they

were

were ſcarce out of ſight, but I began to make me ready to viſit *Deſdemona*. I went away, accompanied with *Fidelio*, towards her Fathers Houſe; but we had no ſooner, with our haſty Steps, leſſn'd the Way and Diſtance which ſeparated us,

But behold, I ſaw a Coffin cover'd with Black, adorn'd with a Garland of dainty Flowers laid on the top: the Hearſe was ſupported and carried by four young Men, and ſix beautiful Maidens accompany'd 'em, each holding a part of the Hearſe Cloth, wherein they did imitate and ſilently ſpeak their willingneſs to do ſomething obliging, it being the laſt Service they cou'd perform to the Body of this poor departed Virgin; the Company were all cover'd with a Sable Black, their Pace ſilent and ſlow, bent towards the great Temple of the City. This Sight began to freeze and chill my warm Blood; and that which gave ſuſpicion to my Fears, was, becauſe I ſaw them come out of *Philaſter*'s Houſe; to confirm me that I was not in an Error, I ſaw the Corps follow'd by the old Knight and his Lady, who bedew'd his Snow white Beard with Tears, whilſt his Lady did water her aged Cheeks with the ſame Liquor; both paid the Tribute exceeding the Cuſtom men uſually pay to Nature; their Tears, Countenance, and Actions ſuitable, did declare them to be in the bitterneſs of Sorrow, and plung'd in the depth of Wo.

I had accompanied them to the Temple, had not my earneſt Deſire I had to be reſolv'd of the worſt, prompted me to the contrary, and perſwaded me to return to the Houſe to be truly ſatisfi'd of my Fears. We ſoon came to the Door, and having knock'd, were met by a Servant of the Houſe, who did know me ſince I did firſt uſe to frequent the Houſe; and being acquainted with the Reſpect his Lord and Lady uſually paid me when I reſorted thither, requeſted me to come in; where being entred, I ask'd for the Knight and his Lady, not taking notice that I had ſeen 'em, and alſo for *Deſdemona*; to which he gave me a pitious Look, letting drop from his Eyes many Tears. 'Sir, 'ſaid he, you come in a time to ſee us bury'd 'in Wo, and to behold us o'recharg'd with 'Sorrow, for about four days ago, after my 'Miſtriſs *Deſdemona* had pined her Body with 'an inward Grief, and given to Sorrow the full 'Reins and whole Poſſeſſion of her Breaſt, ſhe 'kept the occaſion ſo ſecret, that her indulgent 'Parents knew not how to provide her a Remedy, or to apply a Comfort. Sorrow was 'printed in her Looks in ſo lovely a Character, 'and Grief had ſo ſweet an Impreſſion there, 'that it would perſwade Sadneſs in the moſt 'mirthful and jocond Beholder. She wou'd 'tell ſo many pretty Stories of Love, and of 'the Unconſtancy of Men, and pronounce them 'with ſo ſweet, yet ſo mournful an Action and 'Accent of Voice and Geſture, that ſhe never

'ended

'ended but ſhe left her Auditors with Tears in 'their Eyes.

'This day is five days ſince, when her Spirits 'being o'recome with Grief, and her Sences 'o'recharg'd with Melancholy, ſhe fell into de-'ſpair, and walking out, as if ſhe wou'd re-'create her ſelf in the Garden, ſhe retires her 'ſelf into a Houſe of Pleaſure, there privately 'ſituated, where imitating that Roman Dame '*Lucretia*, with a fatal Dagger, ſhe wounds 'her ſelf to the Heart.

'She was ſoon miſt by her Parents, but being 'ſeen by the Servants to walk into the Gar-'den, ſhe was as ſoon followed; but after they 'had ſearched every private Walk and Alley in 'the Garden, and ſought for her in every ſecret 'Thicket and ſhady Grove, and we cou'd re-'ceive no Tidings; one of the Servants be-'thinks himſelf, and runs haſtily up to this 'Houſe, where the firſt Object he caſt his Eyes 'on, was this Spectacle of Pity; he runs down 'again amaz'd, making a lamentable Cry (ſay-'ing) *Oh Sirs*! Deſdemona *hath ſlain her ſelf in 'the Garden-Houſe, and yet retains the bloody 'Weapon in her Hand*; which was no ſooner 'heard, but they all began to bemoan her, 'with a loud and grievous Noiſe, which was 'ſoon o'reheard by *Philaſter* and his Lady, who 'wondring what might occaſion ſuch unuſual 'and ſtrange Out-cries, came into the Garden, 'and underſtanding by the accent of their Voi-'ces, that the cauſe of their Clamors was in

'that

'that part of the Garden where the Houſe of 'Pleaſure was ſituated, left off his grave and 'ſober Pace, and with ſwifter ſteps and ſpeed 'than his Age wou'd permit, ran to the Houſe, 'being follow'd as faſt by his Lady; but alas, 'they made ſo much haſt, they came too ſoon 'to know that they had better never known, 'than ever ſeen that diſmal Sight.

'We are like ſome ignorant Souls which 'needs will have their future Fortune related 'and made plain to them; they are moſt eager, 'and ardently deſire to know the worſt that 'may befal them, when no Perſwaſions will 'edifie them, nor Reaſons divert them from 'their Folly, and their Impatience and impor-'tunity hath gotten their Requeſt granted, they 'ſoon begin to repine at what they know, and 'fearfully apprehend that Danger preſent, that 'perhaps may never befal them; they repent 'they were ſo careful to underſtand that, which 'known, begets nothing but Diſcontent; ſo 'that only in expectation of the Miſeries that 'may happen unto them, they daily ſeem to 'die alive, ſo that every hour begets a new 'Death.

'Such was their unfortunate Speed, that 'came too late to behold the Object of their 'Miſeries too ſoon, for in a few moments, 'they both came into the Room, where we all 'ſtood ſurrounding the Body of their unfortu-'nate Daughter; they ſoon ſaw the cauſe of 'our Moans, and therefore had no occaſion to

'inquire;

'inquire; and knew it to be, what indeed it was. 'Although Death had dreſt her in his pale 'Robes, yet cou'd he alter nothing in the ſweet 'and lovely Charms of her Viſage, ſo that ſhe 'ſeem'd to ſmile in Death, as having purchas'd 'that Reſt with him, ſhe cou'd never attain 'to here; Oh! the Shrieks, the Moans, the 'Lamentations, the Sighs, the Sobs, the Tears, 'the Exclamations, the Griefs, the Sorrows, 'the Kiſſes, the Careſſes, and the Embraces 'this aged Couple beſtowed on the breathleſs 'Body of this their only Child, were number-'leſs and pitiful to behold! they were, Sir, 'ſuch, and ſo many, ſo bitter and woful, that 'I want words wherein I might expreſs my 'ſelf, ſhou'd I go about to relate them, ſo that 'I leave it wholly to your Imagination, to con-'ceive what is above my Capacity to deſcribe 'unto you.

Here, to give the more Life unto his Diſ-courſe, he let fall a ſhower of Briny Tears, which were no ſooner clear'd away, but with a Sorrow, ſuitable to his Subject, he proceeded in this manner. 'Sir, after they had bath'd 'this breathleſs Body with a Sea of Tears, and 'ſeem'd to grieve, that the Conduits of their 'Eyes were dry'd up, that they cou'd beſtow 'no more, willing to accompany her in Death, 'whom they lov'd ſo in Life, ſuddenly the old 'Lady giving a grievous Shriek, ſhe ſwounded 'away, claſping the liveleſs Coarſe in her Arms: 'ſhe ſeem'd as far from Life as the Body ſhe em-'brac'd;

'brac'd; our Maſter himſelf, ſtood like one 'transform'd, and made up of Sorrow, the 'Tears hanging on his aged Face and Beard, 'like frozen Iſicles, that in a Winters Day, on 'the diſ-rob'd Trees take their Habitations. In 'the mean time, the Servants had haſtned for 'ſome Soveraign Remedies, wherewithal to re-'cover their poor departed Miſtriſs, which 'chafing her Temples, and infuſing ſome preci-'ous Spirits down her Throat, they, with 'much difficulty, at laſt obtain'd what they de-'ſir'd, her return to Life; yet ſo amaz'd, and 'ſo gaſtly, wanting, as yet, her Sences, 'that it was a woful Sight to behold her. '*Philaſter* commanded us to bear her in from the 'ſight of the Body, whilſt ſhe continu'd igno-'rant of what they did, giving Order to o-'thers, to remove *Deſdemona* from that fatal 'Place, into the Houſe; but as they began to 'take the Body from the Ground, *Philaſter* 'eſpy'd in her Left Hand a Paper, which ſhe 'had fix'd there ſo faſt, as it ſeem'd a difficul-'ty for the Servants to take it away, which '*Philaſter* ſeeing, went himſelf, and had no 'ſooner touched her Hand, but it open'd of its 'own accord, as being unwilling any ſhou'd 'take from her in Death, what in Life ſhe had 'appointed and reſerv'd for him; he had no 'ſooner open'd the Paper, but he found theſe 'Lines following, written in [illegible]*demona*'s own 'Character.

Death

Death cruel ſeems to timorous Men that fear,
To ſuch as in this World lay up their Reſt,
But ſweet to wretched Souls that do deſpair,
To ſuch as are with great Misfortunes preſt.

Death takes us hence, and ſo expels our Pain,
Our Miſeries and Woes we ſee no more,
By Death we nothing loſe, he is our Gain;
For dying makes us happier than before.

Mourn not, my Friends, for my untimely Death,
Becauſe, in blooming Years, I die ſo young;
The Loſs is ſmall I loſe, in loſing Breath;
I fall aſleep too ſoon, and lie too long.

Death is the Balſam to afflicted Minds;
From Falſhood and Deceipt, it ſets us free;
Only within the Grave, the poor Man finds
A Harbour from the Rich Mans Tiranny.

No where but here, a Remedy we have;
When Woe and Sorrow grow unto exceſs,
Then we do covet Death, and court the Grave,
Since Miſery only there can find redreſs.

I fear not Death, I only fear your Fears,
Leſt when you ſee me gone, you ſhou'd lament;
Let Reaſon court you to reſtrain your Tears,
'Tis bootleſs to ſpend Tears, when Life is ſpent.

To the Elyzian Shades, *I go before,*
And in the Walks, Expect you till you come;
Few Days will paſs, and you will be no more,
And the ſame Way I go, you then will run.

Farewell my Father, I have found ſo kind;
Farewell my Mother, I do Prize ſo dear;
Farewell my wretched Life, wherein I find
Nothing of value that will crave a Tear.

Farewell the Author of my cruel Woes,
Who in my Hour of Death I do forgive
Thy greateſt Crimes; but Heaven only knows
It wou'd go hard to do't, were I to live.

And welcome Death, that com'ſt to cure my ſmart,
No Med'cine now can cure me but thy Dart;
Then Death I'll court, 'tis he muſt bring me, where
I ſhall be free from Sorrow, Grief and Care;
Come, long'd for Death, I will not be deny'd,
More welcome than the Bride-groom makes his Bride
Hark how I'll bribe you, prethee Death make haſt,
More welcome than the Spring, when Winter's paſt;
Freſher than Air, ſweeter than pearly Dew,
Which ſwells the early Roſe, and makes it blow;
Welcome as Joy, becauſe you bring me Bliſs,
For in the Grave of Reſt I cannot miſs.
Farewell deceitful World, and weary Breath;
Adieu all earthly Joys, and welcome Death.

'With

'With this mournful Song, like the Swan, 'ſhe ſeem'd to chant it, though Death were at 'hand, and like the Lyon, ſeem'd moſt confi-'dent, when ſhe was neareſt Danger. Theſe 'Lines might have augmented their Sorrows, 'if their Griefs wou'd have admitted of an ad-'dition, but their Woes being at full, cou'd 'receive no more. *Deſdemona* was convey'd 'in, and Surgeons ſent for to embalm her Bo-'dy, whilſt her Parents went anew to lament, 'and afreſh began to renew their Tears, utter-'ing grievous Exclamations againſt the Perſon, 'which as they underſtood by *Deſdemona*, had 'been the Original Cauſe of their Sorrows, 'by being the Author and Occaſion of the 'Death of their Child, vowing a ſevere Revenge, 'if ever they came to the Knowledge of the 'Author: thus they have ſpent the Day and 'Night in ſorrow, not admitting one Minutes 'Reſt, in permitting the leaſt Ceſſation to 'their Griefs, till this day, accompanied with 'all their Friends, in a ſolemn manner, they perform her Obſequies, and convey her Body to the Temple, to be ſet in the Vault of her Anceſtors. This, Sir, is the reaſon they are now from Home, and not here, to give you ſuch Entertainment as befits, and is due to your Worthineſs.

Having ended his Diſcourſe, to my Amaze-ment and Grief, I deſir'd he wou'd conduct me nto the Garden, to the Place where *Deſdemona* cted this laſt Tragick Scene and Cataſtrophe of her

her Life; he return'd no Answer, but leading the Way, we follow'd him, till he brought us to the Place, where so unfortunately she yielded up her last Breath; here my Amazement was above what I can express, when I saw this was the same House, and very Place, where so falsly I first deceiv'd and rob'd *Desdemona* of that Jewel, which had prov'd the Main and Original Cause of her Death; now the Apparition I saw the last Night, came bleeding fresh in Memory, all my Crimes presented themselves in their own Colours; for which, my Conscience bid me expect no other, but a fulfilling of murther'd *Artemesia*'s Sentence; here my Griefs were doubled in the Death of her I priz'd above my Life. I cou'd not refrain from letting fall a Flood of Tears, to the Remembrance of one I lov'd so dear; when we left the Room, and began to take a turn or two in the Alleys, where the Memory of *Desdemona* begat new Griefs in my Soul, and fresh Sluces from my Eyes; and fearing the Servant might gather some Suspicion from my too deep Concernments, I privately drew out my Handkerchief, to wipe away those rebellious Tears I cou'd not restrain; and not being willing any longer to remain in so doleful a Place, I took my Farewell of the Servant, desiring him to tell his Master, I wou'd wait on him some other time, when his Sorrows wou'd better admit of a Visit; so I left the House, in such an ill Composure of Body, and Disturbance of Spirit, as

ever

ever tormented a poor afflicted Soul; at this time I had given a Period to my Life, had I not been reſtrain'd by *Fidelio*, who, by Intreaties, deſir'd me to preſerve my Life, yet cou'd give me no Comforts or Reaſons, why I ſhou'd prolong it, unleſs it were to add to my Miſeries.

When we were arriv'd Home, I betook me to my Chamber, caſting my ſelf on the Bed: *And to what end*, Fidelio, *ſaid I, ſhou'd I ſecure this miſerable part of Life that remains?* Deſdemona *is dead and who wou'd woo Death, that ſees her ſo much commend and approve of it? Why ſhall I ſtay behind*, Fidelio? *let me go and ask her Pardon, and ſeek her in the bleſſed Shades: Now* Fidelio, *what think'ſt thou? were the Apparitions real or feign'd, I did behold, or Illuſions, or Fancies, as thou wou'dſt make me believe? now Experience and Reaſon tells me, it was the lovely Ghoſt of my dear* Deſdemona, *which came to accuſe me of Diſloyalty and Perjury; Oh miſerable Man! wretched Life! When wilt thou have an End.*

Now I began to grow an Object of Heavens Juſtice and Puniſhment, I was defil'd with Murther and Perjury; the firſt call'd for a ſpeedy Revenge; for other Sins only ſpeak, Murther ſhrieks out, the Element of Water moiſtens the Earth; but Blood flies upwards, and bedews the Heavens, which ſoon hears, and makes ſtrict Inquiry, and ſevere Inquiſition for Blood, and triumph in their Revenges; their curious Search ſoon found me out, to make me an Ex-

ample of their Vengeance; there is nothing that is done ne'er ſo privately, that can be hid from their ſight; the darkeſt Night cannot blind them, nor the craftieſt Mortals deceive them; were ſin committed in the dark Caverns of the Earth, there they wou'd plainly ſee them; or in the bottom of the Ocean, there they won'd behold them; whither then can a poor Sinner fly to avoid their Juſtice? if they ſhou'd fly to Heaven, they are there; if to unfrequented Deſarts, they are there; if to the Vaults below, there will they likewiſe find 'em out.

For as I was repoſing my ſelf on my Bed, ſuddenly, and unexpectedly, our Houſe was ſurrounded with Arm'd Men, my Chamber Doors broke open, my Body ſeiz'd on, and taken Priſoner; being thus ſurpriz'd, I demanded the Cauſe, and by what Authority they did it; to which they return'd me this ſharp Anſwer; their Authority they had from the King, which I muſt obey, and the Occaſion, the Death of your late married Wife *Artemeſia*, Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*, ſuppoſed to be poyſon'd by you, with a ſtrong Suſpicion which is conceiv'd of you, that you are the chief Authour and Cauſe of the Death of *Deſdemona*, Daughter and only Child to an aged Knight of this City, call'd *Philaſter*; theſe are the Crimes objected againſt you, to which you muſt anſwer, in the mean time, without reſiſtance, you muſt yield obedience to our Power-

ful

and immediately go along with us. This ſaid, they laid hands on me, and ſpeedily hurried me out of my Chamber, to convoy me to Priſon; but we had not ſhortned half the way, between my Fathers Houſe and the City Gaol, but by the Shine of the Moon, which as then gave but a Dimm and glimmering Light, we might diſcern a Troop of Horſe, and perceive a ſmall Company of Foot, which in a void place of the City, began to compaſs us about, which my Guard no ſooner diſcried, but they began to cry out, A Reſcue, A Reſcue, but their Voices were ſoon ſtop'd by the Horſe-men, which over-ran them, and the Foot-men, that bravely aſſaulted them; ſo that in a moment I ſaw my Guard diſpers'd and diſpatch'd, my ſelf free and no Priſoner, and bravely mounted on a Freſh Horſe; whil'ſt I was wondring and muſing at the ſtrangeneſs of this Reſcue, I ſaw one make towards me, which I preſently knew to be *Fidelio*: *Sir*, ſaid he to me, *ceaſe your Amazement, and follow this Guard with ſpeed, for every moment you ſtay here will be dangerous, and they will ſafely convey you to the Water-ſide, where a Veſſel attends you, provided by your Father, from whom, by my timely Notice, came alſo this Guard, for he now repents him of his Obſtinacy, which occaſion'd theſe Evils, for which you were accuſed, fearing you are too much Guilty to ſtand in juſtification of your ſelf and your Crimes, too notorious to abide a Tryal; and therefore being unwilling to leave you to the Mercies and Severities of the Law,*

that himself first brought into danger, waits for you now at the Water-side.

This said, giving him many thanks for his Fidelity, I follow'd the Guard, and soon came to the Water-side, or Haven, where my Father and Mother were standing, expecting my coming; I no sooner saw them, but I alighted, and having done my Duty, my Mother cast her Arms about my Neck, bathing my Cheeks with Tears, lamenting this so suddain and unexpected Departure; the thought of my Absence produc'd the same effects in my Fathers Breast, for his Countenance was o'recast with a mortal Sadness.

But our Gratulations and Farewels were soon broken off, by an unlook'd for Noise; for casting our Eyes about, we espied a Party of Men make towards us, with much Facility and Speed; this Sight caus'd my Father to hasten my Departure, so that I parted from them abruptly, hurrying my self, with the Money and Jewels they had brought me, aboard the Vessel, and so speedily put off from Shore; mean while, my Father, with *Fidelio*, rallied up their Men for defence; this Sight more griev'd me than any former Misfortune, to see my Father and Mother, only for my Safety, expose themselves to such certain Perils and Dangers; and to secure my Life, so carelesly to venture their own. Nature wou'd not admit I shou'd leave them so, and my Duty prompted me to their Assistance, so that commanding

manding the Ship-men to put aſhore, they wou'd not obey me, telling me, *they might ſo endanger my Life, and all their own, and that it was contrary to the Orders my Father had given them, to return back again; that no doubt, my Father wou'd well defend himſelf againſt a greater Force than thoſe he had to cope withal, if he cou'd any ways give notice to the Garriſon belonging to the City, which were all at his Devotion.*

Their Diſcourſe did ſavour of Truth and Likelihood, and therefore made me more apt to believe it; ſo that yielding to their Intreaties and Perſwaſions, agreeing, when Neceſſity inforc'd me, to ſubmit, according with that I cou'd not remedy, and hoping the beſt, I patiently expected the Iſſue.

The Wind blew fair, ſo that we left *Syracuſe* far a ſtern, and a few hours after, we wholly loſt the ſight of the Iſland of *Sicilia*; the Gale continuing ſtill fair, we gain'd a Ken of the Iſle of *Malto*, where we did not land, but continuing our Courſe almoſt three days, we gain'd a View of the main Continent of *Africa*; and about the Evening of the third Day, we anchor'd before the mighty City of *Carthage*, the Rival of the Roman Empire, between whom, as yet, Fortune had left it uncertain and doubtful, which ſhou'd gain Precedency, and continue Maſters of all the then known World, ſince their Forces were equal, and their Valor not much different, ſo that Fate had left it to be decided by the various Chance of War.

Here we landed, and provided our ſelves of all Neceſſaries, as well Offenſive as Defenſive, and all other things needful, which our ſo haſty parting from *Syracuſe* wou'd not permit us to provide and furniſh our ſelves withal; we lay there one whole Day, and then going aboard, we weigh'd Anchor, and hoiſed Sail, and ſo made off to Sea; where our Intentions were to cruſe about, in expectation to meet with ſome Veſſel that came lately from *Syracuſe*, of whom we might inquire Tidings, of what we all did ſo paſſionately deſire to know.

It was now ſeven days ſince we parted from *Sicilia*, and two ſince we left the Coaſt of *Africa*, about the time of the day when the Sun begins to decline towards the Weſt, when a Boy that ſtood Sentinal on the Top-Maſt Head, ſuddenly cried out, *a Sail, a Sail*; being demanded from whence She ſtear'd her Courſe; he return'd anſwer, *From* Sicilia. This began to augment my ardent deſire I had to receive News from *Syracuſe*, ſo that I gave commands to the Pilot, to ſtear his Courſe towards Her, which he had no ſooner perform'd, but the Boy call'd out again, ſaying, *Sirs, prepare for your Defence, for this Veſſel bears towards us with full ſpeed; all things being put in a readineſs for a preſent Aſſault.* He had ſcarce ended theſe Words, but our Eyes did give us proof they were a Verity, for we diſcern'd it drawing nearer unto us, in all appearance, fitted for a preſent Fight.

This

This ſight cauſed them to forget the concernments of others, and to think on nothing ſo much, as to provide for their own Safety; yet they agree'd with one accord, chearfully to make good their Defence, and manfully to guard themſelves; we had hardly made our Preparation for a Reſiſtance, but we ſaw this Veſſel, with great dexterity and agility, ready to board us on the Weather ſide; their Ravens in a moment were ready to grapple with our Veſſel; in the performance of which, we receiv'd a brave Aſſault, and they as gallant a Repulſe; our Archers ſcarce ſpent an Arrow in vain, neither did theirs ſlack their Duty; the Fight continu'd ſharp while we lay off the one from the other; but when, in ſpight of our beſt Endeavours, they grappled our Veſſels together, and that we came to Handy Blows, the Fight became dreadful and bloody on both ſides; we were hardly faſtned the one to the other, but I heard him that ſeem'd to be Captain of the Veſſel, utter theſe Word to his Souldiers. *Arm your ſelves with Courage, noble Hearts, and let the King of* Sicilia *know you are Valiant; we are not miſtaken; See, Fortune hath preſented the murtherous Villain, an Object to our Eyes, and brought him a Sacrifice to our juſt Reſentments; now let the innocent Deaths of* Artemeſia *and* Deſdemona *ſharpen your Swords for a juſt Revenge, and let their ſorrowful Parents ſee your Fidelity and Intereſt you take in their Wrongs, when you preſent them with the Head of their mortal Enemy.*

When I did hear *Artemeſia* once nam'd, I did gueſs of their buſineſs, but I think the nature of all men is ſuch, that if they be wicked, yet they cannot brook to be exclaim'd againſt; and though I was guilty of all that was bad, yet I cou'd not with patience, receive the Nick-names of Villain and Murtherer; my Life was a thing ſo wretched, and by me ſo little eſteem-ed, that I ſhou'd not have given one ſigh for the loſs of that I did not deſire to preſerve; yet the great Promiſe this Fellow made of my Head, made me reſolve not to part from it tamely to my Enemies, at ſuch a time when I was in a good Capacity to defend it; this rais'd my anger to make a ſtout Reſiſtance, and his Oration caus'd his Souldiers to aſſail us with greater Courage; now the Fight began to be at higheſt, and numbers of men lay dead on the Deck, the Living always ſupplying their pla-ces, till our Veſſels were cover'd with the Blood and Carcaſes of ſlain men; it was fought obſtinately on both ſides, till the Sun began to bid a Good-night to our Horizon, leaving this upper World in darkneſs; yet Fortune had left it doubtful, to which ſide ſhe wou'd in-cline; when we were preſt by our Enemies, with ſo much Force and Vigour, that my Men were forc'd to retire, whilſt they furiouſly mounted our Veſſel; here I expos'd my ſelf to certain Dangers, very willing to part with Life, ſo I cou'd have loſt it nobly, in reſiſting my Enemies; but Death flies them that ſeek him,

and

and intrudes on ſuch as deſire his Abſence; as I was deſperately braving the utmoſt Dangers, fronting the main Body of my Enemies, I met and engag'd with their Commander, ſo greedily we combated one with another, and with ſo much deſire, endeavour'd the ruine of each other, that it was no wonder Fortune made haſt to determine of the end; many cruel Blows we exchang'd, and many Wounds we received, till at laſt, I purſu'd my Enemy ſo cloſely, and redoubled my Blows with ſo much violence, that directing a Blow which fell on his Head, with my greateſt force, it parted it in two, ſo that he fell down ſprawling on the Deck; thus he which had ſo confidently diſpos'd of my Head, cou'd not ſecure his own from my Sword.

This ſight began to abate the Courage of our Enemies, and to revive the Spirits of my almoſt vanquiſh'd men; for returning upon our diſpairing Enemies with a greater Force than at firſt, they made a mighty Slaughter; and having diſpatch'd all thoſe in our own Veſſel, with great ſpeed we boarded our Enemies, ſo that the Offenſive were now become the Defenſive, and perform'd their parts ſo ill in maintaining it, that we ſoon became Conquerors of the other Ship, committing all the Souls to the places appointed for their Deſerts, where the Spirits of all men are rewarded according to their Merits; the dead Bodies of our Men and alſo of our Enemies, we caſt over-board into the Sea.

The

The Night became extream dark, not one Star appear'd in the Firmament, as if they had disdain'd to behold so bloody a Tragedy, so that we were forc'd to strike up Lights, the better to see to clear our Vessel of the dead Carcases; my self, with a Torch in my Hand, went to behold the Slain in the Enemies Vessel, where the Souldiers, the tempest of their Revenge being not yet still'd, without pity, cast, as well the Wounded, as the Dead out of the Vessel, when their Wounds, Miseries, Intreaties, Prayers, nor dismal Moans cou'd perswade them to mercy.

Among many that were thus us'd, one of them whom my men had taken up into their Arms, ready to cast him away into the Billows of the raging Ocean, cried out, *Oh Sirs! spare me one moment, and bring me to your Commander, to whom I shall relate such Secrets, as he is, as yet, ignorant of*; this had not preserv'd his Life, if I had not given a speedy Command to the Souldiers to hold their Hands, and running with their Lights, I came also with mine, to see if I knew him, but his Blood had so disfeatur'd him, as I cou'd gather no certain knowledge that I had ever seen him before; which the wounded man seeing, with a mournful and low Voice, growing faint, through loss of Blood, he utter'd these Words, *Sir*, said he, *you knew me better about eight days since, when you came to visit my Master* Philaster, *when you seem'd so much concern'd in the Relation I made you of the woful*

woful Death of my Miſtris Deſdemona; he had ſcarce ended theſe words, but through weakneſs, he ſunk down in the Arms of the Men that ſupported him, I commanded he ſhou'd be convey'd away to a Cabbin with ſpeed, and that my own Surgeon ſhou'd carefully dreſs his Wounds; all which was as ſoon perform'd as commanded: my Gratitude to the poor man requir'd thus much. But I had other ſound reaſons induc'd me to preſerve his Life, if poſſible, ſince it was only from him, now all his Companions were dead, I did look for a true Relation and Intelligence, how my Affairs ſtood affected in *Syracuſe*, as my own Intereſt requir'd his Safety; yet for *Deſdemona*'s ſake, whoſe Remembrance I did prefer above my Life, conſidering he was once hers, I cou'd do no other, but eſteem of him highly, and thank Fortune, who had offer'd me this Opportunity, that I might in ſome meaſure expreſs the Kindneſs I did yet retain for his Miſtreſs, and my dear *Deſdemona*.

After we had cleanſed our Enemies Veſſel, we remov'd all things that were of value out of our own Ship into theirs, it being the ſtrongeſt and ſtatelieſt built, and boring holes in the bottom of the forſaken Veſſel, we ſunk it in the Sea, which being perform'd, we hoiſed Sails, directing our Courſe towards the City of *Algiers*, in *Barbary*, ſo that it was about the hour of two in the Morning, when I betook my ſelf to my Cabbin to have my Wounds dreſs'd,

dreſs'd I had receiv'd in the laſt Fight; when the Surgeon had ſearch'd them, he found them all ſlight; and although I had many, he aſſur'd me none of them were Mortal.

Thus ſuch as deſperately ſeem regardleſs of their Lives, by a ſlight of Fortune preſerve them; what ſhou'd occaſion it, I cannot tell if it be not that reaſonable men fly ſuch as imprudently and laviſhly caſt away their Lives, eſteeming them mad or frantick, that ſo inconſiderately endanger themſelves; or elſe Fortune and Victory, which be always Friends to bold and reſolute Men, and aſſiſt reſolute Spirits in their confident Enterprizes, have agreed with Nature, who has planted a timorous Fear in the Heart of Man, when he is aſſaulted above his Expectations, and ſees Wonders acted beyond his Capacity or thoughts, is danted, being ſo ſuddenly ſurpriz'd; their bold Aſſailer gives them not time to recollect their thoughts; but preſſes more fierce and deſperately on them, that they ſtand gazing like men metamorphos'd, not having the Courage to defend themſelves, nor ſcarce to run away to preſerve their Lives; ſuch Advantage ſeems to wait on reſolute Spirits, that their Enemies are charm'd, and when they meet with a Spirit above their own, like all men, they yield Precedency, and obey the greater, yielding Obedience to them as to their Superiors; Victory, as it were, hovering her Wings over their Heads,

to

to fright their Enemies, and to preſerve them ſafe.

But I dare not aſcribe my Fortune to ſuch a Cauſe, I fear juſt Heavens have preſerv'd me, from ſuch ſmall Dangers, for my greater Miſfortunes, to make me a more ample Example of their Juſtice; for methinks, ſleeping or waking, I hear poor *Artemeſia* ſounding that dreadful Sentence in my Ears, (That, When I ſeek Death, it ſhou'd fly me, and when I ſhou'd deſire to keep it, I ſhou'd ſuddenly be cut off) and I greatly fear the Iſſue, ſince that after *Artemeſia*'s Death, and laſtly, of my deareſt *Deſdemona*, I did always eſteem my Life, as of a thing not worth preſerving, being a Commodity I was always willing to part with, ſince my Heart told me, I cou'd expect no Comfort, now all my Felicity was vaniſh'd away in the Original Cauſe, from whence it firſt receiv'd its Birth, and afterwards the Fewel that did preſerve it.

But now, Madam, (ſaid he) turning his Face towards *Cynthia*, I begin to find contrary Effects working in my Spirit, ſince I have been ſo fortunate to have you in my Cuſtody, ſo that I begin now to prize my Life at its true Value and Worth, and did never truly deſire to live again until this moment; I pray Heaven, my prophetick Fears be not Preſages and Fore-runners of the Dangers which are related ſhall happen unto me.

Here

Here *Almerine* proceeded forwards, in relating the Misfortunes of his Life, whilſt fair *Cynthia* cou'd not refrain from ſpending ſome Tears, out of the Treaſury of her own Misfortunes, in pity, to the unfortunate Loſs of lovely, yet miſerable *Deſdemona*. Madam, (ſaid he) after my Wounds were dreſs'd, I betook my ſelf to my Bed, but not before I had inqnir'd of the Health and Condition the Priſoner was in; the Surgeon having aſſur'd me of his Life, I did endeavour my ſelf, to take a little Reſt, after ſo much Pain and Toil.

Long wiſh'd for day at laſt appear'd, and *Phœbus* with his glorious Rays, caſt a reſplendent Luſtre on the Face of the Waters, whilſt *Zephyrus*, with his ſweet and pleaſant Gales, courted our Sails, making our Veſſel to trip it ſweetly away over the Ocean, thereby eaſing *Neptune* of his Burthen, that he might dally with his beloved *Thetis*; when I aroſe from my weary Bed, my Wounds permitting me, and my Deſires perſwading and calling on me to the Chamber of the wounded Man, from whoſe Mouth, I did now expect to hear the Sentence and Period of my Miſeries, or to receive ſome little Comfort to ſweeten my Calamities; after I had been aſſur'd by my Surgeon, that he was in a Capacity to be viſited, I cannot ſay whether my Reſolutions, or the Performance were ſooneſt put in action, ſince hardly was the one conceiv'd, but the other receiv'd Birth, ſuch

such speedy Execution always attends on things of this Nature, that nothing can, without repugnance, make a Demur to defer it; I went, but indeed accompanied with such Fears, as forbidden Lovers are possessed with, when they go to pay their unwelcome Oblations to the Goddess they adore, who fear to ask, fearing to be refus'd; being come to his Cabbin, and inquiring of his Health, such Gratulations having pass'd between us, as are common and familiar to be used to one in such Extremity, I bespake him in this manner: *My Friend, you may guess it is something extraordinary, that wou'd not admit of delay, which hath made me so soon venter forth to give you this untimely Visit, which is dangerous to my self, and troublesome to you; Fortune has oblig'd me, in the midst of all my Miseries, in making me the Preserver of one, which sometime was* Desdemona's. *Love to her, perswaded me to be thus tender of your Wellfare; but I have other Business of consequence which drew me hither, and wou'd ill agree to be defer'd to a longer time. It is the Wellfare of my Father and Mother, by whose Intreaty, I left* Syracuse, *leaving them ingag'd at the moment of my Departure, in a fatal Skirmish with an unknown Party of men, that I wou'd hear Tidings of; Nature perswades, and my Fears thrust me forwards, to receive some Satisfaction from your Intelligence, which I desire you wou'd discharge your self off, so to disperse these Doubts, and procure my Repose.*

The

The wounded man raiſing himſelf up in his Bed, caſting his Eyes on me, with a down-caſt and mournful Look, with a weak Voice, he uttered theſe Words. *Sir, I ſhou'd ill requite you for the Gratuity of my Life, to give you a Relation that will add to your Torments, and it had been far better your Souldiers had caſt me into the Sea, than that the remainders of this woful Life, being preſerv'd, ſhou'd endeavour to put a Period to yours; leave this fatal News to be diſcover'd by time, and let not your Curioſity undo you; I feel my Life growing towards an end, and all that is Man about me begins to decay, let not the laſt Fragments of my Life, be a Medicine to procure your Diſquiet, rather than the Repoſe you expect.* Here he continued ſilent, expecting my Reply, ſo that I return'd him this Anſwer. *Let not any Concernments of mine, defer your Relation, for Dangers and Misfortunes are become ſo familiar unto me, that the Strangneſs is no Novelty, nor the Bug-bears are not horrid enough to fright me; I am arm'd againſt the worſt Effects of Fortune that you can relate has befallen me; there is nothing now can make me more miſerable than I am already, by thy laſt Diſcourſe, of the lamentable Loſs of my deareſt* Deſdemona.

Sir, (replied he) *theſe be the Effects and Symptoms of a Noble Mind, to bear with Adverſity as well as Proſperity; that can wellcome Misfortunes as well as Felicities; that is not Ambitious in his Happineſs, nor Deſpairing in his Miſeries, but wiſely yields to what he cannot ſhun; ſeeing I have found*

found you in this Temper, I ſhall make no farther ſcruple to ſatisfie your Requeſt; and leſt my Weakneſs ſhould be a hindrance to my Diſcourſe, I will endeavour to contract all my Relation into a pithy Abſtract of the whole, yet not leaving any thing forgotten or omitted, wherein your Intereſt is concerned; and to delay you no longer, Sir, you may underſtand, that you had ſcarcely paſs'd the Threſhold of my Maſters Door, but he and his Lady came Home, accompanied only with ſome few of their Friends, the reſt having parted from them at the Grave; and theſe ſtay'd not long, but comforting them in the beſt wiſe they might, urging Patience as the beſt Remedy to cure their Miſeries, they ſoon left them, to return to their ſeveral Places of Abode. Now being deſtitute of all that cou'd diſturb them, they became their own Diſturbers, and being alone, they had a more ample Opportunity, and clearer and a deeper Inſight, to diſcern and make an Inſpection into their Miſeries, ſo to diſcover the true Value of what they had loſt; they began now to conſider they had loſt, loſt the Light of their Eyes, the Staff of their Age, and the Glory of their Houſe in a moment, when they did leaſt expect it; and that ſhe did not die by Age, or Sickneſs, or any Diſeaſe incident to Mankind, but that ſhe was torn away out of their Arms, in the Flower of her Youth and Beauty, when ſhe promiſed moſt Felicity and Comfort to their Age.

Here they let fall a Shower of briny Tears, bedewing the Place where they ſate, and filling the Room with the Echo of their Complaints, and Aggrava-

tions of their Loſs. When that Storm of Grief was ſomething allay'd, they went Hand in Hand into the Garden, and from thence into the Houſe of Pleaſure there ſituated, and the ſame where Deſdemona *perform'd the laſt Violence on her ſelf; their Intention, as far as I cou'd gueſs, being to ſpend the remainders of thoſe Tears, they had yet left, in the ſame place where their deareſt Daughter had expired her lateſt Breath; they had newly ſeated themſelves, and began with a greater freedom to vent their Sorrows, which ſate ſo heavy on their Hearts, out of the Flood-gates of their Eyes; the Place well ſuiting to accompany them in their Woes; as they continu'd in this grievous exceſs of Miſery, bitterly inveighing againſt him that had occaſion'd it, a little Spaniel Dog, which always us'd to follow him, and in whom, before he was taken up with Sorrow, he us'd to take great Delight, had been ſearching and hunting up and down the Walks and young Springs and Thickets in the Garden, and at laſt came up into the Houſe, and after he had, before them, wantonly plaid with a Paper, which he had brought in in his Mouth, as his uſual Cuſtoms were, to carry all things he found to his Maſter, at laſt he brought this, where he ſtood friſking his Tail, as willing his Maſter to receive it, and make much of him for what he had brought him; but becauſe it was common with him daily to do as much, they neglected him, as a thing of no Concernment; when the Dog ſaw he had not that Welcome he us'd to receive, he leaps up with his Paws on his Maſter, making a kind of a howling Noiſe, and holding up the Paper*

toward

towards him in his Mouth; this Action made my Maſter ſomething more attentive, and as he wou'd have thruſt him from him, looking ſomething nearer on the Paper, that the Dog ſtill held in his Mouth, he diſcover'd it to be a Letter, fairly fould-ed and ſeal'd up, which he no ſooner did perceive, but he took it out of his Mouth, and the Dog as willingly parted from it, going his way to his old Trade of busking to and fro in the Garden. After he had look'd on the Letter, and ſaw the Directions to Deſdemona, *he ſhew'd it to his Lady, and both of them deferring their Sorrows for a ſmall time, in expectation of what the Contents might contain; they open'd the Letter, wherein they found not only Likelihood and Suſpicion, but certain Aſſurance, that you had been the only Cauſe, and none elſe beſide, of all their Misfortunes; that you had Poyſoned your Married Wife* Artemeſia, *and although not actually, yet your ſelf was the chief in the Tragedy of* Deſdemona; *I need not tell you what it contain'd, ſince it was written by your ſelf, and ſign'd with you own Hand, being ſeal'd with your Signet at Arms.*

At the Period of this, (ſaid *Almerin* to *Cynthia*, who gave earneſt attention to his Diſcourſe) the wounded Man growing faint, defer'd his Relation for a ſmall time, whilſt I continued buried in aſtoniſhment, at what he had related. Now, to my coſt, I began to ſee how Heaven glories in divulging the Faults and Crimes of Offenders; and leſt we ſhou'd aſcribe and refer the revealing of them to common

Cauſes, ſee they make a poor Spaniel Dog the Inſtrument of my Diſcovery; thus the moſt neglected and forgotten things, they many times make Executors of their Will, leſt men ſhou'd ſay ſuch things came by Fortune, and ſuch by Chance; but in this Example, we may behold the immediate Hand of Heaven made manifeſt to our Capacity; as for my Letter, ſince the time my Reſolutions were alter'd, concerning the ſending of it, as I have formerly related unto you; my Father and Mother coming in accidentally to viſit me the Morning of the ſame Day, that I ſaw *Deſdemona* afterwards convey'd to the Temple, fearing then they might have ſurpriz'd me, in what I did endeavour to make a Secret to them, I put it haſtily into my Pocket to conceal it, not once minding or thinking on the ſecuring of that, which did ſo much concern the Safety of my Life. Afterwards, when I came to *Deſdemona* Father's Houſe, where this Man gave me the whole Particulars of her Death; which when I had heard, leaving *Fidelio* and him together, I went into one of the moſt ſecret Alleys in the Garden, that I might give my Griefs unſeen, the greater Current; where I drew out my Handkerchief to wipe of the wandring Tears that iſſued from my Eyes, and at that fatal moment, as far as I can conceive by Conjectures, with that I drew out the Letter, ſo that my Repentance and Sorrow, both turn'd to my greater Rebuke and Puniſhment.

The

The Man proceeded forwards again in his Relation, (ſaying) *After that they both underſtood by your Letter, that you were the only Author of all the Calamities that had befallen them, they left off to grieve, and began only now to think of Revenge, thinking your guilty Blood wou'd be more acceptable to the injur'd Spirit of* Deſdemona, *than their fruitleſs Tears; I cannot deſcribe the bitter Complaints they made againſt you, for your Ingratitude, in abuſing their Love and Kindneſſes, with ſo ſhameleſs a Requital. Now Revenge had only Precedency, and reign'd Supream in their Thoughts; my Maſter, as if his Youth had been renew'd, at the Sight of your Letter, leaving his Lady at Home, ran nimbly to the Judges of criminal Cauſes, then reſiding in the City; where producing the Letter, they with all diligence, let him have Power and Authority to apprehend you, and ſecure, and bring you to your Anſwer; to this end and purpoſe, the Corrigedor was ſtrongly aſſiſted with many of my Maſters Friends, where they ſeiz'd you in your Fathers Houſe; and by your Fathers Order and Authority, you were again reſcu'd out of their Hands, and convoy'd to the Water-ſide, where you eſcap'd away, your Eſcape being made good by your Father, a ſtrong Party of men aſſaulted him, which were Friends to my Maſter, and he making good his Defence, was there ſlain; ſcarce was he fallen, but the Garriſon of the City came in, having notice from your Servant, which you left with him, with what unequal Odds he was aſſaulted; immediately they encompaſſed them in with their Forces, deſtroying all*

of them, leaving not a man alive, ſo cruelly revenging them for the Death of their Commander, they ſo dearly affected; your Servant being over-earneſt, and too forward in his Revenge for his Maſters Death, unhappily was ſlain on the Place; your Mother was convey'd in a deadly Trance Home to her own Houſe, where, for very Grief, for the Death of her Husband, and the Loſs of you, ſhe, in a few hours, expir'd her laſt Breath.

Day at laſt appear'd, yet bluſhing to behold the Cataſtrophe of ſo fatal a Tragedy, where the Streets lay cover'd with Blood and diſmembred Men; Fame ſoon carried Tidings of this Tumult and Diſturbance to King Tancredus, who, ſojourn'd then with the Earl of Palermo; who, from my Maſter hearing the certain Cauſe of his Daughters Death, provoked the King to a ſpeedy Revenge, and he ſoon accorded to his Deſires; ſo that with all expedition he return'd to Syracuſe, where his Preſence quieted the remainders of any further Stirs; there was diligent inquiry made to diſcover you, but hearing you were gone, he ſent many Veſſels in purſuit of you; amongſt many that were ſent forth, the Earl of Palermo and my Maſter ſent out this we are now in, at their own Charge, Manning it with their own Servants, thinking their Intereſt wou'd oblige them to revenge their Injuries more fully, promiſing great Rewards to us all, if we cou'd ſecure you alive, or if dead, to produce your Head; in the mean time our Veſſel was Rigging, and making ready to put forth to Sea, your Father and Mother were both ſolemnly Inter'd in the great Temple of

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the City, the King himſelf accompanying their Bodies to the Grave, not without Tears, for the Loſs of two Friends, he always ſo dearly affected, vowing a ſevere Caſtiſement on you, if ever he did get you into his Hands; ſoon after we put to Sea, and in two days time had the ill Fortune to meet with you; what then happen'd, is bleeding freſh in Memory, and therefore needs no Rehearſal; all that I know I have related unto you, which will be Caution enough, I hope, to perſwade you forth of theſe narrow Seas, if you do prize your Life, and the Lives of theſe men that accompany you, ſince there is no Harbour on the African Shore will ſecure you; for Sicilia *being under the Government of the* Carthaginians, *the Senate will not deny King* Tancredus *things of greater conſequence, than the delivering of you up into his Hands; and to fly to the* Romans, *is both dangerous and perillous, ſince it is difficult, the Seas being ſo beſet for you, that you can't paſs without diſcovery; I find Death taking Poſſeſſion of my mortal Body, and my Soul, which is but a Tenant at will, ready to leave his Habitation; let not the laſt remainders of this Life, to which you have ſhown ſo much Kindneſs, be an Occaſion to deſtroy yours; that I may in ſome ſort die freed from the Obligation I ſtand indebted unto you in, I deſire you to live, but I hold it better for me to die, than to ſee ſo many Miſeries acted over afreſh again, as I have been Spectator of; I feel Death ſeizing on me, Oh! whether am I going? to ſtrange and unknown Shades, from whence none ever yet return'd back again to give a Deſcription; but what ever it be,*

it is a reſting Place for Innocency; then farewel reſtleſs World, I ſhall find that there, I cou'd never find in thee. He pronounc'd theſe laſt Words imperfectly, and giving a grievous Groan, he ſoon expir'd and gave up the Ghoſt. Such was the End of this true and faithful Servant, which though nameleſs, bears a great part in this Tragick Story, and at laſt ſeal'd it with his Blood.

I no ſooner ſaw him departed away, but drawing my Sword, intending to have pierced my Heart, ſo to end my preſent Miſery, and the thought of worſe to come; but being perceived by ſome Officers of the Ship, which were preſent at this Relation, ſuddenly they reſtrain'd me from being my own Murtherer, and by force, taking my Sword from me, they convey'd me to my Cabbin, as a frantick and deſperate Man; but firſt removing from thence all things wherein there lay any thought of Danger; appointing my Phyſician, and four men beſide to attend me; and gathering together in Council, they agreed to ſtear their Courſe towards the Kingdom of *Norway*, which lies near the frozen *Zone*, the rather, becauſe they had heard that my Grand-father was a man of great repute in thoſe Parts; and for that reaſon they did all concur, like the Heart of one man, in their Reſolves and Opinions of going thither. Away we went forth of the Mediterranean Sea, and paſs'd the Streights of *Gibralter*, or *Hercules* Pillars, touching at the

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Iſle of *Cadez*, and taking in freſh Water and Victuals, needful for ſo long a Voyage, we left the African Shore a ſtern, and ſail'd away due North; when I came ſomething better to my ſelf, I cou'd not much gain-ſay or diſapprove what they had done, ſince I had nothing cou'd detain, or perſwade my Return to *Syracuſe*, ſince all my Joys were vaniſh'd, in the Loſs of *Deſdemona*, and my dear Parents.

It wou'd be too tedious to give you a Relation over what Seas we paſs'd, and how many Dangers we eſcap'd, ſailing over mighty Waters, where the Waves, like Mountains, did almoſt lift us up to the Skies, and then again to caſt us into a Valley, like the Jaws of Death, ſo that the Death we did fly from, did ſeem to meet us, and that which we wou'd have ſhun'd, began to overtake us; but by Heavens Ordinance, which wou'd not permit my wretched Life ſhou'd ſo end, we eſcaped theſe fearful and dreadful Dangers, and were preſerv'd free from Shipwrack, where every Wave threatned Ruine, and every Storm Deſtruction, ſo that at laſt we arriv'd ſafely at where caſting forth our Anchors, and furling our Sails, we went aſhore, where we ſoon found the great alteration of the Climate, and the bad Exchange we had made, in forſaking *Sicilia*, our native Country; where *Flora* did keep a never-fading Spring, and *Phœbus*, with his Rays, a continual Summer; where *Bacchus* kept his Vintage, and *Ceres* a perpetual Harveſt; the Trees and Ground

Ground being always adorn'd with the ſweeteſt Garb that Summers Livery wears; when here, for a greater Curſe and Torment, we found the Earth diſrob'd of all that we eſteem pleaſant and rare; and inſtead of a lovely Green, covered over with Hills of Snow; the Trees, inſtead of Fruit, bore Iſicles; and the Air, inſtead of a mild Temperature, was Cold and piercing, always clouded with Snow, accompanied with the fierce and bluſtering North Wind; we left a Heaven to purchaſe a Hell; yet the thought of ſafety ſounded ſweet in the midſt of all our Diſaſters. Here we found a ſecure Retreat, which was freely granted unto us, by the then King of *Norway*; but that was all we cou'd purchaſe, for my Grandfather was dead many years before, and hearing no news of my Father, imagining him to be dead, when, by his utmoſt diligence, he cou'd hear no Tidings of him, bequeath'd, and gave his Eſtate to his neareſt Relations and Kinſmen, and they again to their Children, ſo that it had been poſſeſs'd by ſeveral Perſons; the King then Reigning, being very young, never knew my Grandfather, but by report or hearſay, ſo that the Remembrance of ſo great a Man, in a few years was quite forgotten, and almoſt the Thought extinguiſh'd and buried in Oblivion; to ſo poor effect does Greatneſs ſerve to perpetuate our Memory, or Riches and high Titles to preſerve our Names alive.

'Man is no ſooner born, but Death ſeeks 'out to find him, and when he firſt begins to 'live, he is onward on his way to die.

'He enters the World with Cries and Groans, 'and continues them with a painful Pilgri-'mage.

'His Years are few, and full of Miſery, 'and there is nothing he injoys is perma-'nent.

'His Life is attended by a grievous Sickneſs, 'and his Proſperity is waited on by Adver-'ſity.

'He follows Pleaſures that vaniſh in the pur-'ſuit, and fancies Felicities that are loſt in the 'Poſſeſſion.

'His Mirth is a Fore-runner of Miſery, and 'his Hopes are but the Harbingers of De-'ſpair.

'There is no high Hill, but it is to me ſome 'deep Valley; nor no Felicity, but it hath its 'Vale of Sorrow.

'The Rich Man ſurfeits in his Riches, while 'the Poor pines away for want of Bread, yet 'in Death there is no difference; but who lays 'this to Heart?

Here I was accounted of as a Stranger, although I had my Original from hence, and indeed I might well be term'd ſo, ſince the Country Cuſtoms, and Manners of the People, were all ſtrange to me, and rather begat an Admiration, to ſee a Kingdom ſo very poor, than a Hope to receive any Suſtentation from them;

I verily believe, if King *Tancredus* and the Earl of *Palermo* had known of my being there, they wou'd ſcarce have made ſo long and dangerous a Journey after me, but wou'd rather have accorded to have let me live in this Country, as being a greater Puniſhment than a ſudden Death; ſo that I need not have given the King of *Norway* the trouble to protect me in his Dominions; the very Coldneſs of his Country, and the dangerous Seas that lay betwixt *Sicilia* and this Place, were of force enough for our Safety.

But Life alone, without a Livelihood to maintain it, is a continual Death; and I think, in this diſtraction of Spirit, I ſhou'd have courted my own Ruine, had not my Concernments for my poor men, retarded me from it; I cou'd not, without great Ingratitude, leave theſe poor men, who had ſo willingly made themſelves Companions in my Misfortunes, and forſaken their own Country for my proper Intereſt; a Prey to Caſualties and Diſaſters of a ſtrange Country, ſo to periſh in an unknown Land. When I conſider'd their Condition, my Bowels yearn'd, with the Imagination of their future Miſery; we ſtay'd there about five months, and all the Wealth I did injoy, ſerv'd only to defray our Charges, ſo that our Condition, as I imagin'd, was paſt hope of cure, and Neceſſity began ſo much to ſtraitten me, that I had nothing left, wherewithal to maintain almoſt an hundred men, being all the Remainders of two hundred,

hundred, the reſt periſhing in the late Fight: Now nothing remain'd but the bare and intire Ship. Want inforc'd me to offer it to Sail; the poor men hanging down their Heads, with the ſenſe of Sorrow, in expectation of their future Condition, which they apprehended was very near at hand; none offer'd to object againſt the Propoſal I had made, for nature call'd to be ſatisfi'd, and Hunger, more ſharp than the Sword, in this cold and miſerable Country, wou'd not admit of Reaſon to capitulate of any thing but the time preſent; many Merchants reſiding there, offer'd to buy it, but we cou'd not ſuddenly agree of the Price, we were unwilling to ſell all the Hopes we had now left, at a loſs.

We were in this deſpairing Condition, when a ſtrange Man, or rather a Monſter of men accoſted us; his Stature was Tall, his Body Big, proportionable to his Heighth, his Looks very grim and fierce, his Hair dangling in Curls on his Shoulders, like wreath'd Snakes; his Beard long and peaked, his Mouth big, his Noſtrils wide, his Noſe ſharp, his Face wrinkled, yet his Eyes darted Fire; his Cloathing was made of Bears Skins; his Cap was made of a Tigers; after a marvellous deform'd manner, he came towards me, with a grave and ſolid Pace, and ſtanding ſtill a little time, firſt viewing me, then caſting his Eyes on my Men, after a while he thus beſpake me. *Sir, Were there not Graves enough in* Sicilia, *but you muſt needs bring*

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these poor Wretches to make their Tombs in the Snow, which covers all this Country? marvel not, that I say Sicilia, *for I can relate your deepest Secrets, which occasion'd you to abandon your Country, to retire your self to this miserable Place, where Famine is ready to seize on you all; let your Folly proceed no farther, as to make Sale of your Vessel, for with that you make Sale of your Lives; I know you will plead Necessity as your Excuse, but that shall be suddenly remedied by me; let your Men go aboard your Vessel, and expect the Issue, and about the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at night, fail not to meet me here exactly.* This said, away he went, leaving me in amazement at his Discourse, yet hoping the best, and desirous to see the end, I requested my men to go aboard, which accordingly they did.

The appointed Hour being come, and the Time drawing near, and I accordingly attending at the Place nominated; when after a small stayance, by the glimmering Light of the Stars, which shine very bright in these Northern Parts, I cou'd perceive one making up towards me, and when the Distance began to grow less, between us, I soon discern'd it to be the same Man which had order'd my being there at that time, when he cast his Eyes on me, and saw me standing there ready, without speaking one word unto, me he cast a Mantle on the Ground, bidding me remove from the Place where I stood, and stand upon it; his fearful Looks, strange Actions and Gestures, made me fear to abide the

the Iſſue, yet having not Courage enough to diſobey his Commands, I went and ſtood upon it accordingly; which I had no ſooner done, but he alſo plac'd himſelf by me, and drawing out a Book forth his Boſom, he began to read ſtrange Characters in an unknown Language, which I underſtood not; with a Wand which he had in his hand, three times he circled the Mantle, then turning himſelf to the Eaſt, then to the Weſt, then to the South, and laſtly to the North; when on a ſudden, there aroſe a tempeſtuous Wind, and in a moment, the Mantle began to remove off from the Ground, and nimbly to mount with us into the Air; in a few moments we were lifted up above the ſight of Earth, flying ſwiftly away on the Wings of the Wind, till about the Hour that *Lucifer*, that glorious Star, did begin to appear, then the Mantle began to deſcend towards the Earth, in a ſtrange unknown Place, and ſoftly ſeated us, hard by the Mouth of a diſmal Cave; he beckoned me to follow him, which accordingly I did; being enter'd the Cave, I did behold many ſpacious and ſumptuous Rooms, richly hang'd with Cloth of Arras and Tapeſtry, the Tables furniſhed with all ſorts of delicious Viands; I ſtill follow'd him into the midſt of the Vault, where hung a bright and ſhining Carbuncle, which gave a clear Light to the reſt of the Rooms; all the living Creatures I did behold paſſing along, were many ill favour'd old Women, deform'd above what I can deſcribe, or you Imagine,

magine; ill ſhapen, and more ſtrangely attir'd; they all yielded a kind of Reverence to this old Man, as to their Chief; we went through many Rooms, till at laſt we came into an inner Parlour, more diſmal and fearful than the reſt; on the Walls were painted many ſtrange and monſtrous Shapes; in the midſt of the Room hung two Lamps, which gave a blew and dim Light, from which iſſu'd a ſulphurous and ſtinking Stench of Brimſtone, hard by the Lamps, was ſeated a large round Table, and on the Table lay a very great Book, and by the Table ſtood a Chair, far above the common Size, where he ſeated himſelf, and leaning his Head on his Right Hand about a quarter of an hour. He was very earneſt in turning over the Leaves of the Book, and at laſt, leaving it open on the Table, he turn'd himſelf towards me, and beſpake me thus.

Almerin *of* Sicilia, *that art come to purchaſe a Habitation in this remote Part of the World; wonder not at what you have ſeen, nor at what you ſee, but leave your Admiration intire for the time to come; for the Days draw near at hand, when your Wealth ſhall exceed the Riches of* Norway, *when your Name ſhall become a Terrour to the Inhabitants of this Northern World; their Kings and Rulers ſhall tremble for fear of you, and their Ears ſhall glow to hear your Acts related; Merchants from remote Parts ſhall hold themſelves happy in your Friendſhip; you ſhall ingroſs to your ſelf ſo many rich Commodities, that the Worth ſhall not be valu'd,*

valu'd, and you will make the King of Norway *Mighty, by reaſon of your Puiſſance; great Kings ſhall requeſt his Alliance for their own Safety, and you ſhall grow ſtrong, from the Ruine of others. The time will come, nay, it is at the Doors, when Fame ſhall ſound the Report of you to foreign Nations; ſo that your Cruelties ſhall make you famous; for you ſhall deſtroy Mothers, and cruelly daſh their Children againſt the Wall; barbarouſly you will Deflower and Raviſh innocent Virgins, deſtroying whole Villages, with their Inhabitants; ſince you have delighted in Rape and Murther, you ſhall proceed, and what you have done, ſhall be nothing, in compariſon of what you ſhall do; yet remember that Saying of* Artemeſia, *for it muſt be fulfilled, (when you deſire to live, you ſhall be ſurpriz'd and cut off.) This Country you are now in, is* Lapland, *this Cave is my Reſidence; I am Servant to* Lucifer, *Lord of this World, Prince of the Air, and Arch-duke of the River* Stix, *and chief King of the Infernal Shades; by him I am imployed as a Regiſter, to take the Names of all ſuch Perſons as will become his Servants, and having notice by my Intelligencers, of the loſt Condition you and your Men were in, by Order from my Soveraign Lord, I have brought you here, where, before I can give you Remedy, you muſt, with your own Blood, write your Name in this Book, and enter your ſelf a Servant to him, always to be at his Command and Diſpoſal, when-ever he ſhall require it, only for him, and alone to him; and of theſe Particulars you are not to fail.* This ſaid, he turn'd the

Book towards me: *Look here* (ſaid he) *and behold this huge Volumn, fill'd with the Names of ſuch Servants as I have taken in the behalf of my Lord* Lucifer; *it is no ſmall Advantage, that he daigns you the Honour to be one of his.* This ſaid, he offer'd me a Pen and Pen-knife, and a ſmall Cup, (ſaying) *What you do, perform it quickly, for the Night begins to grow old, and you have many Miles to return to the Place from whence you came.*

I, who then had not reaſon to conſider of the Circumſtances, thinking this *Lucifer* was ſome great God that our Fore-fathers and Prieſts did never know, and that he was pitiful, becauſe he commiſerated my woful Condition, and judging my ſelf happy, in being own'd by ſo great a Deity, I made no ſcruple to perform what he commanded me; ſo that taking the Pen-knife, I open'd a Vein in my Left-arm, while the old Senior held the Cup to receive the Blood, and having bled ſome ſmall quantity, I ſtopt the Inciſion, and wrote according to the Preſidents of others there before me, and ſign'd it with my Name; this done, he clos'd up the Book, and going into a dark Corner or Hole, he took forth a ſmall Bag of Gold, and deliver'd it into my Hands, (ſaying) *Let this ſuffice to Victual your Ship, and provide what Neceſſaries you are in want of; you muſt now turn Rover, or in a more proper ſence, Pirate, and by that means raiſe your Fortunes on the Sea; here alſo I will give you a Treaſure ſhall help you in your need,*

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and ſecure you in the midſt of Dangers. Saying this, he ſhew'd me a ſmall Compaſs, denominating and ſhewing the four Quarters of the World. *Here* (continu'd he) *is a Jewel not to be valu'd; if you want Booty, ſail towards the Eaſt, and you ſhall obtain your Deſire; if you are purſu'd, ſail towards the Weſt, and you ſhall ſecure your Retreat; yet take this Caution with you, that you ſteer at ſuch times, according to the ſeveral Points of this Compaſs, and not of the known Quarters of the World, for this varies from them Rules; now what remains, but that we ſit and eat what is prepar'd for us, and that you return again to your Veſſel.* This ſaid, he left that diſmal Room, and conducted me to one of the Tables I ſaw cover'd at my firſt coming in, where we ſeated our ſelves, being ſerv'd and attended by theſe ill-look'd old Women. Having taken ſome ſmall Repaſt, the Cloth was taken away, and for his Diverſion, he commanded the old Women to come before him, which was no ſooner done, but pronouncing many ſtrange Speeches, from the moſt ſecret parts of the Cave, there was heard to proceed a bewitching and delightful Noiſe of ſweet charming Muſick; at the hearing of this, the old deform'd Women began to dance, in form, according to the Stops of the Muſick, when in a moment, the ſweetneſs chang'd, ſounding more rude and harſh; and in the turning of a Hand, theſe old Hags were transform'd into the Shape of Wolves, ſtill dancing after a ruſtick man-

ner; immediately the Muſick alter'd, and they became all metamorphoſed into the Shape of Lyons, and by the changing of the Notes, into their own Likeneſs again, and ſo continuing dancing while the Melody ceaſed, and then they left off; after which, the old grim Vizzer thus beſpake me. *I would detain you with me longer, but the Time is ſhort, and your Journey long, and your Men ardently expect your Return; but before you go, take this Preſent from my Hand, it is of no ſmall eſteem, neither will it be of mean uſe unto you; by Virtue of this,* Eolus *ſhall be your Slave, and* Boreas *and* Zephyrus *ſhall attend you, and Fortune, ſpite of her ſelf, ſhall be your Friend.* This ſaid, he drew from his Boſom a ſmall Cord, knit with about one hundred Knots: *If you be becalmed,* (continu'd he) *undo one of theſe Knots, and you ſhall have a Gale according to your deſire, at all times, and on all occaſions; for my own part, I cannot accompany you back to your Veſſel, but one of theſe ſhall, pointing to the old Women.* This ſaid, we aroſe from the Table and went forth, where one of the Hags ſpread a Mantle on the Ground. I was order'd, as before, to ſtand on it, while he plac'd one of thoſe horrid Monſters by my ſide, which being done, he takes his Book, as at firſt, and circling the Mantle with his Wand, he bad me farewel; mean while the Mantle aroſe from the Ground, and aſcended aloft into the Air, ſo that we ſoon loſt a ſight of his Cave, and parting the Air with incredible ſwiftneſs, being carried after ſuch a rate, that in a ſmall time

time we had gain'd the Kingdom of *Norway*, and the Mantle began to deſcend down where it firſt took me up; I was no ſooner gone off it, but immediately it vaniſh'd from my ſight, ſo that I had not one minutes time to return thanks for thoſe Kindneſſes ſo freely confer'd on me.

The day began now to break in the Eaſt, which forc'd the Shades of Night to retire; (while I ſtood muſing on the ſtrange Paſſages) *Aurora* leapt nimbly from watry *Neptune*. This ſight cauſed me to make means to get aboard, which I ſoon purchaſed; where coming, I found my men almoſt dead with Deſpair, but my return began to enliven and quicken their Hope, and from my Countenance, they began to preſage of their own good Fortune; being unwilling to keep them in ſuſpence, I ſhew'd them the Gold, and acquainted them on what terms it was given; I gave them a true Rehearſal of all the Accidents that had befallen me from the time I left them, unto that preſent hour; and alſo the Diſcourſe of the old Man, touching my ſelf and them; I left nothing unreveal'd of all that hapned, but diſcover'd all to a tittle; my Diſcourſe charm'd them ſo, that they all joyntly, with one applauſe, willingly offer'd to continue ſubject to my Commands, and freely to ſpend their Lives in my Defence; I gave them many thanks for their Affection formerly ſhewed, and their Kindneſſes ſtill continued towards me, and diſtributing to every man a piece of Gold, I kept the reſidue to provide Neceſſaries

for the Ship; we all went aſhore, merrily frolicking out the inſuing day, all of them baniſhing their Fears, began to grow ſprightly and lively, like many Flowers, that in the abſence of the Sun, do hang down their Heads, and at his return, receive new Life and Vigour, flouriſhing freſhly; ſo theſe deſpairing men, from this new Hope, receiv'd freſh Courage, and they, that not an hour before, had not Valour enough to defend themſelves, with the thought of what they had, and the Hope and Expectation of what they might have, became confident and reſolute; ſo that the greateſt impoſſibilities became eaſie, and the greateſt Difficulties poſſible to be overcome by them. The next Day, towards the Evening, we weigh'd Anchor, and looſed our Sails, which had lain a long time furled up; letting fly our Colours, away we went, leaving the City of [illegible] at our Backs; and now to make experience of my Compaſs, we ſtear'd towards the Eaſt accordingly, and being impatient to prove the Tryal of my Knots, I looſed one, and upon a ſudden, there aroſe a ſtiff Gale of Wind, which forc'd our Ship forwards with ſuch ſpeed, that with our Canvas Wings, it rather ſeem'd to fly than to ſail; thus we ſpent the greateſt part of the Night, thinking it to be long and tedious, becauſe it did ſo much defer our Expectations of the inſuing Day. Day, long wiſh'd for, at laſt appear'd, ſo that we might diſcern, on our Larboard-ſide, a very ſtately Ship ſailing along; at this ſight we alter'd our Courſe, and made

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up to it with ſpeed, and ſtorm'd it with our Arrows, but found ſo ſmall reſiſtance, that we ſoon boarded the Ship, making prize of all, as well Ship as Lading, caſting, as well the Whole as the wounded Men overboard, and leaving ſome few of my own men to guide and conduct it, we follow'd the ſame Courſe we formerly ſtear'd by the Directions of the Compaſs; in a few hours ſail, we took two Ships more, both richly laden, and caſt all the Souls overboard, as we did the firſt; this was our Cuſtom a while, leaſt by preſerving them, we had ruin'd our ſelves, by the Intelligence they might have given to the Kings of that Country, unto whom they did belong, and perſwade them to a Revenge while we were yet in our Infancy of riſing, and ſo ſoon have rooted us up, and fruſtrated our Intentions; thus ſecretly we began to lay our Foundation and Hopes of becoming greater on the Ruine of others, till we grew to a Capacity to make oppoſition againſt the ſtrongeſt Enemy that dur'ſt diſturb us. Why, Madam, need I inlarge my ſelf on particulars of this nature, or cloy your Ears with ſuch Diſcourſes as have been too dull and frequent in the Relation I have made you? In ſhort, we began to ſtear our Courſe for the Coaſt of *Norway*, when we diſcern'd a Ship making after us with full Sails, and fearing to looſe the Booty we had gotten, I ſpeedily began to undo one of my Knots, and to ſtear towards the Weſt, according to the Obſervation

of my Compaſs, when ſuddenly there aroſe a contrary Gale of Wind, ſo that in a moment we loſt ſight of the other Veſſel; and ſailing, with a ſtrong Wind, towards the Evening of the next enſuing Day, we diſcover'd the Coaſt of *Norway*, which we ſoon gain'd; we anchored, and landed our Goods, which were very rich, where we made a ſudden Sale, but yet reſerving what was moſt precious, to make a Preſent of it to the King, the more to endear and oblige him to our Intereſt; the Money I wou'd have ſhar'd equally amongſt them all, but they wou'd not agree to that, ſo that by their Importunity, I was forc'd to receive the one half, with which I redeem'd the beſt part of my Grandfathers Poſſeſſions; we put forth to Sea again, and return'd with many rich Prizes, as is almoſt incredible; I redeem'd the reſidue of my Grandfathers Eſtate, and in a ſmall time, purchaſed greater Lordſhips, yet always reſerving a great Stock of Money, ready on all occaſions; all the Ships that were fit for War, I ſet forth to Sea again, making, of my own Men, Officers, which had, as their Servants, many of the Subjects of the King of *Norway*, that went with them. Thus we diſpers'd our ſelves on the Sea, and became mighty on the Ocean; if we miſs'd of Booty by Water, we ſought it on Land, and on the Eaſt ſide of *Britain*, and the Weſtern Parts of *Scotland* we went aſhore, plundring and ſacking whole Towns, and convoying our Prey aboard, we return'd

ſafely

ſafely Home, ſo that my Fame began to riſe in all Parts, and ſpread abroad in foreign Countries, ſo that not one tittle of the old Mans Words fell to the Ground unfulfil'd.

My Wealth growing great, and my Riches daily increaſing, the King of *Norway* honour'd me ſo much, as to offer me his own Neece to Wife, willing me to continue in the City Royal with him, and to ordain a Deputy over my Affairs at Sea, that I might take a little Pleaſure and Eaſe after ſo many paſt Miſeries; I promis'd to perform all that he deſir'd, after I had been forth one Voyage more, and at my return, to ſubmit to whatſoever he ſhou'd command me; I gave him many obliging thanks for his Concerns he had for me, and ſo took my Leave of him, promiſing a ſpeedy return. Our Ships being ready, and the Wind blowing fair, we quickly left *Norway*, and ſailing about three days, by the Directions of my Compaſs, Eaſtwards, and meeting no Prize, we ſever'd our ſelves to divers Quarters, ſo that I left my ſelf alone, only with this Admiral Ship we are now in, and cruſeing about ſome time to little purpoſe, we reſolv'd to put aſhore, on the Eaſt Parts of *Albion* (as often times we had done before) to forage for Cattel to Victual our Ship; when at our firſt Landing, lo Fortune preſented us with the ſight of your Brother, who ſtood in oppoſition againſt a very great number in your Defence; this ſight diverted our former Intentions, ſo that we march-

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ed towards them, not to assist either Party, but to make our utmost advantage of both; at the sight of us, those that assaulted your Brother, fled away, and he only keeping his Station, undaunted made his Stand good against us all, till being o'repower'd by Number, we took him Prisoner, and with him, your fair self, Fortune above measure, making me happy for the loss of my dearest *Desdemona*, so that there rests nothing now, but that I return to *Norway*, never to trust the Dangers of this Liquid Element any longer, there to offer my self, and what I injoy, at your Feet, and joyfully to build my whole Felicity in the Hopes I have conceiv'd, one day to be yours.

This, Madam (continu'd he) is the Period and end of my dismal Story, which I have truly related, not omitting ought might make me seem less faulty; but rather, I have aggravated my Crimes, and added to my Offences; for I find it impossible to relate Falshoods unto you, or to excuse my self with Untruths; I am before a Judge (your fair Self, Madam) who can judiciously and wisely dilate upon and censure my Offences, which well weigh'd and consider'd, will rather inforce Pity than Resentments, that may prove fatal unto me, since none of my Crimes have proceded from my Inclinations, but from my adverse Fate, did I practice *Artemesia*'s Death? remember that wicked Issue, had a noble Parent Love; was I unconstant to *Artemesia?* Oh remember my Constancy

Conſtancy to *Deſdemona*! think, if I cou'd have been unconſtant, I might have been leſs wretched; if I have oblig'd you in the Rehearſal, or diſoblig'd my ſelf, I am not able to judge, yet conſider how willing I am to court all Opportunities to endear you, and that I hazard my own Intereſt, for the pettieſt occaſion to oblige you; there is ſomething due to that; ſhou'd you hold me guilty, I will not juſtifie my ſelf, or judge me innocent. I wou'd continue ſilent, and make no reply, but reſt ſatisfied, in granting your Requeſt in this Rehearſal and Relation of the Hiſtory of my Life.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of Orſamus *and* Cynthia.

HEre *Almerin* ended the Story of the Adventures of his Life, leaving *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* in Admiration and Aſtoniſhment; they ſaw he was purſu'd by a Divine Hand, and that it was impoſſible for him to fly his Fate, ſo that they began to look on their own Condition, fearfully apprehending the Calamities that might befal them, in being Priſoner to one, who being follow'd by Divine Vengeance, made all miſerable that were concern'd in any thing that appertain'd unto him; they

they well knew what they cou'd expect, or receive from the Hands of one, whoſe Life had been monſtrous, but the latter part moſt fearful and horrid; their Fears almoſt made them deſpair, but that they did remember, Heaven doth always aſſiſt the Vertuous in their greateſt Calamities, and is neareſt at hand with Remedy and Relief, when our Miſeries become moſt deſperate, and paſt Cure.

Alexander Magnus, that brave *Macedonian* Monarch, being by the States of all *Grecia*, choſen Captain General to paſs into *Aſia*, and to make War with the *Perſians*; before he took Ship, he enquir'd after the Eſtate of all his Friends, to know what Means they had to follow him; then he diſtributed and gave to one Lands, to another a Village, to this man the Cuſtom of ſome Haven, to another the Profit of ſome Borough Town, beſtowing in this manner, the moſt part of his Demeſns and Revenues; and when *Perdicus*, one of his Lieutenants, ask'd him what he reſerv'd for himſelf; he anſwer'd, (*I leave Hope for* Alexander;) ſo great Confidence had this Noble Warrier in his own Vertue; nothing in the World is more common than Hope, it abides with the moſt Proſperous, nor doth it abandon the moſt Wretched; without Hope, our Life wou'd be inſupportable; for as the Winds do not always blow vehemently, ſo happy Men are not ever Fortunate, nor unhappy Men always Miſerable; Hope eaſeth the Burthen of Mans Miſeries, and

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it never fails him until he ceaſes to be; Hope is the beſt Comforter in the greateſt Adverſities, becauſe nothing ſo much diſſipates the ſharpneſs of preſent Calamities, as the hope of future Felicities; there is Viciſitudes in all things, and nothing below continues in one State and Condition; Winter does not continue ever, and the Moon is not always in her Wain; thoſe Fortune frowns on to day, ſhe may ſmile on to morrow; the Air is not always tempeſtuous, nor the Sun continues not long clouded; Vertuous Perſons may fall into Misfortunes, but they be of ſmall durance. Theſe Conſiderations did ſomething allay and diſſipate the Griefs our diſconſolate Lovers endured, elſe it had been too heavy a Burthen; for their Condition ſeem'd ſo deſperate, only a Divine Power cou'd relieve them, ſince Humane Aſſiſtance fail'd them; the Relation of *Almerin*'s Life, inſtead of a Divertiſement, that *Cynthia* expected, became an Addition to their own Miſeries, and an Augmentation of their Fears; yet in civility, ſhe was inforc'd to render him thanks for his Narration; after ſome diſcourſe had paſs'd about ſome Particulars of it, day left this upper World, and Night began to cloath her ſelf in a ſable Black, ſo puting a period to their Diſcourſe, *Orſamus* and *Almerin*, each taking their reſpective Farewels of *Cynthia*, left her to her Reſt; *Orſamus* retiring to his Cabbin, and *Almerin* to give Commands to his Souldiers, concerning the ordering of the Ship. Some days

paſs'd

pass'd away, while they cruised about, in expectation of some more prizes, that they might not go Home unloaden for *Norway*. This Consideration alone, retarded their Voyage.

In the mean time, *Almerin* prosecuted his Suit to *Cynthia* with much eagerness, still keeping himself in the bounds of his Respect, until, by the return of *Cynthia*'s Beauty, his Love blew his Lust into a Flame, which cou'd not be extinguish'd without Peril to either side; Love is a Passion, of all other, most lovely, until Lust takes a Moiety, and becomes his Rival; then it becomes a very Tyrant, and is subject to the greatest Villany, for were Passion bears sway there is no place admitted for Reason to plead; no wonder then if *Almerin* broke the Laws wherewith he had confin'd himself, since Reason made them, and Passion is always a Rebel to Reason; sometimes they give him fair hopes, but as often defer him with delays, but delay breeds impatience, and impatience as often begets Extreams; this was fully verified in *Almerin*, although *Cynthia* forbore as much as possible, to treat him harshly, that she might still keep him in terms of Respect.

About nine days had pass'd away, since first they were surprised, when he came very rudely into her Cabbin, and with much Insolence, treated her in this manner: *Madam, I see all my Civilities have been lost upon you, and you provoke me to destroy all the Considerations that have flow'd from that Fountain. I have henceforth de-*

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creed to ſeek my Satisfaction by other means, ſo that I allow you until to morrow to frame a Reſolution, and if that fail, to o'recome your Obſtinacy, I ſhall know how to oblige you unto it, in ſpight of your Averſion. He confirm'd this Menace with many other, and his Actions agreeing thereunto, told him to have ſpake nothing, but what he had fully determin'd before in his Mind; ſaying this, he left the Cabbin, without the leaſt reſpect, and in his going out, he fortun'd to meet *Orſamus*, as then going to pay his uſual Viſit to *Cynthia*, and greeting him in this rough Language: *Sir* (ſaid he) *remember, from henceforth you are my Priſoner, and ſince Fortune is no more kind unto you, and gives you no greater Tie over your Siſters Affections, that ſhe will not ſuffer you to gain your Freedom, from henceforth you ſhall be treated like a Slave, or like one that has baſted and deluded me with falſe hopes; henceforth I ſhall find other ways to compaſs my Ends, without your Interceſſion; until to morrow I have allow'd your Siſter to veil her Wilfulneſs to my Deſires, which if you can perfect, you may both yet be happy.* Saying this, he left him, not expecting a Reply; which Fortune fell out well for *Orſamus*, for his Anſwer, no doubt, wou'd have incenſed the Pirate to preſent Extremities, for *Almerin* ſpake to a man, whoſe Spirit was not capable to be frighted by Bugbears; inſtead of being amazed at his Change, it began to rouſe his Courage for a ſpeedy Revenge: *Baſe Man* (ſaid he) *Doſt think thy Villany ſhall*

always

always remain unpuniſh'd, and that there is no Period ſet to thy Wickedneſs? Barbarous Man (continued he) *thou doſt but haſten on thy Fate, which elſe might have been defer'd ſome ſmall time longer.* This ſaid, he entred into *Cynthia*'s Cabbin, yet compoſing all that was fierce and terrible in his Looks to a lovely Sweetneſs, he found the Idea of all his Felicity, bathing that lovely Object in Tears; Love and Pity wou'd have perſwaded him to bear her Company in her Sorrows, ſhe made Grief ſeem ſo lovely; but better reaſon taught him to diſſipate thoſe Floods of Woes, if poſſible, that thus oppreſs'd her; when falling at her Feet, embraceing her Knees, with a tender emotion of Pity and Compaſſion: *Why theſe precious Showers, Madam?* (ſaid he) *wherefore theſe Over-flowings of Grief? is it becauſe this Villain has ſo confidently ſet a time to finiſh his Deſires? Alas my deareſt Princeſs! he does but hurry on his own Puniſhment, and ſet an end unto his Villany; fear not the Iſſue, Madam, for if you fear, I ſhall faint; from your Eyes I ſhall receive my Deſtiny; oh! let them not be overcaſt with clouds, as a certain Omen of my Overthrow; Death it ſelf, cou'd not beget an Effect in my Soul like your Tears. Oh ceaſe to exerciſe thoſe Cruelties on your ſelf! and be not ſo unkind to one that loves you above his Life.*

All the time of this Diſcourſe, *Orſamus* remain'd at her Feet, exceſs of Grief having almoſt made her inſenſible; but recollecting her Spirits, taking him by the Hand, *Riſe* Orſamus, (ſaid

(ſaid ſhe) *and blame not my Griefs, ſince Fortune intends to put no Period to our Misfortunes, nor end to our Miſeries; ſhe is become cruel without remorſe, and Pitileſs without Compaſſion; if I think of Hope, ſhe ſoon transforms it into Deſpair, and if I dare imagine I may be more Happy, ſhe ſoon curbs me in for that Preſumption; if there is no determinate end ſet to my Misfortunes, why ſhou'd I expect any longer, and not court Death as the laſt Remedy? then blame not the Tears I ſhed in ſo woful a Caſe, ſince ſome fall for* Orſamus, *and accompany thoſe that drop away for* Cynthia. *Orſamus* raviſh'd at this free and unconſtrain'd Anſwer of *Cynthia*, and manifeſtation of her Pity: *Oh! Madam*, (ſaid he) *how happy do you make me in the midſt of my Misfortunes, a thouſand ſuch Lives as mine ſpent in your Service, were but poor Arguments to balance, or make a Recompence for the leaſt of thoſe precious Tears that you ſhed. Oh reſt contented, my deareſt Princeſs! I am only ſafe in your Security, and happy in your Satisfaction: Oh fear not for me! it is impoſſible I ſhou'd be thus fortunate and yet be unhappy.*

In ſuch mournful Diſcourſe they paſt away the Day, till Night approach'd to accompany them with her diſmal Shades; this Night *Orſamus* continu'd with *Cynthia*, a woful Companion of her Sorrows, nor was it gainſaid by *Almerin*, ſince he apprehended it wou'd be a furtherance to his Deſigns; much Diſcourſe paſs'd between theſe unfortunate Lovers that inſuing Night, ſo woful, that my Pen cannot

deciphet them in their true Colours, and therefore I continue silent.

Night began to cast off her Sable Mantle, and *Luna* gave an Exit to this upper World; Darkness was hush'd away, and *Phœbus* newly darted his resplendent Rays from the East, when our disconsolate Lovers prepar'd themselves for the Disasters that might befal them the succeeding Day. Scarce had the Aurora of the Day given place to that illustrious Planet the Sun, but *Almerin*, with hasty Steps, made towards the Cabbin-door; which was no sooner perceiv'd by *Orsamus*, but he made ready for his Entertainment; *Cynthia* perswaded him from an Attempt upon his Life, but he return'd answer, *Cease fair Soul, and let me alone, middle ways to such Enterprizes are dull.* By this time *Almerin* came to the Cabbin-door, which was open'd unto him by *Orsamus*; at his Entrance, he suddenly disarm'd him of his Sword, with such an impetuous Fury, that before he cou'd cry for Help, or make the least Resistance, he cast him deadly wounded at his Feet. *Lie there, thou main Obstructer of my Quiet*, (said he) *take the Reward of thy Villany in the Grave.* Hardly was he fallen on the Deck, but his amaz'd Spirits return'd, being ready to give a Farewel to that old Companion the Body; which *Orsamus* seeing, made ready to give him another Blow, so to make a sudden End to that fatal Separation, which *Almerin* perceiving, cry'd out, *Oh hold your Hand! it is enough, I*

feel

feel my Soul is ready to take her Flight, and my Continuance here will be but for a few moments, when I muſt go hence, and never return no more. O take a Truth from my Mouth! the laſt Words of a dying Man, and let them be annexed to the fatal Story of my Life, for the advantage of ſucceeding Times.

Yeſternight, about the time that the Moon, the fair Ruler of the diſmal Shades, began to decline towards the Weſt, t'illume that part of Heaven, the Bell then beating One, as I lay in my Cabbin upon my Bed, a feeble and low Voice came unto my Ear: Almerin *awake, the laſt Period of thy Life draws near; oh be wiſe! and endeavour to avoid it. I ſuddenly ſtarted from my Bed at this Summons, but ſtiffned with amazement, for behold I ſaw the fair Idea of my dearest* Deidemona *cloſe by me, in the ſame Form I have related unto you: Ariſe,* continu'd this fair Shape, *and let me make thee underſtand things whereof thou art yet Ignorant, for which I have burſt the Cerements of my Sepulchre, and the Earth wherein I was hearſed, to give thee a timely Warning: but ſoft; methinks I ſcent the Morning Air, I muſt be brief, and ſo leave thee. Know* Almerin, *the utmoſt Date of thy Life, allotted thee by the Fates, is at an end, ſince thou deſireſt to live, and there is no way to avoid it, but by neglecting the Cauſe: Oh, ceaſe to love this fair Unknown, now in thy Caſtody! thy Love to me, has made thy Life unpleaſant; the continuance of thy Love to her, will make thee miſerable to all eternity; ſet her aſhore, on the Land from whence*

thou raviſh'dſt her, and make thy ſelf miſerable by her Abſence, that beginning to loath thy Life, thou may'ſt keep it ſome few moments longer, which ſpend to pacifie the offended Deities, that thou may'ſt be happy in the Life to come; make uſe of this Advertiſement, from one that muſt needs love thee in the Grave. About this time, a Cock, I have a long time kept aboard my Veſſel, began to crow, at which this fair Spirit ſtarted, as a guilty thing. But hark, (continu'd it) I hear a Summons, that ſpeaks Matins to be near, ſo that I muſt depart with ſpeed to my Confinement: Adieu, adieu, make uſe of my Advice; farewel, and be happy; and ſo it vaniſh'd from my Sight. When I recollected my amazed Spirits, I cou'd not frame a Reſolution to prefer my Life before my Love, and indeed my Soul was ſo rack'd and diſturb'd, that much t me paſs'd before I cou'd reſolve on any thing; but at laſt, conſtrain'd by neceſſity, I agreed to quit my deareſt Object for ever; but alas, alas, many Doubts caſt themſelves in the way, and my Mind was as yet unſtable, unto which ſide I ſhou'd incline: ſo that leaping from my Bed, I girded on my Sword, leaving my Cabbin to make theſe Diſaſters known unto you, to crave your Advice, and ſee what has fallen out; in my Death I have no more than my Deſerts, yet I ſhou'd die ſatisfi'd, cou'd I ſecure your Safety; but my Breath begins to fail me, ſo that I cannot perform this laſt Office to my Love. Oh this gloomy World! in what a Shadow and deep Pit of Darkneſs do you leave us; into what diſmal Place, and Abiſs of miſery muſt

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I be convey'd? Where muſt my fleeting Soul take her Habitation? Oh you Divine Deities, that puniſh the Errors Mortals commit in this Life, with perpetual Torments! is there no End or Period ſet, but from Eternity to Eternity? is there no revoking of your Decrees, nor no Ceſſation of our Torments? Oh no! Alas, alas, none that go to that appointed Place, ever return back again. Oh horrible! Oh fearful! Oh terrible! ſtill beginning, and never ending Eternity; now I deſire to live, becauſe I fear to die; yet I wou'd die, becauſe I wou'd be freed from the Fear of worſe to come. Oh happy, they that ſo live, that they may never be afraid to die; to ſuch, Death is a Bed of Reſt, eternal Happineſs, and their Reward is Elizium;—*but mine is—another Voyage,—my laſt minutes are at hand;—I go away in a Miſt I know not how;—I can no more,—Farewel.*— At this Word he gave up the Ghoſt, to the amazement of *Orſamus*, and the Terror of *Cynthia*.

In a moment, the Glory of the Day was overcaſt with black Clouds, the Winds grew boiſtrous, and the Seas turbulent; the reſounding Echo of the Thunder-claps were terrible to the Hearer; Flaſhes of Lightning made the Ship ſeem on Fire, with Storms of Hail and Rain, ſo that there began a cruel Tempeſt; the Waves grew proud, and the Ship diſdain'd to be govern'd by the Pilots Skill; ſo that the Men made towards *Cynthia*'s Cabbin, to give notice to their Captain, to have his Advice; when, behold they were amaz'd at the diſmal

Object presented unto their Eyes; they saw him wallowing in his own Blood, at the Entrance of the Cabbin; this Sight was follow'd by a loud and bitter Cry, and with the Lamentations of many different Voices; still the Storm continued, and their Confusion increased, until at last, recollecting their Distraction, they agreed with one Consent, to make good their Revenge upon *Orsamus*, who they doubted not, had been the Murtherer of their Captain; part they appointed to manage the Ship in that Storm, while the rest went to sacrifice his Blood to the Ghost of their slain Commander; their Resolution was answerable to their Design; for the Loss of their Captain, whom they lov'd so intirely, and in whom they built their future Fortunes, had rais'd their Choler to such an heighth, that nothing cou'd allay it but his Death; this was made manifest in their fierce Assault, which was by *Orsamus* as bravely repulsed; for he had gotten this Advantage, that defending himself at the Entrance of the Cabbin-Door, but one at a time cou'd endanger or hurt him, and that Odds seem'd not much unequal unto him; the Combat continu'd hot on both sides, *Orsamus* for the Safety of his deareſt *Cynthia*, and the Pirats for their Revenge; three of the Pirats, *Orsamus* had sent to accompany their Captain, neither did he himself escape without Wounds; things were thus stated, when the Tempest began to asswage, and one from the Fore-castle

began

began to cry out *A Sail, a Sail.* This Summons perſwaded them to defer their Revenge for a ſmall time, ſo that of that great number that aſſail'd him, ſix only ſtaid as a Guard to ſecure him, fearing, ſhou'd they ingage, he might iſſue forth, and joyn with the Enemy, to their no ſmall diſadvantage.

The Ship drew nearer, making towards them with full Sails, and before their Preparations were in a readineſs for defence, they were ſaluted with a ſhower of Arrows, that ſeem'd to darken the Sky; in a few moments they came to a cloſer Combat, and grapled with their Ship, then the Fight became bloody and cruel, Deſpair made the Pirats couragious, ſo that twice they repuls'd them, with no ſmall Loſs; in the third Aſſault they were worſted, and their Enemies taking advantage of their Retreat, ſlew all leaving not a man alive; thoſe that guarded *Orſamus* were fled away, and eſcap'd his Hands, but it was only to fall by others; ſome that were forwardeſt for Plunder and Spoil, wou'd have entred *Orſamus*'s Cabbin, but their Lives paid the Forfeit of their Folly; this occaſion'd another bickering, and drew moſt part of the Conquerors together, to behold a Reſiſtance ſo bravely maintain'd by one Man, where eight lay wallowing in their Blood; yet he made good his Defence ſtill, in the Paſſage he had undertaken to keep; thus he continued triumphing in their Deaths, making himſelf a Barricado of their Carcaſes, while

the Victorious Captain that had boarded the Ship was a Spectator, and pitying that so much Bravery shou'd wither in the Bud, and be destroyed by rustick Hands, he commanded his Men to leave assailing him: and drawing something nearer: *Gallant Man* (said he) *your Courage has gain'd an Esteem in the Breast of your Enemy; cease this fatal Contest, and I promise you Safety, both of Life and Liberty.*

Your Offer is Noble, (replied *Orsamus*) *nor cou'd it flow, but from a Breast truly generous; it is not only against your Men I have made this Resistance, but against the whole Strength of the Ship, before your Valour subdu'd it; the Captain lies here a Sacrifice, slain by my hand, and nothing cou'd have preserv'd my Life, had not Divine Providence directed you hither; yet being my Preserver, I dare not deliver my self on these Terms; not that I doubt the Performance of your Promise but a small Addition thereunto, here is within this Cabbin, one, whose Safety if I cannot secure, I shall little value my own; if you please to let us both share alike in your Bounty and Generosity, and promise to include us both in that noble Offer of Life and Liberty you so lately proffer'd me, I'll submit my self to your Protection; if not, I am ready to make good my Defence, with the Loss of that Life, I shall not esteem, without the intire Performance of these Articles.* Saying this, he put himself in a Posture of Defence. *Hold,* (quoth the Captain) *for Curiosities sake, I'll fulfil all thy Request, in the King of* Kents *Name, my Royal Master, I*

plight

plight thee my Faith, and before our great God, I vow to keep it intire. *Orſamus* remain'd amaz'd at his Anſwer, and after ſome Reſolutions in his Spirit, (he replied) *Ha, King of* Kent *ſaid you? come and finiſh what you have begun, for I'll never live to ſee that in anothers Power, the Treaſure in anothers Cuſtody, that is whole and intirely due to my Merits.*

Scarce had theſe Words took a Farewel from his Mouth, but behold an aged old man, with more haſt than his many years wou'd permit him, made through the Croud towards him, and being come ſomething nearer, that he might be heard, with an Ecſtacy of Joy, he utter'd theſe Word, (*My Noble Lord* Orſamus *living, and found here! Heavens, you have ſatisfied my tedious Expectations!*) and pauſing a while with admiration, he continu'd his Diſcourſe: *Sir, I am not ſo much loſt unto your Memory, but you may remember one* Willifrid., At this *Orſamus* recollecting himſelf, cried out, *My dear Father, Oh come into this fatal Place, that I may have this Happineſs in Death, to die in the Defence of two Perſons that ſhare my Soul betwixt them! Oh Sir!* (replied the old Man) *talk not of Death, we came in ſearch of you, only for your Safety; that I may make all this evident unto you, ceaſe your Admiration for a time.* This ſaid, and all continuing ſilent, he proceeded as followeth.

Oſwald, *that famous King of the* Northumbers, *had a Brother named* Oſwin, *the only Succeſſor*

ceſſor to that great Kingdom; he was married to a Noble Lady, by whom he had Iſſue, Egfrid the Elder, and Orſamus one year younger; (ſo that you are not my Son, as hitherto you have eſteem'd your ſelf) when that fatal Battel of Maſſerfield was fought by King Penda, the Tyrant of Mercia, againſt your Uncle Oſwald, King of the Northumbers, in which Field he was ſlain, ſo weak were the Hopes of your Family, that I thought it great Wiſdom and Thrift, to preſerve one alive, in ſpite of the Viciſſitudes of Fortune, that there might not want one of that Family to ſway the Scepter of the Northumbers. It was then uncertain, whether Oſwin your Father, or your elder Brother Egfride had ended their Lives at that moment; as ſoon as Tidings were brought of their diſmal Overthrow, I fled with you, being as then about ten years old, unto the next Port Town, where I got Shiping, and eſcaped away, to find a more ſecure Sanctuary in another Country, than in our own; that I kept you from the Knowledge of your ſelf, your Pardon; it was my Love that err'd, for I did conclude it won'd be prejudicial. While we were ſailing on the Ocean, as you well remember, there aroſe a mighty Tempeſt, that I imagin'd we eſcap'd Death on the Land, to receive it from that liquid Element; the Storm increaſed, and with it our Fears, the Skill of the Mariners was us'd in vain, ſo that being left to the mercy of the Sea and Wind, we were convoy'd unto unknown Parts; the Storm continued, ſo that about the dawning of the ſecond Day, we diſcern'd Land, and before ever we had

time

time to recollect upon what Shore we were cast, we grounded upon a Rock, so that the Ship burst into a thousand pieces; the little time I had left, I did consider of your Safety, so that tying two Casks together, and securing you safely on, I left you to the mercy of the Sea, while I did provide for my own Security; neither cou'd I find that you did relent so much at the sense of Danger you were expos'd unto, as at your parting from me; after much danger of my Life, I secur'd me on a piece of Timber that came from the broken Ship, but mine was driven a contrary Course unto that which you went, so that we were soon separated a great distance, so that I never saw you since, until this moment. Sometime after your Father recover'd, and took Possession of his Brothers Kingdom, and after I had made a stricks Inquiry about them Parts, where I conceived you were landed ashore, and not finding you, I imagin'd you had paid your Life, as a Tribute unto the unmerciful Waves: so that I return'd home sorrowful into my own Country, and made this Relation unto your Father, who bitterly lamented your Loss; but time at last put your Memory into Oblivion, when he consider'd you were not among the Living.

Some years had added themselves unto the Age of Time, when Fame proclaim'd, in our Country, the excellent Beauty of Cynthia, Daughter to the King of Kent; so much did the Report of this fair Unknown, seize your Brother Egfrid's Affections, as he desir'd his Father to treat of an Alliance with the King of Kent, by a Marriage with his

his Daughter; his Father, that after the Report of your Death, did prize him as the Apple of his Eye, unwilling to croſs his Affections in a Cauſe ſo juſt, immediately accorded with his Deſires, and choſe me for that Embaſſage; ſo that well attended, in a few days I arriv'd at Doroborina, *the Regal City of* Kent; *in a ſmall time I was admitted to a Hearing, where I deliver'd the ſum of my Ambaſſage; hardly had I arriv'd unto the Period of my Commands, but with Tears in his Eyes, he began as followeth.*

'Sir, Some few years ago, when my Felicity was more upholden by Fortune than at preſent, when I injoy'd my deareſt *Cynthia*; for now ſhe is not; or if ſhe be, ſhe is not to me, in a pleaſant Morning, e're *Sol* had caſt his Rays from the Eaſt on the Mountain tops, ſhe aroſe to injoy the Variety of the pleaſant Spring, which *Flora* had cloath'd in her choiceeſt Garb; the pearly Dew did yet hang on the ſweet Damask Roſes, and the Infant Bloſſoms caſt forth a pleaſant Savour; the wild Queriſters of the Wood made the Vallies ring with the Echo of their delightful Notes; while her Contemplation was taken up on the muſing of theſe Rareties, her Curioſity had brought her to a little Path, which led towards the Sea, which was not far from the Place where ſhe then was; ſtraying ſome ſmall way farther, and caſting her Eyes on the Ocean, they encountred with an Object, that at once parted her Admiration and Pity;

'ſhe

'ſhe ſaw a Youth about her own Age, that had 'ſecur'd himſelf on two Casks, and with his 'utmoſt Skill, endeavour'd to gain the Shore, 'Remorſe is never wanting in ſo tender a 'Breaſt, nor was it now abſent from hers; ſhe 'commanded thoſe men that attended, with all 'expedition, to make off, and ſave his Life, 'and bring him unto her, having more timo-'rous apprehenſions of his Safety, than at that 'time needed; her Commands were exactly 'obey'd, ſo that by their Induſtry, in a few 'moments they had ſecur'd him aſhore, and 'weak and feeble as he was, preſented him be-'fore *Cynthia*; he ſtood as one amaz'd, gazing 'on her Face a long time, at laſt breaking ſi-'lence, he began as followeth. *Oh Heavens! Where am I caſt? to what happy Shore am I brought? do the Deities transform themſelves into the Shape of Mortals, to become my Preſervers? Whatever you be,* (continu'd he) *with a Grace Mageſtick, you can never make this Live you have preſerv'd happy, if you divorce it from this ſweet Object.* 'This was ſpoken with an Action ſo becoming, 'that it was the Wonder of the Spectators. 'This Diſcourſe was as innocently taken as it 'was ſpoken, and *Cynthia* anſwer'd it only with 'a Smile, giving Commands they ſhou'd ſhift off 'his wet Cloths, and attire him in New; 'telling him he ſhou'd be hers, and wait on her. 'He took his Leave with a profound Reve-'rence, and ſhe left him to the Guard of her 'Servants, and return'd to the Palace. The

'Sun

'Sun had not run many hours in his Career, 'before this pretty Youth was again presented 'unto *Cynthia*, array'd according to her desire; 'the Fear of Death being past, and his feeble 'Spirits revived by her Servants Care, his Vi-'gor returned to its former Lustre; the chang-'ing of his Habit made him appear so graceful, 'that she cou'd hardly perswade her self he 'was the same, whom, a few hours before, she 'did behold in that forlorn Condition; so 'much do Ornaments add to exterior Beauty. 'These Helps made her discover a new Mine 'of Masculine Beauties, which before, seem'd 'to have left their Habitation, so that she suf-'fer'd him to gain ground in her Affection, and 'a great hold in her Esteem; I remember I 'was walking in my Palace Garden, when *Cyn-'thia* presented him unto me, after her Obser-'vations pay'd, which were never wanting. *Look here Sir,* 'said she, taking the Youth by 'the Hand, with a Smile sweetly innocent: *See how fortunate I have been to day by my early rising, to be the Preserver of this pretty Lad, which, with your Consent, I wou'd have to attend on me, since it is his desire to spend his Life, I so happily preserv'd, in my Service.* 'With this she related 'where, and how he came unto her Hands; I 'staid some time for an Answer, contemplat-'ing his Behaviour, and sweet becoming Gra-'ces; me-thought I saw something in that 'Morning of his Age already risen, of Maje-'stick and Heroical. I question'd him of his

'Name,

'Name, Country, and Friends; he accosted me 'with a Garb, wherein was nothing of Rustick, 'and with a stately Modesty, he return'd me 'this Answer. *Sir, my Name is* Orsamus, *my Father an aged old Man, which I fear,* (continued he, with a grievous Sigh) *perish'd in the late Storm; my Country is far hence, in Parts unknown to me, for some Reasons, unreveal'd, my Father left it, and being Shipwrack't in the late Tempest, he secur'd my Safety upon two Casks; many hours I continu'd on the Waves, uncertain of Life, until I was cast on this happy Shore, and rescued from the Jaws of* Neptune, *by this Fair Divinity, in whose Service I shou'd be too happy, were I assur'd of my dear Fathers Safety.* 'At the Period of this 'Discourse, he let fall a shower of Tears, to 'the memory of so near a Loss; we comforted 'him with the most agreeable words we cou'd 'frame, telling him, his Mistriss won'd be to 'him instead of a Father, that if his Father 'were cast upon our Coast, he shou'd have no-'tice given of his Safety; he seem'd much sa-'tisfied with this Discourse, which Content-'ment he express'd in his Countenance, for that 'time he left me, and attended the Princess.

'He was already become the Darling of the 'whole Court, every day added to the esteem 'he had already gotten, who all admir'd such 'uncommon Graces shou'd bud in years so 'green; he had a Solidity that o'ertopt his 'Age, he was never hardly from *Cynthia*'s eye, 'nor indeed did she desire it, so that he seem'd

'to

'to bound his whole Felicity in her Service; 'he waited upon her Walks and Recre-'ations, but ſtill kept himſelf about her 'with a profound Reverence; his Officiouſ-'neſs was ſuch, that all his Actions beſpake 'him; he wou'd not prize the deareſt Good be-'fore the leaſt and ſmalleſt occaſion to pleaſe 'her; he courted all Opportunities, Times and 'Places, to make it manifeſt; if ſhe wou'd re-'tire her ſelf into an Arbour, there wou'd he 'charm ſweet Sleep upon her Eye-lids, with 'delightful Muſick, in which Art he was very 'excellent; and while ſhe ſlept, he wou'd re-'main a careful Sentinal; the Princeſs, young 'as ſhe was, did not bury theſe Services in obli-'vion, but rated them at their true value in her 'Breaſt, rewarding all with a grand Eſteem, 'which was receiv'd by him, as a Reward far 'exceeding his Merits; he cou'd ſo ſweeten his 'Diſcourſe and Actions to ſo near a Sympathy, 'his Converſation being ſo charming and agree-'able, that *Cynthia* was never ſatisfied when he 'was abſent; as his years increas'd, he bent his 'delight to Manly Exerciſes, ſo that many times 'his gallant Deportment in publick Spectacles, 'drew admiration from all that did behold 'him, and ere he had attain'd his fifteenth year, 'he won the Prize in all thoſe Exerciſes where-'in Valour or Wit were needful: ſo that he be-'came rarely skil'd in every Undertaking, to 'which his Vertuous Inclinations carried him. '*Cynthia* counted that day happy wherein ſhe 'found

'found him, and my greateſt Nobles became 'enamor'd of his Carriage, calling him the 'fair Stranger; his Behaviour was ſo free, 'ſweet, generous, and obliging, that there was 'not one that envied his Happineſs; nor was 'it a ſmall hold he had gotten in my Eſteem.

'His Affairs ſtood thus in Court, when my 'Land was ſuddenly invaded by *Cevaline*, King of 'the Weſt-Saxons. I rais'd an Army to oppoſe 'him, as ſpeedily as time wou'd permit me, and 'ſet forward to meet him; when this young Novice, fir'd with Hopes of Action, to make tryal 'of his Valor, taking opportunity, when the Prin-'ceſs was alone, he accoſted her in this manner. *Madam, I am too happy in the Felicity you have raiſed me unto, in being your Servant, nor wou'd I prefer my Life, when I ceaſe to be yours. But now opportunity preſents, what perchance Fortune may never offer again; your Country is invaded by Enemies, and I wou'd deſire your good Leave, to accompany your Royal Father in this Expedition againſt thoſe Pagans, that dare to commit ſo great a Sacrilege, where in the Field of Honour, I may purchaſe ſome petty Trophies, that may raiſe me to deſerve that Eſteem your Goodneſs has had for me.* 'Cynthia having a while conſider'd of his Re-'queſt, with an unuſual Kindneſs in her Eyes, 'made this Reply. *Yes* Orſamus, *you have my free Leave to go, nor can I truſt you better, than with my Father; yet ſhall I tell you, it is not without regret, I give you this Licence. Yet it is no ſmall hopes I promiſe my ſelf from theſe early begin-*

nings of your Bravery; go then, and be happy, for you shall never want the Prayers of your Mistriss. Then, (quoth he) *in a Rapture, I dare Fortune to bring the least Obstruction to my Hopes.* 'This 'said, he attended her to my Chamber, where 'she made known his Resolution unto me; nor 'cou'd I disapprove the Gallantry of his Mind, 'but commending his Forwardness, gave him my 'Consent, ordering him always to be near my 'Person; thus I parted from my dearest *Cynthia*, leaving her Rosie Cheeks bedew'd with 'Pearly Tears, for fear of the Dangers I ex-'pos'd my self unto.

'We marched forwards by unusual Journies, 'to hinder the Enemies foraging of the Coun-'try, until at last we encamp'd upon a large 'Plain, on the Frontiers of my Kingdom, call'd '*Black-Heath*; here we took the advantage of 'our Ground, and bad the Enemy Battle; it 'was first began by the Forerunners of our Ar-'mies, but at last our main Battels ingaged, and 'the Fight became bloody on both sides, Victo-'ry as yet remaining doubtful, to which side she 'wou'd incline, at last, by a violent Charge of 'the Enemy, my Ranks were broken, and 'my main Battle disorder'd, and spite of my 'Guard, I was taken Prisoner; this was no 'sooner understood by *Orsamus*, but like a 'young *Mars*, he rush'd into the midst of the 'Throng, dealing Blows with so much Brave-'ry, that instead of making a Defence, his Acti-'ons were become the admiration of the Behol-

'ders,

'ders, to see one so young, become so resolute 'and daring; five lay groveling on the Earth, 'and thought of Death made others keep at 'further distance, thinking themselves happy 'in avoiding his fatal Sword, which never fell 'but perform'd dire Execution, that by their 'hasty Flight, many times his Blows only part-'ed the brittle Air; he follow'd this Advan-'tage with such good success, that, spight of 'their Resistance, before they cou'd secure me 'in the Body of their Army, he had re-mounted 'me upon his own Horse, mounting himself up-'on one he had made Masterless, and by his Va-'lor forc'd our way, and secur'd me amongst my 'own Troops. Upon certainty of my Safety, 'my men that began to leave the Field, made a 'brave Retreat, and renew'd the Fight with so 'much Fury, that Victory declar'd wholly on 'our side; but it came in bloody Colors, with 'the Loss of twenty thousand men. *Cevaline* nar-'rowly escap'd away, but his Brother was ta-'ken Prisoner by *Orsamus*, and so were many 'other of his chiefest Captains; so that 'very few escaped away. When the Fight 'was ended, I had *Orsamus* to my Tent, where 'I saw him disarm'd, and some slight Wounds 'he had receiv'd dress'd by my own Surgeon; 'I caressed him with all the Endearments due to 'an only Son, knighted him in the Head of my 'Army, confer'd Honours on him, I thought 'Youth might be ambitious off; he receiv'd 'all with a becoming Obedience, and a dutiful

'Reſpect; his Fortune did not make him ar-
'rogant, but rather added to his Humility.
'After Rites, due to the Dead were perform-
'ed, we marched Home triumphant, with our
'Priſoners, the Trophies of our Victory, un-
'to this City; our Entrance was magnificent,
'and this young Warrier accompanied me on
'my Right-hand; their Eyes were wholly fix-
'ed on him, their Praiſes were numberleſs,
'the Vows they made in his behalf were many,
'ſuch as many times raiſed a fiery Bluſh in his
'youthful Cheeks; at laſt we arriv'd at the
'Palace, where we were receiv'd by *Cynthia*
'with many Expreſſions of Joy; I took her by
'the Hand, ſee here, my dear *Cynthia*, ſaid I,
'your Servant returns home ſafe, the Protector
'of your Fathers Life, and your Countries
'Champion. *Orſamus* (ſaid ſhe) *I always ex-
pected great matters from your Valor, but thoſe
Actions be exceſſive. Madam* (replied *Orſamus*)
*Cou'd you look for leſs, from one that has the Ho-
nour to be yours? 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd pray,
and not receive the fruition of your Wiſhes.*
'Theſe Words were delivered with an Air
'repleat, and receiv'd by *Cynthia* with an Acti-
'on wholly charming; he attended us in, where
'the reſidue of that day, I ſpent in giving *Cyn-
'thia* an exact Relation of the laſt Fight, all
'which, begat *Orſamus* a greater eſteem in her
'Affection. I ſhou'd be too tedious, ſhou'd I
'relate the Diſcourſe then paſſed, or the Vi-
'ciſſitudes that hapned almoſt a year after, but
'only

'only tell you, he remained beloved of 'all, and ſurely ſeated in *Cynthia*'s Affecti- 'ons, where he treaſured up his whole Feli- 'city.

'But it fortuned ſoon after, although un- 'known unto me, I became the Diſturber of 'his Quiet, and chief occaſion that he left my 'Court. It fell out thus; the *Eaſt-Angles* King, 'my adjoyning Neighbour, craved *Cynthia* in 'Marriage by his Ambaſſador, for his Son *Cor-* '*dello*; my Council adviſed me to grant his Re- 'queſt, telling me, that by gaining ſo near an 'Alley, I did ſecure my Kingdom the more 'firmly from Invaſion; I condeſcended to their 'Advice, and concluded the Marriage with the 'ſaid Ambaſſadors, telling them I wou'd cele- 'brate their Nuptials in *Doroborina*; the Am- 'baſſadors returned Home, and in a few days 'after *Cordello* arriv'd with a great Train. 'The day was appointed to joyn their Hands, 'all Neceſſaries provided, yet by a ſad turn of 'Fortune, it came to no effect.

'After this Contract of Marriage, *Orſamus* 'became poſſeſſed with an unuſual Melancholy, 'he ſought out Solitary Places wherein to 'ſpend his time, a mortal Sadneſs was cha- 'racterred in all the Features of his Face, the 'whole Court concern'd themſelves in his 'Misfortunes, and my ſelf was not the leaſt; 'I oftentimes demanded of him from whence 'this Change did ariſe, but he never yielded 'me any account. This was ſoon taken notice

'of by *Cynthia*, ſo that being with him alone 'in the Garden Walks, taking opportunity 'from thoſe Heart-breathing Sighs, that brake 'from the Cloſet of his Breaſt; *How now* Orſamus? (ſaid ſhe) *why theſe Sighs? wherefore is your Countenance changed, ſeeing you are not ſick? What, have you let your ſelf fall into a Diſtemper below the Knowledge of your Miſtriſs? reveal it, that, if poſſible, I may procure a Remedy. There ſpake, my Miſtris* (replied *Orſamus*) *yes, it is only you can yield a Remedy; you made me happy, only to be unfortunate; Oh that I had been buried in the raging Waves, I ſhou'd have found a reſting place in* Elezium, *and not have died by a ſecond Death, more violent and cruel than the firſt! Oh, Madam!* (continued he) *Reſolve me, muſt you be married?. Yes,* (replied *Cynthia*, amaz'd at his Diſcourſe) *it is ſo decreed. Then farewel Hopes,* (continu'd *Orſamus*) *now Madam, you have provided a Remedy, Death and Deſpair will ſoon give a Period to my Life; but becauſe I will accord with your Deſire, in revealing the Cauſe of theſe ſtrange Effects, that your Diſpleaſure may haſten on the Death I ſo much deſire, Know, Madam, from that moment you preſerv'd my Life, until this time, I have nouriſh'd a Paſſion for your Vertues, accompanied with ſuch a Zeal, as will follow my Aſhes to the Grave; my Reſiſtance and Reaſon became too weak to turn the Current of it, although I levied all the Power againſt you, that was likely to preſent any Fruit to Hope, even in my greener Youth,*

which

which you know is apt to take home Objects to the Heart, before it has weigh'd them; I endeavour'd to fortifie my Soul against the Force of Nature, with an Opposition, under which I was like to fall your Sacrifice. I saw my Resolutions cowardly turn their Heads in the Combat against you, and though I called all the Knowledge that I ought to have of you and my self, to re-inforce them, at last I found an absolute Impossibility to hold up my Arms any longer. It was no blind Presumption that thrust me headlong upon this Attempt, for I never found any thing in my Person or Services that might authorise my Boldness; 'tis a resistless Constraint that only labours to excuse me. Seven long years are now past and fled away, since I have concealed this a Secret to my Bosom; the Summers scorching Heat, nor the tedious Winter Nights, or Icy Frost, co'd ere work the least Change; it was dayly nourished by your Goodness, although innocently, until it came to its full Growth; whilst there was the least Hope it thriv'd, nor did I ever complain, but to have Hope torn up by the Roots; to be confin'd never to see you more, is a Cruelty that cannot be born with: I can welcome Death with less repugnance: 'Here he continued si-'lent,

Hymen's Part 3. Pag. 253.

Præludia, Lib. 4. Lin 10.

'While *Cynthia* remained astonished at his 'Discourse; but at last recovering that assu-'rance she had lost the time of his Discourse. *How now* Orsamus, (replied she) *Is it thus you*

pay your Reſpects unto me? dare you raiſe your Ambition to the Daughter of a King? or cou'd you imagine I wou'd ever own your Pretenſions? I am ſorry my Eſteem ſhou'd be thus leſſened by your Folly, or that I ſhou'd be forc'd to deſire your Abſence, becauſe I wou'd not be guilty of a thing I cannot own; or if my Intentions or Inclinations cou'd lean that way, it is impoſſible my Father ſhou'd ever conſent, whoſe Diſpleaſure I wou'd not gain, to obtain the deareſt Good; to put an end to thoſe Dangers that this may occaſion for the future, I deſire you from henceforth, to avoid my Preſence, ſince there is only this means left to cure your Malady, while I reſtrain thoſe innocent Familiarities have diſturb'd your Quiet. Oh Madam! (quoth *Orſamus*, falling on his Knees) *Mitigate your Diſpleaſure a little, there wanted only this to make me perfectly wretched. It is decreed,* (replied *Cynthia*, with a Voice ſomewhat elevated, and Eyes beginning to kindle with anger;) *and it behoves not you to diſpute it.* 'Saying this, ſhe left him, without either 'Voice to ſpeak, or Strength to follow her; 'unto ſo ſad a Condition was he reduc'd: 'what his Complaints were after her Depar-'ture, I cannot tell, but certain I am, upon 'this occaſion, he abſented himſelf from Court, 'having firſt indited theſe Verſes, and con-'veyed them into her Cabbinet, which was 'not hard for him to do, conſidering the Ac-'ceſs and Liberty was always allowed unto 'him.. Some few hours after his Departure,

'they

'they came to *Cynthia*'s hands, and I think they 'ſpake theſe words.

Too cruel Cynthia, *for one ſmall amiſs,*
To rob me of my better part of Bliſs.
Oh cruel Life! that's never freed from fear,
Preſerv'd by Pity, ruin'd by Deſpair.
I Love, and therefore from your Sight I go,
Who can behold you, and not love you too?
'Tis all mens Fault, but my too wretched Fate
Makes only me the Object of your Hate.
I loſe your Preſence by too much Reſpect;
Others injoy it only by Neglect.
Oh diſmal Griefs, that harbour in my Breſt!
My abſent Joys beget me this Unreſt.
He that injoys a Bliſs, injoys a Croſs,
That makes him treble wretched in the Loſs.
When Phœbus *to our Sight doth diſappear,*
The Night ſeems darker, cauſe it once was here.
Your Doom is paſt, I'll not diſpute it now,
But to your Sentence with ſubmiſſion bow.
Farewel, my deareſt Miſtriſs, ſtubborn Heart,
Oh break, when I pronounce this word, (Depart.)
Adieu, my chiefeſt good, oh let that Breath,
That bids adieu, give Sentence to my Death!
I talk of going, yet I ſlowly move;
So weak does Reaſon to a Lover prove.
This Dulneſs only ſpeaks the want of Wit,
I wiſh you happy, yet wou'd hinder it.

Injoy

Injoy your Wishes then, while wretched I,
Seek out an unfrequented Place to die.
So in my Death, your Pity I may have,
To make my Ghost rest quiet in the Grave,

Orsamus.

'The sight of these Lines, and the Absence 'of *Orsamus*, produced great effects in the 'Breast of *Cynthia*; Discontent seated it self 'upon her Brow, the Carnations of her 'Cheeks began to abate, and the Lilies began 'to possess their Places; having demanded the 'reasons of these sudden Effects, she made me 'a Discourse of all the Particulars that had 'fallen out betwixt *Orsamus* and her self, and 'the occasion of his Absence, also shewing me 'these Verses I have rehearsed unto you. *Look here Sir*, (said she) *see the Resolution of this Unfortunate, occasioned by one hasty Word, which I fear will destroy what I so happily preserved, although the audacious revealing of his Love were an Offence, it was not of that degree, to call his Life in question. Shall I tell you*, (continued she) *from whom I do not conceal my closest Secrets, nor hide my dearest Resentments*; *had* Orsamus *Love been authoriz'd by your free Consent, I wou'd have chosen him out of the Stock of Mankind*; *nor can I much offend, in loving one that has been the Preserver of your Life, and Safeguard of your Kingdom.* I cou'd not much gainsay what she had 'said,

'ſaid, for *Orſamus*'s Vertues were ſo well 'grounded in my Breaſt, that oftentimes, I 'have had ſome thoughts my ſelf to his Advan-'tage, tending that way; but as things were 'now ſtated, I durſt not make my Concerns 'known unto *Cynthia*, leſt they might occaſion 'ſome Demur. The Marriage Day drew near 'at hand, and *Cordello* waited the Confirmati-'on of his Nuptials, ſo that I cou'd not go 'back from my Promiſe, without provoking 'the *Eaſt-Angles* King to be my Enemy. This 'Conſideration cauſed me to cloud my Counte-'nance over with a Frown. Fie, *Cynthia*, (re-'plied I) forget this man, one of ſo mean and 'low condition, were his Birth any ways cor-'reſpondent to thine, I think I ſhou'd have ac-'corded with thy deſires, had I known it be-'fore this Contract with *Cordello*; but this has 'proceeded ſo far, that the deferring of it 'wou'd endanger my whole Kingdom. Ba-'niſh this miſerable Man from thy Memory, 'and obey the Commands impoſed on thee by a 'Father and a King. *Cynthia* made no reply, 'but with a low Submiſſion, ſeem'd to conſent 'with what I deſir'd, and ſo left me, the Con-'duits of her Eyes being ready to overflow 'their Banks. After her Departure, I ſent 'ſecret Spies through all parts of my King-'dom, to ſearch for *Orſamus*, with Com-'mands, if they found him, to bring him back 'again; my Diſcontents came little ſhort of '*Cynthia*'s, for his Departure, for I cou'd not

'ſo

'ſo ſoon bury in Oblivion the Memory of ſo 'brave a Man, to whoſe Valour I was ſo much 'oblig'd; his Abſence wrought Effects upon 'my Soul, and his Merits had gotten ſuch ſure 'footing in my Breaſt, that had not this fatal 'Marriage been an Obſtruction, I wou'd have 'offer'd that into his Arms, he ſo much deſir'd, 'and I doubt not, I ſhou'd have found a clearer 'Satisfaction in his Perſon, than in the Poſſeſ-'ſion of Royalties.

'For true Nobility was never begun, but 'by Vertue: nor is it as the vulgar Opinion of 'Men rate it, but it is only the Praiſe and Sur-'name of Vertue, it is a miſerable Folly, to 'beg eſteem of dead men, when we deſerve 'none our ſelves; for the true Honour and 'Worſhip, ſaith a Wiſe Man, is the Vertue 'of the Mind, which Honour, no Monarch 'can give thee, nor no Flattery or Mo-'ney can purchaſe us: This Honour hath in 'it nothing feigned, nothing painted, no-'thing hid; of this Honour there is no Suc-'ceſſor, no Accuſer, no Defiler; this Ho-'nour is not varied, nor it eſteemeth not the 'Favour or Diſ-favor of Princes; it is only 'Vertue makes a difference betwixt the Vulgar 'and brave Heroick Souls. Nature makes no 'difference, as theſe Verſes briefly expreſs.

As little Trees that in the Valley grow,
Shadow'd by others of a greater height,
Whoſe ſpreading Branches cover all below,
Hiding thoſe little Cyons out of ſight;
Replant theſe Plants unto a Soil more free,
Each little Shrub will grow a lofty Tree.

All men one Mother have, and that is Earth,
Nature to all Kind, Privileges gave;
She makes no man Superior in his Birth,
Nor Death does make no difference in the Grave.
But Fortunes Darlings, ſmaller Shrubs do ſway,
That Spirits have, and Souls as good as they.

Wiſdom ennobles not the Royal Womb,
Good Deeds be Lawrel Crowns that ever flouriſh;
Vertues a Pyramid and laſting Tomb,
Such a Memento as can never Periſh.
This makes brave Souls to ſoar above the reſt,
As Reaſon makes a Man excel a Beaſt.

Awake my Soul, and fix thy Thoughts above;
Unto a higher Region take thy Flight;
Mount like the Morning Lark, or harmleſs Dove,
Above the various Change of Fortunes Spight.
Slight ſuch vain Earth-worms, as repoſe a truſt
In windy Honours, or in fading Duſt.

'Princes shou'd be Paterns of Vertue, to 'them over whom they Rule, for most People take their Rulers as a Glass to examine 'themselves by; so let the Prince be Vicious, 'the People shall not be Vertuous over whom 'he rules, for they think they cannot do better, than to regulate their Actions by their 'Princes; this Consideration shou'd be of 'force enough, to induce Princes so to live, 'that their vertuous Actions may shine in the 'Eyes of their Subjects, that they shou'd 'nourish budding Vertue, and protect it in a 'Cottage as well as in a Palace, for the Diamond is of as much value, worn by a poor 'Man, as upon the Finger of the Rich.

'I have the more inlarged my self on this 'Subject *(continued he)* because I apprehend 'my Neglect in rewarding Vertue, occasioned these Misfortunes that suddenly befel 'me. But to my Discourse again, from which 'I fear I have too long detained you: My 'Spies returned Home again, without bringing the least Intelligence of *Orsamus*'s abode; 'this being revealed unto *Cynthia*, added much 'unto her Grief; as *Orsamus* before had done, 'she sought out Solitude, she refrained Company, but when Decency requir'd it, she shun'd 'all Divertisements that might charm her Melancholy, so that she brought her self wholly 'to an Estate of Pity and Compassion; I beheld 'this Vicissitude with a mortal Vexation, and 'gladly wou'd have procured a Remedy,

'if

'if with safety I cou'd have purchased it.
'Time flew away with exceeding swiftness, 'and the Sun had but one Career to run, be- 'fore the Day of Marriage approached; and 'being unwilling at such a time, she shou'd 'be a desperate thing, wholly made up of 'Sorrow, I caused a stately Banquet to be 'prepared, in a Garden I had abutting to the 'Sea-side, environed by an unfrequented 'Wood, so situated, that Nature and Art, 'both endeavoured to make it a Nonparil; it 'was here I recreated my self, when my busi- 'ness at Court won'd permit my Absence; it 'was illustrated with many spacious Houses of 'Pleasure, adorned with *Flora*'s fairest Trea- 'sury, or what more fair that the Spring 'cou'd produce, whereunto frequented a me- 'lodious Consort of the wild Choristers of the 'neighbouring Woods. Variety of Objects 'will dissipate the deepest Sadness, but it pro- 'duced no Effects in the Soul of *Cynthia*, for 'thither I came with her, attended by *Cor- 'dello*, who accompanied us with a great Train. 'Our Banquet was ended, and the Sun began 'to decline towards the Western World, 'when we all betook our selves, each to 'those Pleasures the mind best affected; *Cor- 'dello* remained with me, and *Cynthia*, accom- 'panied only with her usual Attendance, di- 'rected her Walk to that part of the Garden 'abutting to the Sea; she hardly approached 'unto the utmost Bounds of the Garden, but

'she

'she gave a Caution to her Servants, to keep
'at a distance; these Commands were com-
'mon with her, when she desired to retire her
'self from Company, so that she was exactly
'obey'd; scarce, by the turning of some Al-
'leys, had she concealed her self from their
'sight, but by a small Passage, that gave en-
'trance into the Wood, she gave an Exit to
'the Garden, where she stray'd the better part
'of an Hour, before her Attendance wou'd
'break the bounds of those Commands she had
'imposed on them; at last, the Care of her
'Safety had precedency before their Breach of
'Duty, and they followed the same Path they
'saw her take, but they cou'd not find what
'they sought; by the Passage that they found
'open, they all agreed she had willingly stray-
'ed in the Woods; they once resolv'd to fol-
'low her, but better reason disswaded them;
'the Turnings were so intricate, that being
'once entred, it is possible they might sooner
'lose themselves, than recover their absent
'Mistriss; these second Thoughts directed them
'to give me notice of her Departure; this
'News seiz'd my Soul like a Thunder-clap,
'still things became worse and worse, each
'particular foreshewing an unhappy Augury
'to insue; nor did my Apprehensions fail me,
'for that I was afraid of, soon came unto me,
'and the thing which I did dread came upon
'me like a Tempest; upon these Tidings,
'in a moment we dispersed our selves into
'all

'all Parts of the Wood, promiſed great Re-
'wards to him that cou'd bring me the firſt
'Tidings of her Safety; ſcarce a Thicket in
'the Wood was left untraced, and as far as
'we cou'd conceive, all our Labours wou'd
'become fruitleſs, when it was *Cordello*'s hap
'to find her ſitting alone, on the out-ſide of
'the Wood. He made towards her, and ſeat-
'ed himſelf by her ſide; hardly had any Diſ-
'courſe paſs'd between them, but there iſſued
'out of the adjacent Wood, a man that bent
'his Steps towards the Water-ſide, but ſee-
'ing her ſit there, altered the Courſe of his
'Deſign; he caſt himſelf at her Feet, and was
'ſoon known to be the abſent *Orſamus*; after
'many Complaints that ſhe was cruel, ſea-
'ſoned with ſo many Tears, as wou'd have
'produced Pity in a barbarians Heart; his
'Carriage and Actions ſo deſperate amazed
'*Cynthia*, that ſhe had not force enough for a
'Reply: at laſt, he reſolved in deſperate
'manner, to ſacrifice the laſt part of his
'Life to his Love; he drew his Sword, the
'Sight and Fear of which, caſt *Cynthia* into a
'deadly Trance; he had made that Place the
'Tragick Scene of his Revenge on *Cordello*, if
'his Attendants had not fortunately made in
'and reſcued him from his Hands, and all at
'once aſſaulted him; five had their Paſſports
'for the other World, and no doubt, the
'Company, that continually increaſed, had
'put a Period to his Life, had not a ſtrange

'turn of Fortune preſerv'd him. From forth a
'ſmall Creek thereunto adjoyning, iſſued out
'ſixteen Pirats, at the ſight of which, thoſe
'that aſſaulted *Orſamus* fled away, but he
'made good his Defence againſt them all, for
'the Safety of *Cynthia*. Too late I had News
'of this, for I made to the Place with what
'Power I had, but I ſaw nothing but half a
'ſcore men lying dead on the Ground. A-
'mongſt thoſe that lay wallowing in their
'Goar, there was one that began to recover
'a little, and was ſo well followed by my
'Servants, that his Senſes return'd unto him.
'I promiſed him his Life, on condition he
'wou'd give me a true Relation what they
'were. After a ſigh or two as prologue, the
'wounded man began as followeth.

My Country is Norway, *and the Commander of theſe Men, with whom I came aſhore, is* Almerin, *the famous Rover of thoſe Northern Parts, and his Protector is the King of* Norway; *I believe the Name of* Almerin *is not unknown to the Inhabitants of* Albion, *but his Robberies keep it always green in Memory; under his Conduct, ſixteen of us came aſhore, and were bravely repulſed by one ſingle man, who made his Defence good againſt us all, for the preſerving of a Lady that lay Senſeleſs on the Ground; three of my Companions beſides my ſelf, lay groveling in their Blood at his Feet, which ſight incenſed* Almerin *to a ſpeedy Revenge, that they ruſhed upon him on all parts, with ſuch Rage and Force,*

that

that it ſeem'd impoſſible he ſhou'd make any longer Reſiſtance; in fine, they ſeiz'd him, and convoy'd both him and the Lady aboard our Veſſel, which lay in a ſmall Creek not for diſtant off, from whence, no doubt, they have put off to Sea. This is all the Account I can give you; for your Pardon of my Life, it is of no value, ſince my Paſs is ſign'd for the other World; Kings may take Life away, but they cannot command a Soul to ſtay when her Date is expired; ſuch is mine, Oh King! (continued he) *you cannot give what you dare not promiſe your ſelf; I am going the way of all Mortals; in Death there is no difference; my Soul is ready to take her laſt adieu; Oh let my Death be a Glaſs to ſhew what I was, and what you muſt ſhortly be!* Saying this, Life gave an exit indeed, and left his Body breathleſs on the Ground.

'Scarce had I unfixed my Eyes from this 'Object of Mortality, and caſt them to-'wards the Ocean, but behold I ſaw the 'Ship that contained all my worldly Joys, 'going before the Wind with full Sails, 'waſting away my Soul; how often did I 'wiſh ſome Remora wou'd retard her haſt, 'or that *Æolus* wou'd obſtruct its Flight? but 'my Prayers and Sighs were turn'd to Air, 'from whence they were framed, and pro-'duced no effects; I gave command to ſeve-'ral Veſſels to follow this Pirat, but all 'things agreed to further his Eſcape. The 'Night became exceeding dark, and there a-

'roſe a mighty Storm, ſo that he was convoy-
'ed to unknown Parts, far from my Country;
'my Ships were diſperſed by the Tempeſt,
'and moſt of them are return'd Home with-
'out Tidings. This Sir, is one reaſon I can-
'not accord with your Maſters Deſires, and
'the other is, were ſhe here, I cou'd not
'without breach of Honour, break my Pro-
'miſe to *Cordello*; although, ſhall I tell
'you, I hold him not fit to injoy ſuch a
'Treaſure, becauſe he has not Reaſon to
'prize the Worth of what he wou'd poſſeſs;
'theſe be the Cauſes that inforce me not to
'agree with his Requeſt, whoſe Alliance I
'ſhou'd otherways court, being far above my
'Hopes.

Here Sir, (continued *Willifride*) *the King ended his Story, which I harkned unto with aſtoniſhment; at laſt, recollecting my Spirits, Sir*, (replied I) *Your Diſcourſe gives me great Cauſe of Wonder and Pity, and perhaps my Concernments in your diſaſterous Story, will not vail or become inferior to your Reſentments; I pity poor* Orſamus's *Misfortunes, with as much Regret as you have Sorrow for your Daughters; but before I proceed, tell me one thing truly, I ſee you prize* Orſamus's *Vertues at their full Value in your Thoughts, ſhou'd his Birth be as Illuſtrious, or more Sublime than his Vertues, wou'd you deny him your Daughter in Marriage, if Heaven ſhou'd be ſo benevolent to ſend them both to your Hands?*

'Wou'd I, (*replied the King, expecting the Pe-*

riod

riod of my Diſcourſe) 'Cou'd I expect Heaven 'wou'd be ſo fortunate unto me, his Perſon 'and Merits, without addition of Honours, 'ſhou'd gain Precedency in my Breaſt before 'all men. *I was much ſatisfied at the freeneſs of his Diſcourſe, and return'd him this Anſwer. Know Sir,* Orſamus *is of Royal Blood, ſecond Son to my Maſter, the mighty King of the* Northumbers, *by Caſualty Shipwrack'd on your Coaſt, I gave him a Relation of what already you have heard, which augmented his Admiration and Satisfaction, confirming him in his Reſolves. This Diſcourſe was about three days after your Departure from the Kentiſh Coaſt. I comforted him in what meaſure I might, telling him I wou'd return to my Maſter, to give him this Intelligence, of thoſe many ſtrange Adventures, from whence, I wou'd ſet out with a Ship well mann'd in purſuit of the Pirat, and that if I miſs'd of him, I wou'd go unto the King of* Norway, *and demand them of him, and if he refus'd their Delivery, to arm moſt of the Kingdoms of* Albion *in his behalf, that had been diſadvantaged by his Robberies; he ſeem'd much ſatisfied with what I had propoſed, not making any Demur againſt any thing I had deliver'd; for that time we brake off our Diſcourſe, and began to fall to Action; he beſtowed many rich Preſents on me, fitted out this Ship we are now in; for my better accomodation in my Paſſage, diſpatched this Noble Commander as his Ambaſſador, with full Power to confirm whatever we had, or for the future ſhou'd agree upon: for*

the recovery of you and his Daughter; the Wind blowing fair, we put off from Shoar, and gave a Farewel to the King, bidding him not doubt of good Succeſs. In fine, we had a nimble Paſſage into our own Country, where I Landed, and gave your Father an account of your Safety, and what elſe ſeem'd ſatisfactory to your Diſcovery; your Father rejoyced much at the Tidings of your Safety, according with the King of Kent *in all his Requeſts, for they were equally concern'd in each others Diſaſters.*

Hardly were Commands iſſued out for a Preparation, but a Ship that came into our Harbour, brought news that Almerin *was off at Sea, and that they narrowly eſcaped his Hands; this Opportunity wou'd admit of no delays, which this brave Captain conceiving, requeſted the Command of the Ship we are now in, and had his deſire granted; in a moment it was ſtrongly Mann'd with our own Men, who freely offered their Lives to redeem their Prince, with their chearful Acclamations, foretelling a proſperous Omen; my ſelf, though Age won'd have excuſed it, accompanied this Noble Man, the thought of your Welfare extinguiſhing the imagination of my own Danger; thus we made off to Sea, accompanied with one Ship more, which was ſevered from us in the late Storm. Four days hath not yet paſs'd away, ſince I left our own Country, in which time, Heaven has been ſo kind to make me your Preſerver: now what reſts there behind, but that we return to your Father and Brother, who thinks himſelf fortunate enough in*

your

your Life, and reſigns his unſeen Miſtriſs unto you, as a Reward only due to your Merits, and from thence unto the King of Kent, *to make him happy in a Daughter, as your Father in his Son? for by your Diſcourſe, I underſtand ſhe is with you in the Cabbin.*

This is the full End and Period of what I have to reveal unto you, the chief of which, you have been an Actor in your ſelf, yet I have not been obſervant to abbreviate what you know, more than that, which, till this Moment, was a Secret unto you; but I have kept ſuch a Method, that in giving you the Relation of what you know not, I have alſo ſatisfied thoſe your Preſervers, that until this time, have been almoſt ignorant of the Adventures of your Life, and cleared your Breaſt of all Scruples and Doubts that might make a Demur againſt the Verity of what I have related, for which cauſes only, I did inlarge my ſelf, and to ſatisfie you why I have made this Digreſſion.

Here *Willifride* ended his Diſcourſe, when thoſe that environed *Orſamus*, caſting themſelves at his Feet, cried out, *Long live our Prince* Orſamus! *Long live our Prince* Orſamus! *Orſamus* caſt away his Weapon, and ran and imbraced *Willifride*, as the chief Author of his Happineſs; the Careſſes and Endearments that paſſed between them, were many; the Captain congratulated his Happineſs; there was not the meaneſt Souldier in the Ship, but intereſſed themſelves in this

Fortunate Change. After *Orſamus* had ſpent ſome ſmall time in theſe Tranſports, he left *Willifride* and the Captain, and again entred the Cabbin, where he found his deareſt *Cynthia* hardly recovered from her former Fears, muzing what the Event of ſo deſperate a Beginning might fortune to be; he gave her a brief Relation of all that had paſſed, from which *Cynthia* received much delightful Satisfaction; at the Concluſion of which, he caſt himſelf at her Feet; *See Madam,* (continued he) *Gods and Men agree to make me happy, if my deareſt Princeſs do not vote me miſerable, for the Knowledge of my Self, and my Life ſo ſtrangely preſerved, wou'd become unpleaſant, ſhou'd they not raiſe me to ſome eſteem in your Affection.*

Riſe Orſamus (ſaid ſhe) *and believe I rated your Vertues at their full Worth in my Eſteem, and this Diſcovery has added nothing to the Value I always had for you; and ſince my Father owns your Pretenſions, without whoſe Seal I can make no aſſurance, if the perfecting of your Felicity depend on my Diſpoſal, the Conqueſt of my Obſtinacy will be but a ſmall Obſtruction to your Content. Oh fortunate* Orſamus! (replied he) *Oh what a Day was here! how wiſely does Heaven provide to make me happy; I find my Princeſs kind, I've found a Life, a Father, a Brother and a Friend! What cou'd Fortune have done more, in the perfecting of my Happineſs, or making an addition to my Felicities?*

cities? Mans Joys never come to perfection, till heightned by a Surprize, the Sun ſhines moſt clear through a Cloud, and that Joy riſes moſt glorious, that breaks through Fears, for there is nothing more endears a Good, than to contemplate the Difficulty we have to attain it. This Diſcourſe being over, *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* left the Cabbin, whoſe Beauty was the Admiration of all that did behold her, and claimed Obedience, as Tribute from all Hearts; and the reſpect there ſhewed her, was not inferior to thoſe ſhe received in her Fathers Court; the Captain fell at her Feet, paying his dutious Obſervances to his Princeſs: they conſulted with him and *Willifride*, what courſe they ſhou'd ſhape for the future; at laſt it was reſolved to ſtear their Way towards the Kingdom of *Northumberland*, and it was ſoon put into execution; the Ships were cleanſed of the dead Carcaſes; *Almerin*s Body with the reſt, was committed unto the Waves, and this was the miſerable end of that wretched Man.

Neptune grew pliant, and *Auſter* with a pleaſant Gale did ſweetly ſwell their Canvaſs Wings, that they ſeem'd to fly; with ſuch ſwiftneſs did this happy Bottom ſpeed them away, ſo fortunate were they in their Voyage, as that in leſs time than they expected, they diſcovered their own Coaſt, where they ſoon landed, and bent their Journey to the Regal City, where being arrived,

ed, they made themſelves known unto the King, who was almoſt raviſhed with Joy, in the ſight of his long loſt Son; his Brother careſſed him, his Friends welcomed him, nor cou'd there be a Parallel to his Entertainment; the Relation of which, I abbreviate, and remain ſilent: words are not full enough to expreſs their Content, for Language is too narrow to cloath great Paſſions. I ſhall only give the Reader this Caution, that there was nothing wanting to expreſs their Joy more intire. *Cynthia* had ſuch Reſpects paid her, as were peculiar to ſo rare a Creature; ſuch deep Impreſſions can Vertue and Beauty make in illuſtrious and high born Spirits; becauſe they wou'd not diſturb their Happineſs by a ſudden Journey, they ſent a Meſſenger expreſs to the King of *Kent*, to certifie him of Daughters his Safety, and to give him advice, that in a few days time, *Oſwin* wou'd be with him in *Doroborina*, accompanied with his two Sons, and his fair Daughter *Cynthia*, to celebrate *Orſamus*'s Nuptials; the Meſſenger was received with all Joy and Reſpect, and returned well rewarded; Preparations were made on all Parts, for a Triumphant Entrance; at the time limited, *Oſwin* came, and was received with all the Acclamations of Joy cou'd be expreſſed, the Bells caſt their reſounding Echo on all Parts of the City, and the Bonefires ſeemed to conteſt for Splendor with the Planet that rules

rules the Night; the Spectators were numberleſs, that came to behold their loſt Princeſs, and their Welcomes made a thundring Noiſe on all Parts; never was an Entry made into that City more ſtately. Thus they were attended to the Palace, where *Cynthia* caſt her ſelf at her Fathers Feet, and was raiſed by the old King, with exceſſive Raviſhment; the Embraces and Kiſſes he beſtowed on her, were many, nor did they paſs unaccompanied without ſome Tears of Joy.

Theſe Endearments being paſſed, he embraced the *Northumbers* King, who ſtood ready to receive him; then *Egfride*, and laſtly *Orſamus*, whom he careſſed with Endearments peculiar to an only Son, ſtill calling him his Preſerver. *Orſamus*, (ſaid he) *Now the time is come to reward your Merits, with what is moſt dear and precious unto me, for indeed all other Recompences were inferiour to your Deſerts.* *Orſamus* wou'd have replied to this obliging Language, but they were diſturbed by the Company that approached. *Wilifride* came to kiſs his Hand, with that noble Captain of the Ship, that ſo fortunately reſcued *Cynthia*.

What ſhall I ſay? the Salutations on all parts were numberleſs, and the Welcomes infinite while Supper laſted, which ended, and their high Flood of Joy being ſomewhat diſſipated, they reſolved about *Orſa-*

mus's

mus's Marriage, whoſe Happineſs was deferred no longer than till the next day, which ſoon arrived, *Phœbus* haſtning his Race with his ſwifteſt ſpeed, unwilling his Abſence ſhou'd defer their Delights, or perhaps longing to behold the Royalties of ſo glorious a Day.

Cynthia was attired that day in a Gown reſembling the Colour of the Azure Sky, more fair than that Divinity that raviſhed *Endymion*; her head was adorned with Jewels, which caſt a Luſtre on all parts where ſhe went; yet was that Splendor darkned by the tranſcendent Rays that pierced from her Eyes, than which, nothing was more penetrating; ſhe was the only Object of all thoſe eyes that beheld her that Day, and happy did he count himſelf, that cou'd gain a ſight of this ſurpaſſing Beauty, for nothing was wanting to make that amiable, which alas, was too lovely of it ſelf.

Now the hour approached, wherein *Hymen* muſt do his Duty, in kniting this happy Knot. *Orſamus* with his beloved *Cynthia*, accompanied with the two Kings, and Prince, attended by the Nobility of both Kingdoms, followed by an infinite Number of Spectators; after ſome ſmall time had paſs'd away, they arrived at the great Temple of the City, where the Biſhop ſtood ready to joyn their Hands, which Ceremony

mony performed with great Magnificence, they returned to the Palace. It wou'd ask too long a time to deſcribe the Entertainment they received Homewards; many ſtately Pageants were erected, where the Gods and Goddeſſes ſeemed to deſcend, and in Heroick Poems, to deſcribe their ſtrange Adventures: many rich Preſents were offered by the Citizens, wherein they did expreſs the Gratefulneſs of their Hearts. In fine, nothing was left undone, that cou'd ſpeak their Joy more abſolute; the reſidue of that Day, was ſpent in Masks and Plays, in all the Delights and Merriments the Heart of Man cou'd fancy.

Phœbus neceſſitated, gave a Farewel to this upper World, yet not before he had charged his Siſter *Cynthia* to attend at *Cynthia*'s Nuptials, which ſhe duly performed; for never was there ſeen a fairer Night, where the Heavenly Spangles were evident to the Eye, while *Diana* ran her Career in Glory, perhaps to vie Splendor with *Cynthia*, whoſe Happineſs ſhe began to envy. The time drew near when *Morpheus* with his leaden Mace, approaches, commanding to reſt; upon which Notice given, *Cynthia* was conducted by her Royal Attendance, to her Bed, after whom, followed *Orſamus*, accompanied

nied by the two Kings, who ſaw him lodged by her Side; and giving them the Goodnight, not without the Bluſhes of *Cynthia*, left them unto their Reſt, or to the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Pleaſures, the Stock of Mankind might envy him; and here I wou'd reſt and continue ſilent, but that my Genius directs me a little further, to give you notice, that ſo true an Affection might be compleat, Heaven was pleaſed to beſtow on their firſt Year, a Son, and on the ſecond, a Daughter, which heir'd all the Perfections and Features of her Mother; *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* loving and living in ſuch Felicity and true Affection, as every Day ſeemed their Marriage Day, and every Night, a freſh Rivalry of Delight; *Cynthia* living in *Orſamus*, and *Orſamus* bounding his whole Felicity in *Cynthia*.

After a Storm, the Sun more bright appears;
That Joy is greateſt, that is rais'd from Fears,
And built on Hopes, doth chiefeſt Comfort bring;
A cruel Winter makes a lovely Spring.
Adverſity makes Men eſteem of Wealth,
He that hath Sickneſs had, doth prize his Health.
The ſence of Woe, adds Pleaſures to the Joys;
Still to be happy, Happineſs deſtroys.

Exceſs

Exceſs of Dainties ſoon will glut the Taſt,
Felicity were Sorrow, ſhou'd it laſt.
Things that are deareſt bought we moſt do prize,
And Joys kept down by Sorrows higheſt riſe.
This is the Comfort vertuous Lovers find,
Their Hell is firſt, their Heaven is behind.

FINIS.

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